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The Glory that is Greece



From page

THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ, IN TOLEDO. BY DOMENIKOS THEOTOKOPOULOS (EL GRECO), ABOUT A.D. 1586

The Glory that is Greece

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
HILDA HUGHES

10311

WITH A FOREWORD BY
SIR DAVID ROSS

(Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford
October 1941–October 1944)

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ALL the royalties on this book will be devoted to the Greek Red Cross for relief and post-war work, for the sake of which all the contributors have generously given their articles.

* * * * *

The Editor is indebted to Miss Helen Waddell and Professor J. N. Mavrogordato for original translations of poetry from the Latin and Greek; to Miss Ruby Ginner, Mr. Charles Seltman, Mr. A. M. Woodward, and Mr. Strickland Gibson for numerous illustrations; to Dr. Helle Lambridis, Miss Mary Chitcott, and all the authors.

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Foreword

by

SIR DAVID ROSS

(The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, October 1941–October 1944)

MISS HUGHES has asked me to write a foreword to introduce her book which is being published in aid of the Greek Red Cross for relief and post-war work; and this I do with great pleasure.

The contributors to this book are mainly members of the University of Oxford, but articles have been included by distinguished Greeks who are for the most part not Oxford men. All alike have given their contribution as an act of homage to Greece and of sympathy with her sufferings. The royalties derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Fund named above.

The articles deal with the spirit of Greece, her philosophy, politics, art, music, medicine, and other aspects of her life. In the realms of philosophy, literature and art, the debt of modern civilization to Greece is immense and incalculable. "To one small people," wrote Sir Henry Maine, "covering in its original seat no more than a hand's breadth of territory, it was given to create the principle of Progress, of movement onwards and not backwards or downwards, of destruction tending to construction. That people was the Greek. Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." It is in recognition of our debt to Greece, and in admiration of the noble contribution which she has made and is making to the fight against our common enemy, that this book has been written and is being offered to the public.

28th August, 1944.

W. D. Ross.

Contents

	PAGE
FOREWORD	5
<i>Sir David Ross, K.B.E., O.B.E., M.A., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.</i> (Edinburgh & Manchester), Hon. Litt.D. (Dublin), F.B.A., Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Oct. 1941 to Oct. 1944	
AN INTRODUCTION	11
<i>Hilda Hughes.</i>	
GREECE IN THE PRESENT WAR	13
<i>The Ambassador, H.E. Mons. Th. Aghnides.</i>	
THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS	16
<i>H. M. Margoliouth, M.A.</i>	
THE GREEK ISLANDS	16
<i>Dr. C. M. Bowra, F.B.A., M.A., Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.</i>	
THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GREECE	20
<i>Prof. Sir John Myres, O.B.E., M.A., Hon. D.Litt., Hon. D.Sc., F.B.A., F.S.A.</i>	
GREECE, 1843-1943	25
<i>Prof. J. N. Mavrogordato, M.A.</i>	
THE PROGRESS OF MODERN GREEKS	33
<i>Virginie Tsouderos.</i>	
THE PIRATE'S GRAVE: A STORY OF ASTYPALAIA	37
<i>Prof. R. M. Dawkins, F.B.A., M.A. Cantab. and Oxon.</i>	
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH AND LIFE	42
<i>Helle Georgiadis.</i>	
THE CHURCH'S HEROISM IN GREECE	46
<i>Editorial Note.</i>	
HALCYON	48
<i>Dilys Powell.</i>	
BULGARIAN OCCUPATION OF EASTERN MACEDONIA AND WESTERN THRACE	52
<i>G. A. Exintaris.</i>	
CHRISTOPHER ANGEL, TEACHER OF GREEK	57
<i>Strickland Gibson, M.A.</i>	
GREAT DAYS IN GREECE	62
<i>Louis Golding, M.A.</i>	

CONTENTS

	7
	PAGE
SIX HOURS TO SPARE <i>H. E. Counsell, M.A., F.R.C.S.</i>	65
GREEK ARCHITECTURE <i>Eileen Elias, M.A.</i>	67
THE THEATRE'S DEBT TO GREECE <i>E. Martin Browne.</i>	71
THE ART OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS <i>Michael Holroyd, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.</i>	75
THE RICHES OF BYZANTINE ART <i>Emmy Wellesz.</i>	79
THE ANCIENT DANCES OF HELLAS <i>Ruby Ginner.</i>	82
THE LEGACY OF GREEK MUSIC <i>Egon Wellesz, M.A., Hon. Music Doc. Oxon, formerly Professor of Music University of Vienna.</i>	85
GREEK MEDICINE <i>A. P. Cawadias, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P.</i>	89
ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEK <i>Dr. Helle Lambridis.</i>	93
LAMENT FOR DAMON <i>Helen Waddell, M.A., Hon. D.Litt. Durham, Belfast & Columbia; Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrew's).</i>	102
SOCRATES TO CHRISTIAN YOUTH (1944) <i>Mrs. E. M. Fison.</i>	109
FOLK-DANCES AND MUSIC OF GREECE <i>Lady Crosfield.</i>	110
SOME ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN GREECE, 1600-1821 <i>Arthur M. Woodward, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. A.R.I.B.A.</i>	112
THE FIRST POET OF MODERN GREECE. <i>Prof. J. N. Mavrogordato, M.A.</i>	119
MODERN GREEK SHORT STORIES <i>Hilda Hughes.</i>	127
MEMORIES OF THESSALY <i>A. M. D.</i>	130
THE GREEKS ARE HUMAN BEINGS <i>Demetrios Capetanakis.</i>	135
LAND OF THE LIVING <i>Miles Vaughan Williams.</i>	138
THE WOMEN OF MODERN GREECE <i>Nadine Pilcher.</i>	141

WHAT I OWE TO A CLASSICAL EDUCATION	PAGE 143
<i>Barbara E. Gwyer, M.A., Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford.</i>	
RETROSPECT	146
<i>Marcus N. Tod, O.B.E., M.A., F.B.A.</i>	
THE GREEK TRADITION IN MODERN ART	151
<i>Charles Seltman, M.A., Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge.</i>	
SOCRATES, ATHENS AND US	155
<i>Naomi Mitchison.</i>	
IF ARISTOTLE WERE ALIVE TODAY	161
<i>The Hon. Frank Pakenham, M.A.</i>	
THE GREEK CHURCH AT JERUSALEM	165
<i>Capt. A. R. Burn, M.A., and Mrs. Burn, B.A.</i>	
THE UNDYING INFLUENCE	170
<i>Canon L. W. Grensted, D.D., M.A.</i>	
"OF COURSE WE BEGAN WITH PLATO"	172
<i>Basil A. Yeaxlee, O.B.E., M.A., B.Litt. (Oxon), B.A., Ph.D. (London)</i>	
POST-WAR GREECE: A SKETCH	177
<i>H.E. Demetrius Caclamano, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of First Class for Life.</i>	
THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FUTURE OF GREECE	183
<i>Compton Mackenzie, O.B.E., Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrew's).</i>	
LOOKING TO THE FUTURE	186
<i>The Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, P.C., M.P.</i>	
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES	187
INDEX	197

List of Illustrations

	The Burial of Count Orgaz, in Toledo. By Domenikos Theotokopoulos (El Greco); about A.D. 1586	<i>Frontispiece</i>
FIG.		<i>Facing Page</i>
1	A typical chimney corner in Skyros, hung with pottery, brass and copper	32
2	Peasants of Skyros	32
3	Ruby Ginner entering the Parthenon	33
4	The Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens	48
5	The ancient theatre at Epidaurus	48
6	The Temple of Poseidon on Cape Sunion	49
7	Ancient Greek ball game reproduced in dance form by Ruby Ginner	96
8	Armed foot race (6th century vase)	97
9	A reveller dancing (6th century vase)	97
10	Seilenoi playing (5th century vase)	97
11	Athens and Mount Hymettus, from the north-west (<i>ca.</i> 1800)	112
12	The Parthenon, from the west (1817)	112
13	Olympia: the site, looking south-west (<i>ca.</i> 1800).	113
14	The Plain of Marathon, looking north-east.	113
		<i>Between Pages</i>
15	The Dormition of the Virgin (Seltman Collection). Attributed to Andrei Rublev; about A.D. 1420	152-153
16	Painting on glass by Bounneris, in Brescia; about A.D. 230	152-153
17	Portrait (detail) by El Greco, in Philadelphia; about A.D. 1600	152-153
18	Portrait (detail) by Goya, in Worcester, Mass.; about A.D. 1815	152-153
19	Portrait (detail) by Degas, in Boston, Mass.; about A.D. 1870	152-153
20	Drawing on vase by the Lycaon painter, in Poland; about 440 B.C.	152-153

Between pages

21	Drawing on vase by the Triglyph painter, in Sydney; about 410 B.C.	152-153
22	Drawing by Picasso, in Cambridge, Mass.; A.D. 1904 .	152-153
23	Marble girl from Naxos, in Athens; about 3000 B.C. .	152-153
24	Head by Modigliani, 20th century; Victoria and Albert Museum, London	152-153
25	Woman in Honiton stone by Henry Moore (Peter Watson Collection); 20th century	152-153
26	Marble harpist from Keros, in Athens; about 3000 B.C. .	152-153
27	Tortoise in stone by Richard Bedford, in London (un- published); A.D. 1942	152-153
28	Hippopotamus in marble (Seltman Collection); about A.D. 100	152-153
29	Lapith girl, marble, by the Master of Olympia; in Olympia; about 460 B.C.	152-153
30	Maenad in stone by Meštrović; 20th century . . .	152-153

WOODCUTS

	PAGE
The Torture of Christopher Angel (1617)	59
A Greek claiming the protection of England (1617)	61

Acc. No. 376

Date..... 4 — 6 — 48

Call No.

An Introduction

by

HILDA HUGHES

THIS book is intended as Oxford's gesture of homage to Greece. Both Greece and Oxford are small in space, but it is not unseemly that Oxford, whose influence, like that of Greece, is incalculable, throughout the world and through generations, should seek to praise the gifts that Greece has given to mankind in every sphere. A hundred books could not do justice to those priceless gifts to civilization made by such a small nation and such a great people. A handful of writers try, but a hundred could not make clear to the uninitiated each facet of that great treasure. The ideal of Democracy itself (an ideal which often loses its true significance through loose thinking and cryptic slogans) is a heritage of the creative thought of Ancient Greece. When one considers thought, who can assess its power or the limitless scope of its influence on millions living and generations yet unborn?

It is in the world of spirit that Greece's contribution has always been incalculable. Scholars still find a living gem in the ethics of ancient philosophers, or in epic poems handed down to them, or, rejoicing in a so-called new idea, make the sudden discovery that it was coined in Greece before the time of Christ.

Young men, full of a zest for life, like the late Humfry Payne, have excavated in Greece and discovered the art treasures of an early civilization, and older men like Prof. Sir John Myres, Prof. R. M. Dawkins, Mr. Marcus N. Tod, and Mr. A. M. Woodward, each at one time associated with the British School of Archaeology at Athens, live on to tell of the wonders that they knew.

These famous scholars and others (to whom my thanks are due) pay tribute in this book, in popular terms, to some aspect of Greece's gifts and qualities which have caught their fancy. Greeks who are familiar with modern conditions in that unhappy land write of what they know; travellers describe halcyon days spent in Greece where sky and sea were vivid in colour and Mediterranean pines and the austere contours of hills were seen in an atmosphere of crystal clarity. They honour a land where the peasants offered hospitality to the stranger and class distinctions passed unrecognized.

If in one book it is impossible to tell a hundredth part of the glory of Greece, how can we assess her war effort?

Alone this tiny nation stood, defiant against the swaggering Fascisti of Italy, the incarnate devilry of Germany, and the Bulgarians, who have been called by many Greeks the rats of Europe.

The Greeks have always valued the things of the spirit. No invader

has ever been able to quench the flame. That is why their late dictator Metaxás, who might not represent the political feelings of his freedom-loving countrymen, spoke for one and all when he refused to let the Italians invade Greece without a struggle. In a world where force and power had temporary rule the Greeks knew to what torture and death their courage would lead, yet, knowing, they preferred to fight. They loved freedom and counted not their bodies dear. We can never sufficiently do them honour. After our own unsuccessful attempt to defend them, we left them to suffer the slow death of starvation, accentuated by our own blockade.

M. Michalopoulos, the former Greek Minister of Information, wrung my heart in Oxford at a drawing-room meeting when he said that his wife, still in Greece, wrote that she no longer went for walks; she preferred to stay in the garden because everywhere people at that time were dropping down in faints, or dying on the pavements.

At a time when horror was piled on horror, so that the unimaginative scarcely realized the meaning of it any more, those simple words painted an unforgettable picture. At that moment the seed for this book was sown.

But how can we pay tribute to a people who were prepared to sacrifice the treasures of antiquity and their own homes, a people who have faced the German bully alone, who have seen the bodies of their dear ones tied together and floated down the rivers by Bulgarians? How can we pay true homage to a people who chose torture and death for the sake of freedom and preferred slow starvation to slavery?

When the lights of Europe were going out the Greeks kept the flame of their torch alight.

GREECE IN THE PRESENT WAR

by

H.E. MONS. TH. AGHNIDES, THE GREEK AMBASSADOR

GREECE has played a practical part in this war and accomplished much despite overwhelming odds. She defeated Italy in Albania, thus gaining the first victory on land against the Axis, and dealing to the forces, the prestige and the imperial designs of Fascist Italy a material and moral blow from which she failed to recover; but Greece's principal contribution to the war was that during seven vital months, from October 1940 to May 1941, she checked the Axis onslaught. This was aimed through the Balkans, at Syria, Palestine, Suez, the oilfields of the Near East and the Southern supply route to Russia. The Greek resistance not only delayed Germany's attack against Russia, but helped to secure the British positions in the Middle East.

Greece's entry into the war gave the British Navy special opportunity to inflict upon the Italian battle fleet the crushing defeats of Taranto and Cape Matapan. The campaigns in Greece and Albania cost Italy, according to her own estimates, no less than 125,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. We Greeks cannot forget that for the campaign against Germany, Great Britain, faithful to her word, sent us considerable forces and war material—sent them, though conscious of the grave risk she ran and of her heavy commitments elsewhere. The combined British and Greek forces inflicted heavy losses on the Germans; on the mainland and in Crete these amounted to no less than 27,000 killed. The loss of the élite of the German paratroops in the assault on Crete was probably instrumental in saving Cyprus and Syria, and may well have influenced the operations in the Crimea.

The people of Greece, hunger-stricken and oppressed, with scarcely any weapons, have performed great service. A well-organized and disciplined guerilla movement has been challenging the Germans and the Bulgars in seven provinces, Epirus, Thessaly, Northern Macedonia, Eastern Macedonia, Western Greece, the Southern Peloponnese and Crete, with British officers attached to this patriot army, which, under the leadership of Greek Army officers, came under the immediate orders of the G.H.Q., Middle East.

Throughout this war large enemy forces have been immobilized in Greece by the resistance movement, and their losses, when ascertained, may prove to be more serious than commonly believed.

Outside Greece, a new Greek Army and Air Force sprang up. Small in numbers, but faithful to their traditions, they fought in the ranks of the Eighth Army at the battle of El Alamein. A Greek battalion of the officer commandos went right through the desert and Tunisian campaigns, and was the first to enter Sousa.

The Greek Navy, reinforced by new units from Britain and America, fought with the Royal Navy. It took part in operations in the Mediterranean throughout the African, Sicilian, Italian and French cam-

paigns. In addition, it has seen service in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and is ever ready and eager for further orders.

From the very beginning of the War the Greek Merchant Navy threw into the Allied cause its 2,000,000 tons of shipping. Its sacrifices have been great, but it has helped to keep open the lifelines of the United Nations.

But what of the price that Greece has had to pay?

Twenty Greek cities have been devastated or heavily damaged. Some 300 villages, in Northern Greece, Crete, and other areas, have been razed to the ground by the invaders—Bulgars, Germans and Italians.

In October we remembered the appalling sufferings of the Greeks when the third anniversary of the Great Massacre in the Drama-Cavalla area, described in the Greek White Book, occurred. But apart from the victims of these massacres, more than 160,000 Greeks from the Bulgarian-occupied areas have been driven to take refuge in other parts of Greece; and they fled from massacre only to be overtaken by famine.

Axis persecution has been everywhere; hostages have been seized by hundreds from towns in Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace, and indiscriminate shootings were the order of the day. (Reliable witnesses have stated that in the River Strymon the bodies of Greeks were constantly seen floating down, tied tightly together; the Bulgars appear to have been especially addicted to this method of exterminating the Greek population.)

Our total casualties in the war against Italy and Germany were 60,000 men, while since the occupation tens of thousands have been done to death, and hundreds of thousands have died of starvation.

Our Merchant Navy has lost two-thirds of its pre-war tonnage of 2,000,000 tons, and our Royal Navy, which has given so good an account of itself, has lost five of its ten fleet-destroyers and four of its six submarines. Although the Navy has already received some valuable new craft, its heavy losses have not been made good. It is our confident hope that Greece's position as a sea power in the Mediterranean will be restored by the granting of further light cruisers, destroyers and submarines on the part of Britain and America.

The war affected Greece in a number of ways. First there has been a terrible toll on the youth of the country, through war and famine, accompanied by a serious fall in the birthrate and in the country's demographic index. There has been an increase of infantile mortality, a heavy toll of deaths by tuberculosis, due to the weakening of health and a corresponding increase in malaria, while the health of the whole nation has been undermined by slow starvation. Secondly, Greece is suffering from economic exhaustion, since the Axis has systematically stripped the country of all its resources. Thirdly, there is financial ruin, brought about by a wilful policy of inflation on the part of the Axis authorities.

Against our hereditary enemy, the predatory Bulgars, our losses cannot be easily assessed with the objectivity demanded by history. For hundreds of years they have been trying to exterminate the Greek race and possess themselves of our fair land. Never before have they had such an excellent opportunity for evil-doing as fell to them in the

company of the Teuton and the Italian. Those of our people who survived the war and famine are being devitalized by the method of extermination still applied by Bulgarian and Teuton alike.

We shall owe an eternal debt of gratitude to our Canadian, British and American allies—to Canada for the gift of 15,000 tons of wheat per month, and to Britain and America for having relaxed in Greece's favour the inexorable laws of the Blockade. To America also for the 3,000 tons of pulse and the 300 tons of condensed milk sent every month. To these we must add the Swedish and Swiss Red Crosses, whose devotion to the humanitarian task of distributing the food to famine-stricken Greece will ever be remembered by my countrymen. These two Red Cross institutions have vigilantly seen to it that no particle of the food generously sent was diverted to the occupying forces.

Magnificent help has been given to my suffering countrymen by Britain, America and Canada, by Switzerland, Turkey and Sweden—indeed, by free men everywhere.

The principal factors of the occupation are known to you, and upon these I need not dwell: the effect of the blockade on a country, which at the best of times imported a large part of its foodstuffs; the drain upon available resources which the presence of an unscrupulous army of occupation entailed; and the sundering from Greece of rich provinces, such as Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace.

But new factors have arisen from time to time. For example, conditions of exceptional drought prevailed in Greece throughout the summer of 1943, and in consequence the wheat and vegetable crops fell far below the average, and further heavy handicaps were imposed on the soup-kitchens, which, for the poor and middle classes, were the only shield against starvation.

Secondly, the development of the war brought still greater dislocation to the system of communications, already hopelessly inadequate. Thus the destruction of the bridge over the Asopus River, and other acts of sabotage, carried out by Greek Patriots, have severed the direct railway link between Northern and Southern Greece. The movement of Axis troops was thereby hampered, but so too was the carriage of foodstuffs from fertile agricultural districts. Similarly, the extension of sea and air warfare in Greek waters brought to an almost complete standstill the already very small volume of exchanges between the islands and the mainland, which were effected by means of sailing vessels.

Moreover, there was a weighty disparity between the index of wages and that of the cost of living. In a period of eighteen months there were five general strikes in Athens and Piraeus. From time to time the occupation authorities were compelled, for reasons of expediency, to appoint an increase in wage levels; but these could not keep pace with the soaring prices. The gulf was bridged by the sale of valuables of every kind, mainly to the "racketeers" of the Axis armies, but when the source failed little remained to sell. In Greece the vicious spiral of the economists has been vicious indeed.

In a report which came out of Greece in the autumn of 1943, stress was laid on the benefits which would accrue from even a moderate increase in the shipment of wheat; it was said that if the ration of bread could be

raised by even two or three ounces a day, a substantial drop in the price of other foodstuffs would follow automatically.

These are but a few aspects of the dark tragedy which has befallen the people of Greece. The marks of that tragedy will, I fear, be present for long years to come, for hunger and its accompanying ills have taken heaviest toll from those of tender years.



THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

by

H. M. MARGOLIOUTH

First Rachel for her children wept:
 But Herod stayed not there,
 To Norway and to Greece he swept:
 That sword unknown to spare
 For four long years has never slept,
 Babes perish everywhere.

In Athens now is Ramah built:
 By daily slow degrees
 The life of Greece to come is spilt,
 Her foodless infants freeze,
 And we have lost by Prussian guilt
 Tomorrow's Socrates.

From Herod's brows will fate unbind
 His hellish diadem:
 He dies, but who are left behind?
 Could none the murder stem?
 Haste, rescuers, haste, or coming find
 An empty Bethlehem.

October 1943.



THE GREEK ISLANDS

by

DR. C. M. BOWRA.

THE Greek landscape is formed of mountains and of sea. Even in inland districts there is always a chance that you may catch a glimpse of the distant sea round the corner, and from the top of Parnassus on a clear

day the eye can range over the islands of the Aegean Sea as far as Melos. The islands are as much a part of the scene as the mainland. They complete the view from almost any place on the coast; they are the first sight of Greece that a traveller catches when he comes down the Adriatic or is suddenly struck by the long, mountainous outline of Crete on his voyage from the Suez Canal. Geologically the islands are of the same stock as the mainland, children who have been long severed from their mother but who keep in a pure form the essential family characteristics. They have always taken a large part in Greek life and made their full contribution to Greek civilization. Even Rhodes and distant Cyprus have an unmistakably Greek air among their minarets and their relics of Crusaders and Knights of St. John.

Despite this unmistakably Greek air, the islands have their own ways of life and their own special characteristics. Indeed, what most surprises on a first visit is their extraordinary variety. No island looks like another. In the west, the Ionian Islands of Corfu, Same and Zakynthos look like a last appendix to Dalmatia; in the Northern Aegean Lemnos and Thasos have some of the grimness and wildness of Thrace; the Cyclades, Naxos and Paros, proclaim their uniqueness by their glittering white marble; Thera is an old volcano into which the sea has burst but where the water in the harbour has curious hot patches; south and separate lies Crete, "the stepping-stone of continents" and the last barrier between Europe and Africa. This physical variety is still more marked by varieties of vegetation. Corfu has its rich plains and its century-old olive-trees; Lesbos, with its woods and lush grass, shows that it is a land of streams; in Cos there still stands an ancient plane-tree which local tradition says is that under which Hippocrates thought out the principles of medicine; in Samos trees grow almost to the summits of the hills; Cythera, home of the sponge-fishers, is a barren, desolate place, full of rough scrub.

This variety of appearance corresponds to a variety of life. Each island has its own customs and traditions and festivals. At Corfu the great festival is the Feast of St. Spiridion, who is believed to have saved the island on at least three occasions, and whose body is carried in full procession through the streets once a year. In Lesbos the population fasts for some weeks before the Feast of the Assumption, and then goes out on holiday with songs, dances and firing of rifles. Even costumes differ. In Crete the men wear the tight waists and high boots that they wore in Minoan times, no doubt because they are excellently adapted to a pastoral life in rough country; in Rhodes they wear the baggy trousers that are a heritage from Islam. There are many differences of dialect, and the philologist will find that in Andros some words familiar from ancient Greek still hold their own against Turkish or Albanian substitutes, while in the Ionian Islands Italian words, chiefly on maritime matters, survive from the days of Venetian hegemony. In Corfu we can see such relics of English rule as village cricket played on the main square and an excellent home-made ginger-beer of a kind almost forgotten in England.

In many of the islands life is hard. These blocks of marble that rise out of the sea do not produce much food. Some, like Samos and the volcanic island of Thera, produce a powerful sweet wine akin to that which was once made at Monemvasia in the Peloponnese and won a great renown under the name of Malmesey, but connoisseurs will find something

more to their taste in the dryer wine of Same. Few islands support any animals larger than the goat. Cow's milk is rare and is often imported in a tinned or dried form. Vegetables and fruit grow in the valleys, and in Andros and Syra are made into syrups and jams. But the real staple food is the goat. It provides milk and cheese and the only meat known to most islanders. Fish is abundant, but the Aegean is a rocky, wind-swept sea, and fishing is not an easy pastime. That is no doubt why crustaceans, found close to the shore among the rocks, are so popular, especially as *hors d'œuvres* taken in the evening before supper. Especially popular is the octopus, which is cut into small slices and claimed by its adherents to be as good as lobster. This spare diet does not prevent the islands from producing fine men and women. Living as they do in the open air, working on hill-sides or in boats, they usually have a good, upstanding carriage and seem well able to bear extremes of heat and cold. They can live on very little food, and some bread and goat-cheese are a normal day's rations. That is no doubt one of the reasons why they make such excellent soldiers and sailors. Their rations put no heavy burden on the commissariat, and the ordinary Greek soldier will carry food enough for a week.

The Greeks have always been a nation of sailors. From the time of Minos, who "ruled the seas", to our own days they have manned ships in all parts of the known world. The island of Andros especially is a famous home of sailors and ship-owners. Not only the great harbours of the mainland but the small harbours of the islands are crowded with ships. The everyday intercourse between island and island is usually conducted in old-fashioned but seaworthy *caïques* which are fitted with sails and only sometimes with an auxiliary petrol-engine. With their bright paint and gay sails they make a brave show in any roadstead. Steamers conduct regular passages from place to place. Among them the experienced tourist will recognize old friends which used to cross from Dover to Calais, but now, crowded with goats and other kinds of livestock, pursue a dilatory tour of the Aegean. Harbours are not common and not always good. Samos, Lemnos and Lesbos have proved their worth to many ships of the British fleet, and Crete has two fine natural harbours. But in the Cyclades sailing is never free from trouble. The steamers lie out from the land and cargoes are discharged into rowing-boats. The north wind that blows almost incessantly in the summer may keep a sailing-boat weatherbound for days on end, and in such a place as Myconos the inexperienced mariner may soon find himself driven on the rocks. Though the Aegean was well charted by the British Admiralty over a hundred years ago, it affords much treacherous sailing with its currents, violent winds and hidden rocks.

The Greek islands bear many traces of their long and varied history. The prehistoric age has left its astonishing remains not only in the Minoan palaces of Crete but in many stone fortresses, like that of Same, where Cyclopean walls still dominate a hill-side or look down on a harbour. The archaic and classical ages may be seen in the rock inscriptions of Thera, which are among the earliest examples of Greek writing, in the splendid remains of the temple of Hera and of Polycrates' tunnelled aqueduct and mole at Tigani in Samos, in a fine old stone tower on Andros. At Ceos a great lion carved in the hill-side must have been

young when Simonides was a boy. At Paros, where the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. drew much of the marble for their statuary, we can see the quarry which they used and an unfinished statue in it. If the islands have nothing so complete or so magnificent as the temples on the Acropolis at Athens, they have a good variety of sites which illustrate many phases of Hellenic civilization in its greatest days.

Later ages, too, have left many marks. On Patmos, on a dominating hill looking over the sea, is the monastery where St. John is supposed to have ended his days and the cave where he wrote the *Revelations*. In the Middle Ages the crusaders passed through Greek seas on their way to Asia Minor and Palestine and left their mark in the great cathedral at Famagusta, which was built by Richard Cœur de Lion and in which he was married to Berengaria of Navarre, and in the many relics of the Knights of St. John at Rhodes, especially the great walls, where sections are allotted to the different nations, the separate hospices of France, England and Spain in the main street, and the central hospice where the knights had their headquarters. But none of these influences compares in visible remains with that of Venice, who even in the eighteenth century held the Ionian Islands still. The Lion of St. Mark stands on the gate of Candia and on the castles of Lemnos and Corfu. In Corfu too are charming houses, brightly painted and fitted with graceful balconies, in the Venetian style of the eighteenth century. Even the maligned Turks have left some happy marks of their rule, especially in the many fountains which they built wherever they found running water and in the hot natural swimming-baths on Lesbos. The Ionian Islands show traces of the British occupation during the early years of the nineteenth century, not only in the excellent roads which wind to the top of Ithaca but in the palace and garrison-chapel of Corfu which are built in the admirable style of the Greek revival. Those curious about more modern times will find amusement in the strange statuary chosen by the Kaiser Wilhelm II at the Achilleion, and on Scyros they can see a statue of Rupert Brooke, nude and larger than life.

No one who has visited a Greek island will fail to be impressed by the natural dignity and courteous hospitality of the inhabitants. They show no signs of the long years when they were subject to Turkish or Italian domination, and their sturdy independence is one of their most typical traits. It was not without reason that the great statesman, Eleutherios Venezelos, came from Crete. For he showed in a high degree the patriotic and democratic spirit which rules in the islands. So too the Italian poet, Ugo Foscolo, also a champion of liberty, was born on Zakynthos, and the lessons which he learned there were applied by him to his own country. The casual traveller who calls at a small port or walks through the countryside is certain of a friendly welcome and an offer of simple hospitality. He will be greeted with a bunch of grapes or a spoonful of jam or a glass of wine. If he wishes to have lodging for the night, he has only to ask for it, and the villagers will compete for the honour of entertaining him. He will find a high level of conversation, especially on politics, and a courtesy which bears all the marks of the grand manner. He will soon see that the Greek islanders keep alive the ancient and noble traditions of their race.



THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GREECE

by

PROFESSOR SIR JOHN MYRES, O.B.E., F.B.A.

It is fifty-three years since I first set foot on Greek soil, and fell in love with Greece—love at first sight, first love for any country but my own, and unchallenged by any later experience. Since then, much has happened, and if what I write now has any message for the future, “the coming days”, as Pindar put it, “are the surest witness”. Looking beyond the sad, dark foreground, to the everlasting hills and the midland sea, my own faith is unchanged, that the country and the people of Greece have their sure place in the civilized world, and that their sufferings, no less than their achievements, are adding, more than we can measure now, to the debt, already immeasurable, of all men of goodwill to the Greek spirit.

For *what*, then, does the modern Greek people stand, and what is “the spirit of modern Greece” of which we are seeing today the great and wonderful deeds: *ἔργα μεγάλα καὶ θωμαστά*, as Herodotus put it?

In the first place, modern Greece has been the supreme concrete example of that movement of *ἐπανάστασις*, of liberation and regeneration, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which gave us, in other fields, that freedom of thought which is modern science and philosophy; that freedom of speech, of which the first-fruits were the romantic literatures; that freedom of association, among free-thinking and free-spoken men, which we call by its Greek name *δημοκρατία*, government by the people for the people; and that freedom of individual souls within such a society, which is what the patriots of the National Movement meant, above all, by *ἐλευθερία*.

The word itself is significant. Like its Latin equivalent *libertas*, it meant originally “*grown-up-ness*”, the maturity of limbs and brain which entitle a man *to be* himself, conscious and responsible master of his powers, like a grown-up son who has left his father’s home and rule and sets up house for himself. These were the *liberi* of Roman society; and with the free peoples of the world, today as always, it is the same. Is it not just this that makes that other great example of *ἐπανάστασις*, the United States of America, the arsenal of democracy? What a tragedy, on the other hand, that in the years after 1806, that *ἐπανάστασις* of Prussia from total defeat and foreign occupation, *σὺν πρῶτ’ ἀνδρειωμένη* with leaders like Stein and Hardenberg, Niebuhr and Humboldt, fell away from its first freedom!

Secondly, modern Greece illustrates a type of political association, in the largest sense, which combines the traditional features of a territorial and national state with an experiment in cosmopolitan interpenetration, which has few close analogies yet, but seems to me to have great significance for the future of any civilization that we can foresee.

Geographically, and historically as well, the Greek people stands in a threefold relation to its home, its neighbours, and the world at large. It is an Aegean people, cradled in the Cyclades and in Crete; at home on the southern and western shores—and eventually on the northern and

eastern—of that inward-facing region. But for disasters like that of 1922, Greece might indeed have claimed to be *the* Aegean State, without competitor.

But, in consequence of that ancient colonial expansion, Greece has to be regarded also as a Balkan state; though its Aegean quality makes it always an anomaly among other Balkan peoples. Since it has landward frontiers, it must needs have a national policy, towards Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia and Albania; and it has been the supreme test of Greek statesmanship that those landward relations should be just and considerate. And it has been the tragedy of all those peoples that they too have their landward dangers and temptations, poisoning their relations with modern Greece.

But, thirdly, the Greek people is more than either of these. From antiquity it has been a Mediterranean people, and in modern times, beyond all exits from the Midland Sea, it has found "homes-away-from-home"—to use the Greeks' own happy term *ἀποικία*—formerly in autonomous city-states like Syracuse, Taranto, Naples, Genoa and Marseilles, diffusing Hellenism into backward regions; latterly, through pacific penetration of other territorial states, by individual Greeks, practising traditional forms of skill, but retaining their cultural allegiance to Hellenism—to all that they feel makes them free Hellenes, and compatriots of all Hellenic men. This mode of life—as ancient city states, with their numerous *μέτοικοι*, knew, and as we know well in England, and in the United States—is compatible with individual careers, individual prosperity, and also with full performance of the duties of a "stranger within the gate".

For the National State, and for its culture, here is a vast reserve of material support, of organized goodwill, and of inspiration in moments of danger. How great these world-wide resources are has been evident from the beginning of the National Movement, and conspicuous in the Balkan Wars, in the European War, and in these last days. I had the privilege, late in 1913, of witnessing the welcome offered in Cyprus to the volunteers from the Balkan War, and at the National Festival in 1914 of assisting at the homecoming of the Greek contingent to San Francisco.

For the solidarity of this outer guard of Hellenism, two distinct though connected facts seem to me mainly responsible. Ever since those barbarian inroads into the Hellenized world which were also heathen inroads into a Christian world, the Greek Church has stood out as the spokesman of Greek people in distress, and as the rallying point of Greek communities, Greek sentiments, and Greek aspirations. In the national resurrection, churches and monasteries like Megaspelaion and Arkadi were distinguished by their services and their sufferings. In 1912 it was to Patmos, instinctively, that the Dodecanesian delegates flocked, to found at last, as they hoped, an autonomous Aegean State. And in these last days Megaspelaion has suffered martyrdom again in the national cause.

The other factor is that "frontier" spirit, that intelligent adaptability to their surroundings, which has always distinguished the Greeks, and has its counterpart in their avidity for education, the preparation for adventurous and versatile life. It was always a chief care, and responsibility, of the Church to provide for such education, and for the main-

tenance of those traditional studies which once covered the whole range of learning. But, as new kinds of knowledge emerged, and fresh ideals in education, individual laymen, and associations of laymen—under the comprehensive term *σύλλογος*, the Hellenic counterpart of the Jewish *συναγωγή*—have supplemented the work of the Church, in old Greece and abroad, by founding and maintaining schools, libraries and other literary, scientific, and social services. If some of these societies became involved in political activities, it is at least hard to say where is the limit of their proper function, the maintenance and propagation of the Greek view of life. I mention only, from personal knowledge, the *Sylogos* of Candia in Turkish times, the Pythagorean Society of Samos, and the earlier work of the *Varvakeion* at Athens, before the creation of a National Library and a National Museum.

Few peoples have received so lavishly the private wealth of public-spirited men and women, or benefited so amply from these public trusts and institutions, so like those of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. It is the classical *λειτουργία*, the fortunate and benevolent individual literally “doing the people’s work” alongside what civil authority can afford, in a country so poor, and so difficult to govern economically, yet so full of opportunities for individual prosperity. And it is characteristic of old and of new Greece alike. Physical life, and rational initiative—what the ancients called *ἀρχή*—are not ends in themselves, but means to a social and political end—“not merely to live, but to live *well*”—as well as the landscape and produce of Greek lands allow, when they are fertilized and enhanced with whatever Greek sojourners in “homes-away-from-home” contribute out of their affluence to their *μητρόπολις*, their *πατρίς*.

It was on this educational issue that the massive learning and philosophic outlook of Adamantios Koraïs confronted romantic and provincial enthusiasms with another kind of idealism, as remote from Klephtic insurgence as was his fastidious style from the folksongs which gave shape to the *Hymn to Liberty*. His political manifesto was an interpretation of Aristotle’s *Politics*; his remedies for various kinds of “bad citizenship” were constitutional government, ecclesiastical reform, but (above all) a national system of education, inspired by western experiments, and reinforced by an *ἐπανάστασις* of the Greek language, as the primary condition for a National State, and a “Spirit of Modern Greece”, by which he meant a renaissance of Hellenism in the classical sense, as the ideal which should unify the Greek people throughout the modern world and through the ages.

I have spoken of the “Spirit of Modern Greece” as the combination and interpenetration of a traditional mode of life, enforced by the austere conditions of Greek lands, with what in the United States is known as the “frontier” spirit, equipped with the facilities and ideas of a liberal and cumulative culture. This indeed remains the fundamental problem, not of Greek education only, but of Greek society and polity. But it was not the philosophic yearning for political institutions, nor for uniformity of speech and manners, that achieved the Greek *ἐπανάστασις*. “Let me make the songs of a people”—it has been said—“and I care not who makes their laws.” Like the *Marseillaise* in the French Revolution, the *Hymn to Liberty* gave voice once for all to the sentiments and aspirations of a

whole people, and was rightly adopted as the national anthem of modern Greece. But it owed its instantaneous success only partly to its spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings—*ξεχειλισμα τῆς ψυχῆς*, as Solomos himself confessed. It owed far more to its utter simplicity. It was in "a tongue understood of the people" from end to end of the land, and among all classes. It has the form of a folksong, as well as the spirit, of which all folksong is the expression, the spirit of a free people. It was a marching song, a call to action, a "Hymn to Liberty" indeed, like the fine air to which we sing it. Looking backwards we realize what consternation it caused in European courts: there could be no mistake now what Greek patriots were fighting for:

ἀπ' τὰ κόκκαλα βγαλμένη
τῶν Ἑλλήνων τὰ ἱερά,
καὶ σὺν πρῶτ' ἀνδρειωμένη,
χαῖρε, ὦ χαῖρε Ἑλευθερίά.¹

In the villages, indeed, the "sacred bones" were neither Spartan nor Athenian, but martyred priests and murdered klephts; but for this sort of resurrection a whole people was ready. The response to the *Hymn* was spontaneous and universal. It was not always coherent; for Mainotes and merchants, sailors, shepherds, and artisans, and especially their local leaders, had their own convictions and preferences as to methods, helpers, and foreign "protectors". But a fundamental nationality there was, popular and convergent; and it is this that has gathered strength, as the bones of the heroes stirred, and each lost limb of the nation found place and use in the corporate Kingdom of the Hellenes. In the "spirit of modern Greece", a formless headless *ἔθνος* has matured into a *πολιτεία δημοκρατουμένη* without outgrowing, in its local government, the simple, old-time *δημαρχίαι* and *δημογεροντίαι*. Thus local patriotism, as in few other countries, gives vigour and vividness to the larger loyalty.

During the last war I met in Athens a distinguished official from India, Sir Frederick Halliday, who was charged with the creation of a civilian police. His special fitness for the post—so those who sent him thought—was that he had been Commissioner of Police in Calcutta. He had been in Athens a week, and had made some interesting reconnaissances. He said to me: "There is one thing that I do not quite understand. I was told that the Greeks were an unruly and irresponsible people. But I find them so law-abiding. Once they understand a rule, they seem to want to observe it. Surely they must be very easy people to govern." I passed the words on to the statesman who was governing them then: and the bright eyes twinkled, as he smiled. And I thought of the warning of Demaratus to Xerxes: "Free as they are, yet they are not wholly free. For they have over them a master, even LAW, whom they dread far more than thy people dread thee, O King." It is that rare union of intelligence with social sense that makes Greeks "easy to govern" when the governor has it too: *λόγῳ μὲν δημοκρατία ἔργῳ*

¹ "Risen from the bones, the sacred bones of the Greeks, and manly and daring as of old, hail Liberty, hail Liberty."

δὲ ὑπὸ τοῦ πρώτου ἀνδρὸς ἀρχή, and by ἀρχή is meant reasoned anticipation of what all will see to be the right thing to do when the moment comes.

I have heard surprise expressed, as well as fervent admiration, at the "great and wonderful deeds" of the Greek forces in their recent desperate campaign. To me it is no surprise, but an occasion for which I have waited confidently, ever since the Greek people, and the modern Greek kingdom, grew up out of a fractious childhood. The turning-point, the "coming of age", was, I think, the liberation of Crete, now thirty years ago. For it liberated not only a numerous, sturdy, and loyal folk, but a great leader for the National State. It dispelled a sense of inferiority, born of oppression, aggravated by misfortune, mismanagement and misunderstanding. It led directly to a second achievement, the incorporation of Macedonia, and to a great friendship, also born of common needs and anxieties, with the Serbs. Less directly, it led also to the third accession—so tragic in its circumstances—of the Anatolian Greeks, bringing so much to the National State which has incorporated them.

A New Englander, who neither loved nor knew the Greeks, even in New England, was expressing to me his surprise that that incorporation had been possible at all. I ventured to ask: "Supposing in 1914 the worst had happened, and we had had to evacuate forty million English into your country, could your people have taken care of them?" He admitted that they could not. Yet the ratio was about the same as between European and Anatolian Greeks in 1922. That is an early token of the national will, the spirit of modern Greece.

So, in due time, the new Army—and, may I add, the new Navy—have more than fulfilled the hopes of those who trained them, and the judgment of those who fought side by side with them. Here are the considered words in a speech, in 1941, of our commander-in-chief at Salonica, Field-Marshal Sir George Milne:

"Three divisions were formed in 1917. They could go anywhere. Their fitness, endurance, hardiness, loyalty and sobriety were wonderful. The men of the Greek divisions, mixed with British troops, fought like fiends, in spite of lack of equipment and training."

Some of those men, from the far islands and Anatolia, I had known before their enrolment in the New Army; their hardy physique, their high spirits, their personal devotion, their utter loyalty to the national cause—for which, indeed, they had given everything, their homes and families. I will give two examples of their quality. During a small operation, a misplaced round of our shrapnel burst right among Greek *παλληκάρια*, as they clambered up the hill-side. No one was hit, and I overheard about it afterwards. Two things they said: "Well, you know, those great guns must be very hard to aim." And then, with enthusiasm, "But, good God, if we had only been Turks!" Then, they were sure, the good God would have seen that not a splinter was wasted.

Another time, when others had embarked, I was left ashore with my Greek orderly and one elderly man whom I only knew by sight. It appeared that we were followed. We were under cover, but might be outflanked. We had only two rifles between us. The old man slipped off his bandolier, handed it to me with his rifle, and sat down to roll a cigarette.

Before I could return them, my Janni, already in action, reassured me. "Take them," he said, "he means you to shoot for both."

It is out of the little loyalties that great patriotism grows. It is out of the manners and the social sense of the *χωριό* and the terraced *χωράφια*—the hamlet and the terraced hill-side—that a national character emerges, the Spirit of Modern Greece.

A people which has in its language two words—*τίμιος* for a man who is *all right*, and *ἐντροπή*, to condemn what is *all wrong*—which I have never heard used amiss, or lightly, has deep in its soul the modern Greek rendering of those two commandments of old Delphi, *μηδὲν ἄγαν* and *γνώθι σεαυτόν*.



GREECE, 1843-1943

by

PROFESSOR J. N. MAVROGORDATO

THE title of this paper is not meant to promise a summary of the last hundred years of Greek history. It only asks you to celebrate the centenary of a very remarkable event: the granting by King Otho, the first King of Modern Greece, of the first Greek Constitution. This happened on the 15th of September, 1843, after he had already been on the throne for ten years.

Imagine then, if you please, that there is now thrown on the screen a picture of the Royal Palace at Athens as it was a hundred years ago, on the night of the 14th of September, 1843. It looked then very much as it does today: a great many English people must be familiar with its dignified neo-classic front in the Bavarian style. There are three storeys, and on each of these three floors there are fourteen large windows, seven, that is, on each side of an unpretentious central block; this middle block has five larger windows on each of the two upper floors, under a classical pediment, and below them on the ground floor a columned portico. The only difference is that the palace was then quite new, still shining white from the reopened marble quarries of Pentelicus. The King and Queen had only moved in a few weeks before, and the furnishing is still incomplete. It consists chiefly of a good deal of light blue and crimson velvet, heavily draped, a great many gilt chairs, and a great many portraits of the Bavarian royal family. There are no other modern buildings near the palace; only some clusters of old buildings some distance away at one side, and in front towards the Akropolis. At the back of the low gleaming palace there stretches the complete indigo darkness of open country. For it is night. A few oil lamps on iron standards mark the small dusty enclosure in front of the palace, where the troops presently assemble. Some of the officers carry lanterns; but most of the light comes from the brilliant stars. King Otho, perhaps you can see him through the open window between the velvet curtains, is seated at his desk, in Greek dress—a very long fustanella reaching below the knees, with the short jacket of blue velvet, and a lot of silver lace and silver

buttons. The officers who attend him are mostly in Bavarian uniforms of white, light blue, and gold, with swords and spurs.

This is how King Otho himself describes the one night revolution of 1843 in a rather petulant letter to his father, King Ludwig of Bavaria:¹

Dearest Father,

As a result of a revolt that took place on the night of the 14th of September I was compelled to declare that I would summon a National Assembly within thirty days, in order to grant the country a Constitution. Before I write more fully of this matter . . . I think I should tell you that the revolt is over in the capital. I rode out yesterday with my usual escort and the people cried out "Long live the King".

On the evening of the 13th of September I was told that a general rising was to take place in front of my Palace, on one of the next two days, for the purpose of demanding a Constitution and so forth. I gave orders for all Officers to sleep in Barracks during these nights. The next day I received two messages—one that the conspirators were to assemble at ten o'clock in a house some distance off my Palace. The other to the effect that at 2 a.m. they intended to force me to sign something. At eleven or twelve o'clock I heard repeated shots at the spot indicated² . . . and I supposed that all the conspirators must have been arrested. Suddenly we heard cries coming from another side, from the middle of the town, and presently the entire cavalry and infantry, who had received orders to draw up in front of the Palace at the sound of the first shots, marched against it, with the cry "Long Live the Constitution". Soon after the Artillery arrived too. A gun was sighted on the main gate and loaded. There was only the Palace Guard, doubled at my orders, who stood by me loyally. Their faithfulness moved me to tears. I sent the Minister for War³ and my brave first Aide de Camp downstairs . . . but both were arrested, I believe, before they could speak to the Troops. It was not until some time after that the populace appeared. However not a great number.⁴ From the balcony I called on the leader of the rebellion, Colonel Kalergi, to withdraw the troops, telling him I would grant their wishes, but must discuss it with the proper officials. The troops were too far away to hear my words.⁵ I then issued a Proclamation . . . But all to no purpose. There was no interruption in the continuous cry of "Long Live the Constitution". In the morning I sent letters to the Ministers of the Three Great Powers, as well as to the Bavarian Minister. The letters were not allowed through the lines. Then came a deputation of members of the State Council, and handed me their written resolutions. I was to replace the former Ministers by certain others, and to promise a National Assembly and a Constitution. I demanded that they should allow my letters to the

¹ L. Bower and G. Bolitho, *Otho I, King of Greece*. London, 1939. The original is presumably in German.

² This was at the house of General Makrygiannes. The gendarmes who tried to enter it to arrest him were driven off and one of them was killed.

³ The Bavarian General Hess (Finlay, vii, 175).

⁴ Finlay, who must have been an eyewitness, says that the "greater part of the population of Athens was assembled in the extensive square" before the morning. "The troops occupied only a small space near the building. Children were playing, boys were shouting," apprentices were making fun of the King's German slowness.

⁵ Finlay says the King ordered the troops to retire to their quarters, but Kalergi explained that the troops would await His Majesty's decision in their present position.

Ambassadors to pass through, but when I heard that they had refused, at last I decided to give way. Still the troops did not withdraw. They wanted to see me with the new Ministers. At last I appeared with the Envoys and Ministers on my balcony; but only with reluctance. I remained there only for a moment, amid the loud cheers of the crowd, which then withdrew. During the last conference, a threat was made to dynamite the door, and Kalergi sent word that we were taking too long, and that he now granted only a further quarter of an hour. . . . The desire for a Constitution is certainly universal. . . . But anarchy and the oppression of the people by irregular soldiers will probably result. May God come quickly to the aid of the country. In no case can aid come to a Government without money.

With filial Greetings, dear Father,

Otho.

So on the 15th of September, 1843, after Otho had already been on the throne for ten years, Greece became a Constitutional Monarchy. And in memory of that September night the Square in front of the palace is rightly dedicated to the Constitution. For that Constitution, rather than the outbreak of the War of Independence in 1821, or the accession of Otho in 1833, marked in fact the beginning of Greek national independence; and 1943 may be regarded as the centenary of Greek freedom. The crowd of German regents, officers and scribes whom Otho brought with him ten years before when he landed at Nauplia, "a fair young man with a good figure but a plain unmeaning countenance", were just as much a "foreign yoke" as the Turks had been; and, although Otho says nothing about it in the letter to his father, the first decree he had been asked to sign, before appointing a new ministry or convoking a national assembly, was one dismissing all Bavarians from the national service.

Now it is easy to suggest that this Revolution of 1843 was an Athenian affair from beginning to end. It was indeed, in a sense, an Athenian affair, carried through by the Army, who were naturally anxious to get rid of their Bavarian officers; and supported by the leaders of the Athenian political parties, who at that time still represented foreign interests; by the "English" party, advised by Sir Edmund Lyons, who for years had been urging the King to grant his subjects some form of representative government; and by the "Russian" party, who wanted an Orthodox king and hoped that the protestant and absolutist Otho would abdicate rather than grant it—as in fact he very nearly did. For years Palmerston had been instructing Lyons to "press on the King the absolute necessity of establishing some form of Representative Government in Greece". "King Otho has it now in his power," wrote Palmerston as early as 1835, "to give them a Parliament moulded and organized according to his view of what is best. If he delays, a Chamber will be extorted from him, moulded and organized according to what the most violent and least enlightened of his subjects may think best."¹ Two years later, when Otho returned to Athens from a visit to Bavaria, bringing with him not only a German bride, Queen Amalia of Oldenburg, but also another German official to succeed the Arch-chancellor Armandsparg, Sir Edmund Lyons, who was said to combine "the manners of a well-bred gentleman with the

¹ Bower and Bolitho, *Otho I*, p. 83.

open frankness of the British seaman", reported to Palmerston the following conversation:

"Does Your Majesty think that you have the *power* of resisting the reasonable desires of the people for a Constitution?"

"Without doubt I have the power," said His Majesty.

"I replied, 'So thought Charles X, so thought Don Miguel, and so thinks Don Carlos, Your Majesty.'"¹

But in spite of such frank warnings Otho had no intention of relaxing his control; and if he did not quite abdicate rather than make any concession to the demands of Colonel Kalergi's artillery, it was not because he recognized any popular rights; it was only because he expected that Greek ministers and deputies and electors, many of them quite illiterate, would be just as easily managed as professional German administrators.

So indeed it was in one sense an Athenian revolution, a revolution staged in the capital. But there is no doubt, as Otho himself says in his letter, that "Constitution" was a universal cry all over the country. What then did "Constitution" mean to the Greek people?

Let us have a look at the Greek people—in what I may perhaps present as a few more imaginary lantern slides. First of all here is a picture drawn at about this time by an English clergyman:

"Imagine a single apartment, twenty feet by fifteen, mud floor, thatched roof, a hole in the floor for a fire of faggots, another in the roof for the smoke to escape—when it could. We breathed an atmosphere of smoke night and day, for the air was chill enough to require a fire, it being the month of February. There was no partition in all the house: yet who does the reader imagine were the tenants? The priest, his wife, their three children, the old mother of the priest or of his wife, two labouring men, an Italian, myself, a horse, some cows, and a bevy of noisy fowls. We all dwelt in one apartment, all slept in one place, and, I was going to add, all dined at one table: but table was out of the question unless we must dignify with this name a round board about four inches high and fifty in circumference around which at meals we squatted in the Greek style of sitting. Such was the dwelling of human beings only six miles from Athens—Athens, the very throne of the goddess of architecture."²

The writer of these lines was a Protestant missionary, who travelled all over Greece both before and after the Revolution, usually alone, often with considerable sums of money derived from the sale of his publications, and armed only with a small pistol, which was never loaded because he preferred to carry no ammunition; and he tells us that he was only once robbed—by an Italian commercial traveller who was so nervous that he had begged to be allowed to accompany him. Conditions were of course much better in some parts of Northern Greece, which had kept up a certain amount of overland trade with Buda Pest and Vienna, and in some of the islands of the Aegean, where a tradition of urban comfort, culture and trade had never been quite broken since the Venetian and Genoese occupations; but it must not be thought that such poverty was

¹ Bower and Bolitho, p. 93. Charles X, who became King of France in 1824, had been turned out in 1830. Miguel became King of Portugal in 1828 and was turned out in 1834. Don Carlos was the claimant to the Spanish throne.

² S. S. Wilson, *Sixteen Years in Malta and Greece*. London, 1839, p. 412.

exceptional, or that it was produced only by the eleven years of revolutionary warfare (1821-1832). Go back 200 years and hear the words of the geographer and antiquary John Speed, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a description of the country taken from the back of one of his maps:

"Now Graecia lieth dejected, and groans under a miserable servitude; yet once she had the pre-eminence of Rome in glory as the precedence in time. For to say the truth she was the wisest of any people, and set a pattern for government to all succeeding ages; and (in brief) she was the mistress almost of all Sciences. If at this day she appears not in that lustre, no marvel. Besides the base misuse of the misbelieving Turk, the very Natives themselves are fallen from the noble disposition of their predecessors; and those, which before reckoned the rest of the earth barbarous in comparison to their polite commonwealth, are now themselves sunk below the envy of the meanest nation, and become the most miserable object of pity living upon the earth. Indeed they may hardly be said to live, for that they take no farther care than barely to live; and they have now no means to bring their children either to learning or manners. Not an academy in all Greece."

These last words, "not an academy in all Greece", make us look both forward and back. They are, of course, an echo of the comment of many earlier humanists on the decivilization of Greece¹—it was no use looking for an Athens at Athens any more. But they also look forward to the one respect in which the Greek peasant did succeed after the middle of the seventeenth century in bettering his position. Throughout the eighteenth century, partly by the energy and wealth of Greek benefactors who had settled abroad, education had begun its work of waking people up; so that long before 1821 all over Greece men had been awake, and in full consciousness, waiting and listening:

"Waiting till one voice should cry,
Come again, sweet Liberty."

Our Protestant missionary, in his travels about the country, saw Greek translations, he says (probably printed at Venice or Vienna), of "such books as the *Life of Napoleon*, Johnson's *Rasselas*, Goldsmith's *History of Greece*, and *The Arabian Nights*, besides Greek versions of many German, Italian and French publications". He even complains that some of the more educated Greeks are "in the habit of sipping the poison of Voltaire and Rousseau". A picture of cheerful poverty mitigated by education is painted by a traveller who stayed at Livadia in 1838:²

"The most curious inmates of the establishment [the public resthouse or *Khan*] were my own next-door neighbours, a party of students at the Academy of Livadia. They were five in number, brothers or near relatives

¹ Cf. Crusius, *Turco-Graecia* (1634), p. 495. Nullam in Graecia Graeciam, nullas Athenas Athenis.

² William Mure of Caldwell, *Journal of a Tour in Greece*. Edinburgh, 1842. Vol. I, p. 242. Cf. Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, II, 61.

of each other: the oldest, a fine tall handsome youth of about seventeen, the youngest, a boy about twelve years of age. The cell they occupied was . . . of the same size as my own, the dimensions of which I ascertained by measurement to be about ten feet by eleven. In this apartment they studied, slept, fed, and cooked their victuals. The fireplace at least was destined for the latter purpose, but during the Greek Lent there is little scope for the exercise of the culinary art; and their food consisted, like that of the population in general at this season, for the most part, of coarse bread, garlic, leeks and preserved olives. Their room contained, as usual, no article of domestic furniture; but amends were made by four oblong wooden chests of such bulk as to cover the greater portion of its area. These were the repositories of their clothes, books, provisions and valuables of all kinds; and also served them as desks for writing their exercises, and for pillows when asleep. On the intermediate space they reclined, squatted, romped and reposed, upon their shaggy goatskin cloaks or hair capotes, which protected them from the storm by day, and formed their mattress and bedding by night. . . . In the midst of all this filth and misery there was something exceedingly engaging in their temper and demeanour. We were only separated by a thin partition of boards, full of chinks; . . . and although, from daybreak until about nine or ten o'clock at night, with a short interval of absence at school hours, they kept up a perpetual clatter, swelling every now and then into a boisterous screaming and romping, I never heard a cross word, or observed a symptom of quarrel or disagreement among them. Their lessons, which were all carried on in common, *viva voce*, and conjointly with their chattering and merriment, comprised . . . the Greek, ancient and modern, and the Italian, but no Latin. . . . They had instinctively resorted to the system of mutual instruction,¹ rehearsing to each other in turns their separate allotments, every third or fourth sentence of which gave rise to a jest and peals of laughter. . . . They visited the Academy at stated hours; but in other respects lived quite independently, subject to no apparent control, except an occasional visit from an old black-bearded Papas of the town, who seemed to have, or rather to fancy he had, some charge of them. . . . The only perceptible effect of his presence was a certain addition to their habitual merriment."

Looking now at these pictures of the common people, still yoked in the poverty they had endured for two or three hundred years, but just stretching out their hands for the beginnings of secular education; and remembering that, although the revolution of the night of 14th September, 1843, was in a sense an Athenian revolution, yet, as Otho himself had admitted, the desire for a Constitution was universal; what are we to suppose that these poor ordinary people all over the country wanted a Constitution for? What did they mean by a Constitution? Did they mean anything at all when they shouted *zetō to syntagma*, "Long Live the Constitution"? Or was it just a way of saying "More Bread and Less

¹ This was in fact the "monitorial" system, invented by Dr. Andrew Bell (1753-1832) at an orphanage in Madras, and popularized by a Quaker, Joseph Lancaster (1778-1838). "Lancastrian" schools sprang up all over England and spread to the Ionian Islands under the British Protectorate, and thence to the Greek mainland, where their establishment had been warmly advocated by Koraes.

Taxes"? Did they know what they wanted? And what did they think a Constitution would give them? That question is easily answered. We can say with something like certainty that when the Greeks with one voice through the length of a September night demanded a Constitution they meant simply that they wanted to govern themselves. They had been accustomed to their own forms of municipal self-government which had preserved the substance of Greek nationality through many centuries, under the incursions of Slav, Latin and Turk. They had always had their own Elders of the Deme, their own overseers of the Church and communal property, they had elected their own chief magistrates or Demarchs. "The Christians live much better here than in Asia," wrote Bernard Randolph at the beginning of the seventeenth century. "The vulgar Greek is the general Language, and there are few Turks but can speak it. Every Town hath Greek Elders which they call Yerondo's. These appear upon all Publick Matters, and levy Taxes on the Towns-people, proportionably to their Abilities."¹ All this the German centralized administration had destroyed at a blow, giving them nothing in exchange except a few expensive uniforms. William Mure describes a talk with the commandant at Sparta, a Hydriote sea-captain, who produced the full-dress uniform, glittering with silver epaulettes and shoulder-knot, which he had to wear for some official ceremony.

"The Greeks don't want these things," he said. He then crossed the passage to his own room, and re-entering with his goat's-hair capote over his shoulders continued, 'This is the dress that suits us. With this I have watched or slept many a night on the ship deck or the mountain side; with this we have gained these others, which serve for little other purpose but to empty our pockets.'"² But of course the Greeks did not often get even the uniforms. Mure says that, with the exceptions of this Hydriote and one or two others, he could "scarcely remember to have come in contact with a single public functionary of note . . . that was a native of the soil. At Mesolonghi, the commandant, the chief engineer, and the military surgeon Germans; at Argos, the military headquarters of the Morea, the general commanding-in chief a Scotchman, his aide-de-camp German, and the only other officers I met at his table Frenchmen; at Tripolitsa the chief of the gendarmerie an Italian, the staff-surgeon and all the other officers of the garrison I saw there Bavarians; at Patras the town-commandant a Swiss."³ Athens was the capital of a governing class who if they were not Germans were Scotch, Swiss, or French Philhellenes, who had come to prove their love for Greece, with the most generous idealism and the most sincere unselfishness, by governing the Greeks. Unfortunately the Greeks wanted to govern themselves, and as they had no idea what a complicated instrument representative government is in a modern state, they were simple enough to think that a Constitution would enable them to do it.

They got their Constitution in 1843, and Otho got rid of most of his Bavarian officials, and for the next twenty years, being congenitally incapable of understanding the position of a constitutional King, he

Bernard Randolph, *The present State of the Morea . . . together with a description of the City of Athens*. . . . The Third Edition. London, 1639.

¹ Mure, Vol. II, p. 243.

² *Ibid.*, p. 214.

proceeded to control the elections so as to keep all power and all appointments in his own hands. By this time many of his subjects were wearing frock coats and knew more about political business than their fathers who had worn goatskin cloaks and sat on the floor. But Otho kept them divided and powerless, while he tried, patriotically enough, to get another slice of Turkish territory, and only succeeded in bitterly annoying England as well as France. Throughout the nineteenth century it was of course a cardinal point of British policy to keep a strong Turkey as a barrier against Russian expansion. Palmerston bullied and blockaded him in 1850, and during the Crimean War British and French troops occupied the Piræus. Poor Otho, gifted with supreme German tactlessness—he asked Palmerston to recall the British Minister, and he asked Queen Victoria to dismiss Palmerston—he blundered on, deaf, romantic, painstaking, Protestant, childless, slow. He was still wondering, when he was turned out in 1863, why the ungrateful Greeks would not love him, after he had governed them so industriously for thirty years. Like many more intelligent men, he could never understand that the Greeks, however poor, hungry, and uneducated, wanted to govern themselves, even if they did it rather badly.

We all know that representative government is a noisy, ill-smelling and complicated machine. You put your vote in at one end and very often something entirely different comes out at the other. Since 1863, when they got a new king, a Danish one this time, George I of Glücksburg and Schleswig-Holstein, the Greeks have certainly had Representative Government, guaranteed by a written Constitution which has been respected with a reasonable standard of regularity. But have they ever succeeded in catching that civilized ideal of self-government which danced before their eyes when they were shouting *syntagma* all through a summer night in front of Otho's palace a hundred years ago? I wonder. It is a question that could be discussed at inordinate length. Now I will only say that twice in my lifetime, for two short periods, I seem to have seen the Greek people happily united and content behind their own approved governments. I say nothing about their union on 28th October, 1940, when Metaxas defied Italy and led them into war against the Axis, because the circumstances were exceptional. They certainly had not approved or consented when Metaxas seized dictatorial power in 1936. They followed him in 1940 because he did what any one of them would have done. It was a decision of morality and self-respect rather than of politics. Not counting then that exceptional unanimity, that Sacred Union which was something different from ordinary political life, there have been, I believe, since the beginning of this century—this is a personal impression—only two perceptible periods of complete democratic harmony. The first was in 1912, when Venizelos after revising the Constitution succeeded without European interference in confronting Turkey with a Balkan Alliance. The second was in 1930, when the Greek Republic (which under two admirable and irreproachable presidents, Kountouriotis and Zaimes, lasted from 1924 to 1935) made peace with Turkey and seemed to be opening a new era in Balkan reconciliation. On each occasion the Greek people were dragged back by internal as well as external forces into distraction, suffering and war.



Photo by I. I. I. I.

FIG. 1. A TYPICAL CHIMNEY CORNER IN SKYROS, HUNG WITH POTTERY, BRASS AND COPPER

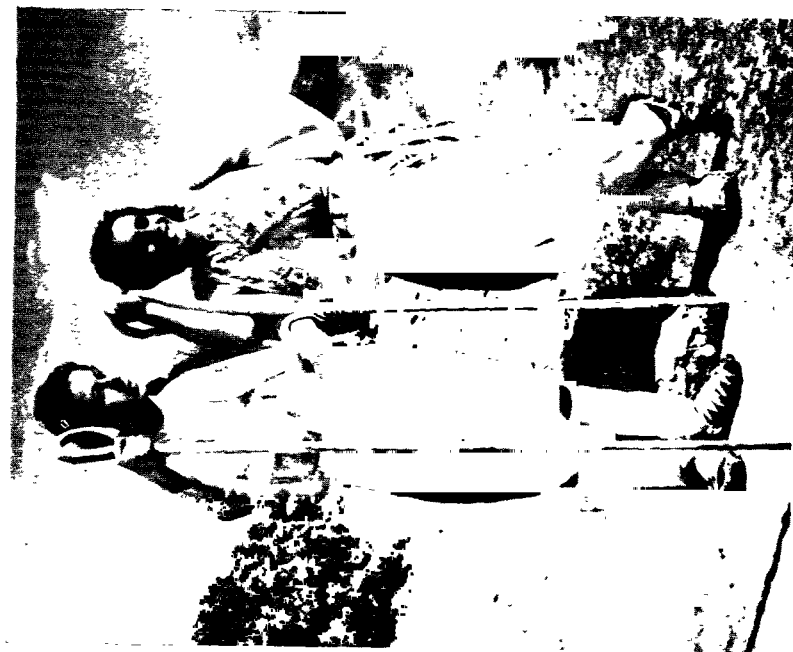


Photo by G. G. G.

FIG. 2. PEASANTS OF SKYROS

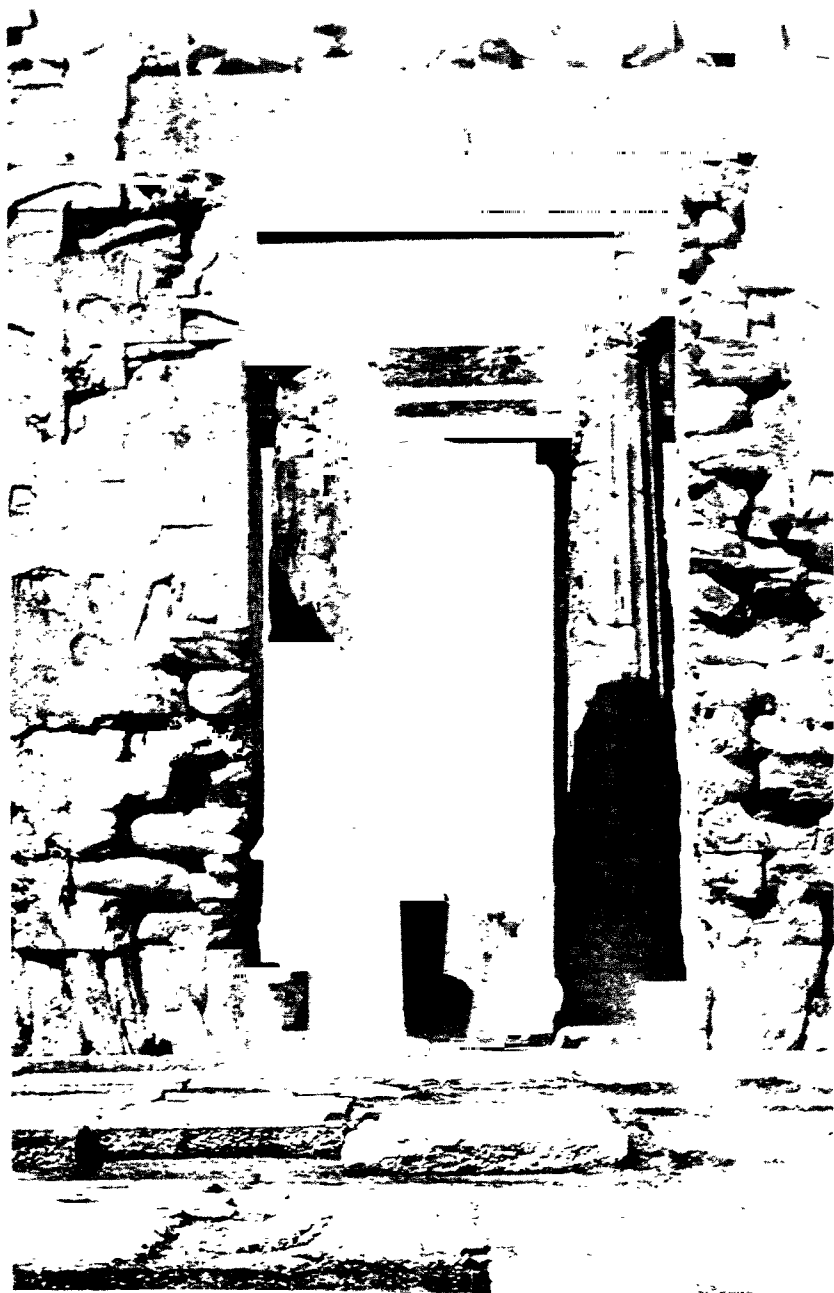


FIG. 3. RUBY GINNER ENTERING THE PARTHENON

Others have told you of the horror and misery in which the Greek people have been held by the unspeakable German. You are not likely to forget that what they want first of all will be something to eat. But please remember, when peace returns, that their second want will be to be allowed to govern themselves.



THE PROGRESS OF MODERN GREEKS

by

VIRYINIE TSOUDEROS

WHEN, more than a century ago, the voice of Liberty was echoed in every corner of Europe, the descendants of Themistocles and Miltiades believed that the moment had come for them to break the chains of slavery. As always during the long years of our history, the few fought against the many. At the time the Great Powers, with the exception perhaps of Great Britain, influenced by Metternich, the soul of the Holy Alliance, viewed this rising with suspicion and, I should say, with displeasure, for in their eyes this was but a revolution by the people against a sacred monarch. Happily for the modern Greeks, the name of their ancestors was still honoured and admired by the more civilized people; not *one* Byron, but many, streamed into Greece ready to sacrifice their lives for what seemed to be a hopeless cause. For eight years war ravaged Greece, and then Navarino came—the sea battle which linked for ever in friendship Greece to Great Britain.

But this was by no means the end of the War of Liberation, and it is to this I wish to draw your attention; for it is not enough when you criticize our country to remember that “in the Revolution of 1921–32, during ten years of struggle, Greek soil, under Turkish oppression, suffered every possible material destruction”, and that “for many miles buildings, trees, fields, all were destroyed, burnt and scattered in dust to the four corners of the horizon . . . and when the Turks were at last ousted, it seemed as if no human effort could repair the immensity of the disaster” (M. Lefeuvre-Meaulle, French Consul-General), but also that while we expended all our efforts in trying to rebuild our homes and to make Greece a country of which we should be proud, successive wars and an influx of refugees made this task still more difficult. But we may state with confidence that, considering the immensity of the task, the Greek people proved worthy of the trust that the Great Powers had placed in them when they recognized Greece as a self-governing, independent country.

Many of you may ask: “What was achieved in a century and a quarter of independence?” You are justified in asking this question, for most of you over here have heard that every Balkan State is an undeveloped, agricultural country, with a low standard of living. This may be true if we compare these States with England, Holland and America, large countries, with many peaceful years to their credit, and above all possessing large areas which they can exploit. All these countries, even the

younger ones, had time to develop gradually. Not so with us. Agricultural reform, social improvements of every kind for every citizen, educational methods of government, all had to be carried out and taught as quickly as possible, with no immediate tradition to encourage us—excepting the greatest of all, which, however, could only help us to sustain our courage.

Being mainly an agricultural country, Greece concentrates her efforts on the exploitation of her land. The progress here has been very important, though few are ready to recognize this, as very few indeed know the condition in which the lands were found on the first day of our independence. It is very interesting to contrast the agricultural situation of Old Greece, as we called all the Southern part of our country, with that of New Greece, i.e. Macedonia. By 1916 in Old Greece, whose area was 6,429,610 hectares, of which only 20 per cent, or 1,246,583 hectares, of the land could be cultivated (as 5,055,122 hectares are stony mountains and 87,905 lakes and marshes), we had managed to cultivate 1,286,583 hectares; that is, 40,000 hectares more than the land which can in normal circumstances be cultivated, whilst in Macedonia, which we had just taken over, only 581,882 hectares were cultivated, though the land up there is much better for cultivation and the population was practically the same in both parts of Greece. This difference is not astonishing when one realizes the difference in agricultural administration. In Old Greece most of the agricultural labourers had their own lands and the Government did its best to teach the peasants the best methods of cultivation. At the same time liberty gave a new impulse to the Greek peasant, whom it is only fair to admire for his magnificent effort, for "justice is thus rendered to the Greek agricultural worker for having accomplished this task, for his attachment to the soil, and for his unshaken spirit of tradition that so greatly honours the Hellenic people" (Mr. E. Tsouderos, *Relèvement Economique Grecque*). We must also note that at this time the Government and private enterprises started the great work of draining the marshes. The largest and most important of these took place in Boetia, where Lake Copais of 20,000 to 24,000 hectares was dried up and handed over to agriculture.

In contrast to this state of affairs, the Turks in Macedonia persisted in their old system of State ownership of lands rented to peasants, who, however, could effect no improvements without special permission, and naturally very few peasants took the trouble to ask for this, as the tenure of the land was not secure. It stands to reason that these conditions were not very favourable to good cultivation and it is to the credit of the Government of Venizelos that in 1917 he took decisive steps to bring about the same reforms as those which had taken place in Old Greece. Every tenant from then onwards became the proprietor of the land he occupied by giving up one-fifth of this; but there were many exceptions to this last clause, as possessors of lands smaller than six hectares (and in some cases of ten hectares) did not give up any part of their lands. In contrast, all big private lands could be expropriated in favour of the peasants living there. In this case the expropriation was not effected in favour of one family, but of a group of families who would work together, guided in their work by a State-appointed manager. Since then expropriation has proceeded in all parts of Greece, though unfortunately, because of the many homeless refugees who entered the country after

our last war with Turkey in 1921, at least 35·09 per cent have an inadequate plot of land, varying from 1-10 *stremmata*, while an equal percentage have a very small property. The few large properties that still exist, i.e. about 0·15 per cent, have escaped expropriation only because they mostly consist of woods and land otherwise unsuitable for cultivation.

Naturally, although 67 per cent of the inhabitants are agricultural labourers and 12·25 per cent of our exports are agricultural products, we cannot claim that the methods of cultivation are perfect. This is mainly due to lack of capital, to the poor nature of our soil and to the abundance of cheap hand labour which makes it more profitable to employ manual labour than machines, which are fairly difficult to manipulate in most parts of the country owing to its hilly nature. But the State has done everything in its power to improve the methods of cultivation: many agricultural schools (primary, secondary and higher) have been established, while the country divided into agricultural areas has been under the supervision of Area Inspectors. The foundation of the Agricultural Bank, which was formed to facilitate loans to the peasants, and the special help that it gave to co-operatives, was greatly conducive to an increase in production during the last years.

Though agriculture is, and is likely to be for many years to come, the main activity of our country, industry—especially during the period between the two wars—has started to expand, owing to the new impulse given by the First World War. In this case also the Treaty of Adrianople found our country without any industry, excepting the home ones; the Government immediately encouraged by all possible means the growth of industries, though our natural tendency towards commerce and shipping, as well as the frequent mobilizations, did not greatly favour this movement. However, as early as 1837 a committee of twelve was appointed to encourage industrialists, to organize exhibitions and to decide in which cases a reduction of custom duties in favour of a special manager should be effected; at the same time the road and railway system was improved. The results were quite good, for by 1937 there existed 2,915 industrial enterprises, most of these being food industries. We are now looking forward to a further expansion of our light industries to improve our commerce and draw superfluous manpower from agriculture.

The State, however, knew that it had duties towards those men and women who worked in the interest of their country; thus very early laws of every description were passed protecting the workers during and after their working years, as well as looking after their children. As early as 1827 the Constitutional Assembly declared that "work either physical or mental is under the protection of the State, which cares for the moral and material advancement of the working classes".

Until 1914 the laws concerning workers were mainly concerned with Sunday holidays, the employment of women and children, health and security of the workers, length of working hours, wages and settlement of differences between the workers and the employers. Legislation continued during and after the war, when laws concerning trade unions, the eight-hour working day (1920), and different other secondary laws concerning all types of workers were passed, including special laws obliging every owner to provide healthy and secure places of work.

Besides these our system of social security compares favourably with that of many other countries. Many laws were passed before 1914 concerning different classes of workers and employers in building industries, transport, and those using machines, as well as laws giving the right to a worker to claim an indemnity if injured in industry. In 1914, however, the first really important law was passed, making insurance against accident compulsory, and in 1923 insurance against old age, illness, death and in general incapacity for work was introduced. These laws concerned every worker who did not work independently in industry, commerce, building and transport. In 1933 all the previous laws were united and improved, extending compulsory insurance to all workers and to the members of the family of the insured person. Now all workers not independent, or in the Merchant Navy, have to be insured, themselves paying half the amount, while the employer pays the other half. By 1934 social security cost the State 410,000,000 drachmas and this amount was to be increased every five years until 1984.

Besides this the State has taken really effective measures to improve the health conditions of the country. This was one of the most difficult tasks when one bears in mind the "facts of historic importance and the living and social conditions which were very irregular and which very much influenced public health during the years between 1924 and our day". Without reminding you again of the continuous state of war in which our country was engaged for the greater part of the time until 1921, I shall only draw your attention to the main facts influencing public health; first the sudden increase of population owing to the influx of refugees, secondly the return of our soldiers from a ten years' war, and lastly the bad economic conditions prevailing after the war. Naturally this meant that a large percentage of our population was very weak and that diseases spread rapidly. However, the measures taken by the Government proved very effective. A Board of Health was immediately formed and the successful results achieved by this Board were seen by the decrease of infectious diseases and the decline in the death-rate. Three of these illnesses disappeared completely from the country, namely plague, small-pox and eruptive typhus. The warfare against plague was particularly successful, as it had disappeared in five to six years from all parts of Greece, while it still continued in other Mediterranean ports.

My summary of the benefactory work achieved by the Government will not be complete if I do not mention something about education. The State, even during the War of Liberation, gave some attention to education, but naturally nothing effective could be achieved before the cessation of hostilities. In 1833 the first important law on education was passed, establishing compulsory elementary education, but leaving the local government to build schools and compel the peasants to send their children to school. The State, however, became responsible for secondary and higher education. The continuous wars, poor communications and lack of money, as well as the new additions to our frontiers, made the work of the educational authorities very difficult and, therefore, the law did not have the expected results. In 1920 the House of Deputies passed a law making the State responsible for elementary education and establishing six years' compulsory education. The difficulties, however, have not yet been overcome, though a great improvement has been effected in

the last twenty years, and with the help of night schools the percentage of illiteracy is steadily decreasing, though still considerable.

All these advancements in different social fields have proved that the Greeks can still accomplish their work though they quarrel over their political principles. None of us for a moment will deny the fact that our Government changed somewhat too frequently before the war and that perhaps more work could be accomplished if politics were less discussed in restaurants, but after all, to quote Descartes, "the best souls are capable of the greatest vices, as well as of the greatest virtues".

As in the time of Pericles, we believe that he who does not take an interest in our communal problems is not a peace-loving man, but a useless citizen, and although we may not take the initiative of a new measure ourselves, we must at least judge the measures which others introduce, believing that not discussion but action harms a measure if it is taken before being enlightened. Naturally this interest sometimes leads to extremes and is apt to provoke severe criticism of a great statesman who makes a temporary *faux pas*, but remember that even Aristides, the great Themistocles, and many others were sent into exile by the citizens of the city that has created the first great civilization in Europe.



THE PIRATE'S GRAVE: A STORY OF ASTYPALAIA

by

PROFESSOR R. M. DAWKINS

THIS paper has nothing to do with the present troubles of the inhabitants of the Dodecanese; it is a story which begins in the later years of the eighteenth century, and is still told in Astypalaia, the most isolated of all the Twelve Islands, since 1912 held in subjection by the Italians. In those days the islands formed a part of Turkey, but had special privileges from the government of the Sultans, which left them very nearly in a state of freedom and independence.

Astypalaia is dominated by its one village, a mass of closely built houses, looking at a distance like a castle, all huddled on the top of a high rock. The view from this crow's-nest is wide, and one of the most conspicuous landmarks stands in a region by the sea called Martezana. It is a white structure surmounted by a column or obelisk, and the enquirer is told that it is a tomb set up not so long ago in memory of a "Frank": a word which to the Greek in those parts covers anyone from Europe. With this information I was foolishly content when I was in Astypalaia in 1905; the weather was hot, and I had not then learned that, if one goes to a place so hard to reach as Astypalaia, nothing should be left unvisited, if only for the reason that a second chance is hardly likely to present itself. When I was there in the 1914 to 1918 war, I did not even get an opportunity to land.

If I had gone to the Martezana tomb, I know now that I should have found an inscription in memory of a French naval captain called

Brisson, whose friends believed that it is he who lies buried there. The people of Astypalaia know quite a different story, and this is now at my disposal in some papers containing material from the islands collected by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse. We learn that the story of the tomb is one incident in the career of a very notable pirate, a man from Samos, called George Negros. We first learn why he turned pirate. The word is perhaps too severe; it hardly means more than an unlicensed outside-the-law seafarer, not too scrupulous in his methods of picking up his profits.

George Negros was a troublesome boy and one day in school he made a wicked sign of derision, "the fig", at his master; for this he was duly punished. But in those days, for so the story runs, schools were schools, and a boy who had insulted his master in this way had to lose his hand. The master, a priest, insisted on the full penalty. His father pleaded for him and so did a guest in the house, a Cretan. But the priest was obdurate: little did he realize the Cretan character. When his reasonable plea for mercy was rejected, this Cretan fell into such a passion of rage that he pulled out his dinner-knife and cut the cruel priest's throat. After which there was nothing for the whole family to do but to take to the sea as outlaws and pirates. In a little while, says the story, George Negros' name became famous and terrible on the sea and in all the islands. This is the first of the three Negros stories in the Rouse papers. The second tells of the manner of his death, and how the tomb at Martezana came to be built. I translate the Greek text:

"Many and great deeds of bravery were done at that time by Captain Negros and his brave lads to men on the sea and in the islands, so that his name became a terror in the ears and mouths of all. In those years there were also other sea-robbers all over the eastern sea, but none of them were like Captain Negros. Then France, a country of great valour at sea, sent a frigate especially to hunt down all those piratical sailing vessels, and above all the ship of Captain Negros.

"One stormy night this French frigate came very near to Astypalaia, and behind her she was towing a pirate vessel which she had captured in the open sea. But the weather was very stormy, and the frigate, whether she wished it or not, was compelled to cut the cable of the sailing vessel which she was towing; so she left her to the fury of the savage wind: Why? Look you, it was to save herself. The frigate rounded a point of land and tried to save herself. But the sailing vessel lost way and was very nearly utterly lost. On board her were two Greeks, and two of the Franks with their arms. But the vessel was in danger of being cast ashore on the ugly and perilous rocks and being broken up, and the men themselves being broken to pieces with her on the jagged crags. Then the Frenchmen, seeing how surely they were in danger, released the Greeks, whom they had with them in irons, and entreated them, since they knew all the places in the island, to take the tiller themselves to try to come to safety. The Greeks then steered the vessel as they thought fit, and they were near to bringing her on to a favourable beach in Astypalaia. So when they came quite near to the dry land, splash! one of them plunged into the sea, and the other one too was getting ready to plunge, to save themselves and let the Frenchmen perish. The Frenchmen were at once aware of what they were doing, and were in time, though only with one

of them: him they seized to prevent him from jumping into the sea. And so being earnestly entreated by them, this man brought the ship to safety, and also the two Frenchmen: they came out on a sandy beach."

Of this Greek we hear nothing more; he drops out of the story.

"That other Greek, the one who leaped into the sea, when he got out on the beach, perceived a fire on the beach near at hand, and ran towards it to warm himself. When he reached it, he saw men there, sailors. He looked carefully at them and questioned them: they too were of his own sort, being the eighteen young men of Captain Negros. Then he told them the whole story; they ate and drank, and at earliest dawn armed themselves and went rapidly to the French frigate. The lads on the frigate were at that time resting in their bunks, and the captain in his cabin. One man only was up on deck, crouching there to keep watch, but he, too, from lack of rest and from the storm was half asleep. When Captain Negros came to the frigate with his lads, they were all of them aboard her at once, and in a moment some of them tied up the watchman, others nailed up the bunks in which the crew were, and others ran to the cabin of the French captain.

"Then the captain, perceiving that the Greeks had nailed up the crew in their bunks, and that there he was, caught like a rat in a trap, lost all hope and resolved to fire the powder magazine, in any case to die honourably, and also because in this way he would kill all the Greek pirates and their captain too. The moment this came into his mind he acted, and ran and fired the magazine. The broken bodies were thrown out on to the land, scattered here and there, and not one remained alive. Only Captain Negros escaped, but he too was wounded, and a day later came to his end and was buried up on the mountain by a shepherd.

"The two Frenchmen who had been saved from the sea ran away to the mountains and hid themselves. But the place where they hid happened to be exactly opposite the frigate, although they did not know it. So when the explosion occurred, they were able by its light to see and understand quite clearly everything that had happened: their fear therefore became very great and they hid themselves even more carefully. For many days the unfortunate men lay in hiding, so that they could only keep alive by stealing what herbs they could. After some days the people of Astypalaia became aware of them, and disclosed the matter; the head man kindly did his best for them and brought them to the town and gave them food.

"France was not long hearing of this sad event, and at once sent a warship direct to Astypalaia. When she came opposite to the town castle, she opened her ports and made ready to turn her guns against it; to open fire and destroy it, because they thought that the village was to blame for the destruction of the frigate. Then the head man and the two Frenchmen looked out to sea and saw the destruction being prepared for them. At once they ran down in haste with a French flag and embarked in a skiff and made a signal to stop the threatened destruction. When they came to the ship, all agreed that the men of Astypalaia had been their saviours, and at least very many thanks were owing to them. The

French in fact did thank the head man heartily and gave him a decoration. Afterwards they took on board the two Frenchmen and went away from Astypalaia.

"Fifty years passed, and one day behold, another warship came to the island, to the place called the Far Beach, and dropped anchor. A high officer with laced epaulets disembarked and said that he was the son of the captain who had blown up his frigate, and he had come to find the bones of his father and to bury them. So he sent out a crier to cry a proclamation, that whoever knew or could find out where the bones of his father were buried should have a reward of four napoleons. Then many men began enquiries, but where were the bones to be found? Fifty years had passed, and also the fragments of the body had been scattered by the force of the explosion; who could say into what little pieces, and who could say where they were? So they all gave it up. But one sharp fellow, a cunning shepherd, who knew where Captain Negros had been buried, thought he would win the napoleons, so he went and told the Frenchman that he, and he alone, knew where the bones of his father lay buried. The Frenchman was a kindly fellow and believed him: he gave him the four napoleons, and the shepherd showed him what he said was the place of his father's burial. But in actual fact it was the burial-place of Captain Negros, whom the shepherd had himself buried there many years before.

"So the pious and dutiful son brought the priest from his warship, and they went and dug up the bones of Captain Negros, taking them for those of his father. Then they built a new tomb and buried them afresh at a point of land at Martezana: there they buried the bones with great honour and ceremony. Above them they immediately constructed a marble monument, and wrote on it with letters cut in the stone that he had been killed on the sixth of November, 1827: nor did the Frenchman know at all that what he had buried in the tomb were really the bones of the man who had killed his father.

"And what is more, a few years later this son of the captain came again for this very purpose, and celebrated a memorial service at that tomb with honour and great ceremony, and that good son, the Frenchman, never knew at all that he had in that place given a fresh burial to the bones of his father's murderer, of Captain Negros, and not to those of his father, Captain Brisson, who had commanded the French frigate."

The sudden and violent death of Negros made it at least likely that his body would walk after death as a vampire, a danger to the living. So when the shepherd buried him he was careful to lay on his mouth a potsherd with on it scratched the mystical and magic pentagram, the pentalfa, over which no wicked or dangerous spirit can pass.

No account of the adventures of a pirate is complete without at least some mention of how and where he buried his treasure, and the Greeks, too, have a special liking for stories of mysterious hoards of immense, of incalculable, value. Real archaeological finds, made either by themselves or by "Franks", stimulate the taste and support the traditions of buried gold: there is magic in the very sound of the word *Malama*, gold. The same Rouse papers tell us about Captain Negros' treasure. I abbreviate the account a little.

"Here in Astypalaia Captain Negros had a hiding-place for treasure unique in all the inhabited world. Here in this hiding-place he used to conceal all his valuables, gold and silver; in cash, piastres, liras, florins, doubloons; jewellery and stores of all sorts. Before he died, he confessed to his near kinsman where his hiding-place was. Many years after the death of Negros one of his kinsmen told a man of Astypalaia that he knew the place of the hidden treasure. But the man did not believe him, and only seven years later he began to think there might be something in the story. So he went with a friend to the place he had been told of, and at last they found a hole underneath a tufted lentisk bush and thought this must be the place.

"They tied the lentisk bush back so that it allowed some light to enter the hole. Then they saw that the hole went downwards in a sideways direction. They entered and, one following the other, they went down and down until they reckoned that they had gone down some thirty fathoms. There they came to a cave, square, like a Venetian cistern. At one place in it there appeared a separate chamber. They searched but found no sign of the treasure. Then they had the idea of going down still lower, because the hole continued to descend, although they were afraid that perhaps they might be smitten by some spirit haunting the cave."

Buried treasures are often supposed to be guarded by some dangerous spirit; often of a black man.

"Their curiosity drove them on, and they went down yet another thirty fathoms. There they found another cave, still larger, and in it they saw that there were two chambers; one big and one small. In the middle of the smaller chamber they found a stone with a round hole in it: Here, said they, must be the hiding-place. While they were searching in this way, instead of feeling any heat and stuffiness, they being so deep down, they felt a coolness. Then the man found another hole right in front of him; it was gaping open like the mouth of hell, very terrible. Then at once they heard a roar, evil and dreadful, so that the cave echoed in a way to make a man's very hair stand on end: it was as though the spirits all together were answering them with one voice. The men stooped and looked down, and terror seized them; the wind was blowing from below, cold as from the sea. Presently they recovered a little from their fear and tried to lift the stone from its place; in order to make sure of the depth of the gulf they rolled the stone down from its place; they heard it clattering down for the space of three minutes. But of the sound of its final falling on the bottom of the hole they heard nothing; nor was there any sign of it.

"Then they dug in the place where they had taken up the stone, and they found a flat slab; they took it up and below it was the mouth of the hiding-place. They searched everywhere, and dug as well, but all the treasure had been taken away by others. But they were sure that this had been the real hiding-place used by Negros." They were all the more certain when they observed the sudden great riches of the kinsman of the pirate who had told the man of this place; and he was sorry that he had neglected the information and let the kinsman go and dig it all up instead of him.

In these stories Negros and his associates are often called *Paraskevades*, which means *Friday Men*. This was a nickname given them by the people of Astypalaia, where the women bake bread every Friday, and Negros and his friends used to come on Fridays to take a contribution of the fresh bread: hence the name. We are told that Astypalaia was his favourite island, because it has harbours all round and good water to drink and many folds of sheep, and there it was very easy for him to provide himself with victuals. But although he may have been on occasion a burdensome friend, we are yet told that "he had such a love for the men of Astypalaia, that he left a command to all his kinsmen that, whenever they met with a man or woman from Astypalaia, they should treat them well and hospitably, as though they were the man's own brothers".

Pirates like Negros, after all, were heroes in their way, and their idea of life was to prey not on other Greeks but on Turkish shipping, and on any intrusive Franks from the west whom they might come across. On the sea these "pirates" were very nearly what the Klephts of the same period were on the mountains of the mainland.



THE LIGHT OF TRUTH AND LIFE

by

HELLE GEORGIADIS.

To the average Englishman the prefix "B.C." to a date is often synonymous with the idea of prehistoric. It is true that the first references in his school-books of English history come with the Roman invasion in 55 B.C. But the comparatively brief treatment of the next few centuries, and the very few relics in thought and materials from those times, often give an impression of legend even to the thousand years which followed the birth of Christ. The average Greek, on the other hand, has a very different perspective of time. His most treasured heritage in Art, Literature, Philosophy and Science was already centuries old when the Church was born, and this heritage still exists today to remind him of the fact. Moreover, the history of Greece in the last 1,000 years seems telescoped to him, into a shorter time, because of the occupation of Greece for several centuries by a people alien to her thought and culture.

The life of the early Church seems much nearer to the Greeks than it does to people in the West. This close link with the past is strengthened by geographical and linguistic ties. The early Christian communities in Corinth and Thessalonika, for example, are still represented today, and although the language of the New Testament is not identical with Modern Greek, the two are sufficiently close to give the Greeks a sense of kinship with the first Christians. There are still many peasants and fisherfolk among the Greek people and their means of livelihood has changed little since early times. The mountainous nature of the country makes large-scale farming impracticable. The peasants have small independent holdings, with perhaps a vineyard, olive, orange or lemon

groves, and a few sheep and goats, and a donkey or two. The sea round the long coastline has many islands and the fishing-boats are mostly small sailing-boats. There has been a certain amount of industrial development in parts of the country, but the towns have not yet grown to the point where the country is not visible and easily accessible from them. It is against this background that the Church in Greece can best be understood. It is a central event in the national history of the people. Nearer in time than the Greece of antiquity, the thought of Plato and Aristotle, and the language of Homer, and yet not alien, for it too was nurtured in the soil of the country. Small wonder it is, then, that the Greeks are often described as a religious people, for the reality of the Church is everywhere about them a constant reminder.

To a traveller accustomed to the Gothic and Norman churches of the West, the architecture of the churches in Greece, with their domes and whitewashed walls, presents a striking contrast. The long black garments and tall black caps worn by the Orthodox priests, and their long hair, give an impression of strangeness which, at first sight, obscures their brotherhood with the Western priesthood and the common purpose which inspires the Church in East and West alike. But the Greek Church is so much a part of the life of the people, and the style of its buildings so readily harmonizes with the countryside, that it is not long before a closer knowledge of it reveals its deeper characteristics. The keynote of the religious life in Greece, as indeed in all Orthodox countries, is one of worship. The singing of the choir, the painted ikons, the candles and incense, and the vestments of the deacons, priests and bishops, all contribute to this end. Nor do the people worship alone, for there is a deep consciousness of kinship with the Saints and the faithful departed of all ages. Membership of the Church is more than an obligation to attend public worship, it is a fellowship in which living and dead are united in common prayer and praise.

A Greek child becomes a full member of the Church when only a few months old. He receives his first communion immediately after his baptism. Baptism is by immersion and the child receives a cross which he keeps throughout his life. The ceremony is attended by all his relatives and friends and it is the custom for each of them to receive a small cross in token, on which the child's name is engraved. The occasion is marked by great rejoicing and small bags of sugared sweets are distributed among the guests. Thereafter the child attends the church with his family. One of the most noticeable features in the Orthodox services, to a visitor, is the number of children and babies who attend regularly.

The Divine Liturgy, as it is called, corresponds to the Sung Eucharist in the Church of England, and is preceded by Matins. Holy Communion may only be celebrated once each day in each church, so that all in the parish attend together, a fact which strengthens the impression of an act of worship by the whole community. The Sacrament is reserved for the sick and others who may be unable to attend for special reasons. The churches contain few seats and most of the people stand. The choir, which represents the people, joins with the Reader, the deacon and the priest in the vocal part of the service. The congregation participates in a very personal sense, however, by silent prayer and meditation. To a

newcomer, the absence of routine and uniform behaviour often appears strangely disordered. Each present seems concerned with his own devotions. Some go from ikon to ikon, or light candles in token of some special prayer. Moreover, the congregation does not arrive punctually on time to wait for the service to begin. Often, indeed, people will come in during the course of the service and no one appears to notice their late arrival. To the Orthodox the Liturgy is a timeless re-enactment of a divine drama, and the temporal necessity of opening and closing the service is relatively unimportant. The freedom from set forms of individual response creates a sense of personal responsibility and spontaneity from which springs one of the most valued features in Orthodox worship. It is not customary to communicate as frequently as is the practice in the West. All members of the Orthodox Church receive Communion at Easter, Christmas, and on several other special occasions, such as, for example, the anniversary of their Patron Saint. In Orthodox countries the Saint's Day of the Saint whose name is given to the child is kept as an anniversary which takes precedence over the child's own birthday. At the end of the Liturgy all those present go to receive a piece of the bread of Fellowship. This is the unconsecrated bread from which the bread used for the Sacrament was taken.

It is often thought that there is no sermon in the Greek Orthodox service, and that the priests are not trained students of theology. This impression has arisen from the fact that until a century ago the Greek Church was only able to exist in a limited sphere owing to the occupation of the country by the Turks, who were not Christians, but Mahomedans. In those circumstances, Parish priests were noteworthy for their personal integrity and high sense of devotion rather than for intellectual attainments. They have always commanded the deep respect and trust of their flock, to whom they have been both spiritual and temporal counsellors. The impression that the Orthodox Church is aloof from the worldly problems of her people is completely false. Indeed her priests and deacons are responsible for more practical help and social care than is the case in the West, where the State has assumed increasingly the role of official neighbour.

At the beginning of this century the religious life in Greece underwent a great revival with the founding and growth of the Zoe Movement. This movement had among its objects the religious education of laity and the theological training of the clergy. It has been chiefly responsible for the reorganization and present vitality of the Sunday Schools throughout Greece. It has also established the tradition of a weekly sermon in all churches. Through its newspaper and other publications, the Zoe Movement has aroused a new intellectual and devotional consciousness among members of the Orthodox Church, which has gained in strength and influence during the past thirty years. The Theological Faculty in the University of Athens is further testimony to the intellectual standard of religious thought in Greece today.

The question is often asked as to what is the relationship between the Greek Orthodox Church and the Orthodox Churches in other Balkan countries and in Russia, and where the Orthodox Church as a whole stands in relation to the West. The Orthodox Churches are in full communion with one another. The language in which the services are conducted is

the language of the people who worship there, and local traditions find expression in outward details of ritual. For the Orthodox Church is essentially a church of the people and it is, therefore, naturally and spontaneously a national church. The fact that intercommunion has been preserved between Churches whose people have often been at war with each other, and whose cultural background is very different in some cases, is a tribute to those who have prevented a narrow nationalist attitude from strangling the deeper meaning of national character. The Orthodox Church is not in communion with the Western Churches. But the historical gap which has separated them in the past is being bridged steadily by the mutual desire for a fuller understanding and the realization of the tragedy of division. In special cases, however, and by the exercise of "economy", baptized persons of both Eastern and Western traditions have been, and may be, ministered to by priests of other traditions.

The Greek Church has been spared the problems of denominational controversy among its own people, for nearly all Greeks are its members. This has made possible a much closer identification of Church and people. Where groups of Greek people have settled they have built places of worship and small communities have grown up round them. There has always been an active trading and seafaring element among the Greeks, on account of the special economic and geographical position of the country. The number of Greek churches outside the home country is large compared with the population of the country itself. In England alone there are churches in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Cardiff. Although it is not always possible to have resident priests in all, even so the number of places covered is actually greater through visits from the priests to the principal ports to which Greek sailors come. The Church in London, the Cathedral of St. Sophia, built at the end of the last century, is now the centre of the Greek Church in Western Europe. A diocese was established there after the last war, and Germanos, Metropolitan of Thyateira, is its first occupant. The work and devotion of the Archbishop, priests and laity have made an appreciable contribution towards bringing closer fellowship between Christian Churches and to the work of the Oecumenical Movement as a whole.

To understand fully and to appreciate the peculiar charm and character of the Greek Church, however, it is necessary to know it in its own setting. Much of the daily life and work of the Church is cramped or hidden, where it cannot speak and act for the whole neighbourhood in which it is set. The ritual of the service, which to the more austere West seems elaborate and even ornate, is natural and unselfconscious where bright colour and movement and song are the customary means of expression. An example of this may be found in the marriage ceremony, which, although a sacrament, is more lighthearted and joyous, and compared with which the English service seems solemn and cold. The Orthodox service is in two parts. The first is the betrothal of the man and woman, and the second the marriage proper. It is symbolized by the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with orange blossom exchanged three times.

The climax of the Church year comes with Easter. This is more noticeable in the Orthodox Church than any other tradition. Lent is

kept strictly and special dishes are prepared to make up for the lack of meat. The fast is not broken until after the midnight service which precedes Easter morning. It is the custom then to eat a young lamb as the first meat meal after the lenten fast. Brightly painted hard-boiled eggs are also prepared and the Easter atmosphere is one of festivity and rejoicing. The services in Holy Week commemorate every phase of the Passion from the triumphant entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, when crosses of palm leaves are distributed to the people, to the Resurrection on Easter Sunday. The churches are crowded with people, although the services are long, and the weeks of fasting add to the strain of standing for so many hours. On Good Friday there is a solemn procession while lighted candles are held by the people. The church has an air of mourning, which is increased by the black vestments and the all-white flowers used to decorate the building.

For Easter all this is changed, the rich-coloured vestments of the priests harmonize with the many colours of bright flowers and gloom changes to rejoicing. Of all the services, it is perhaps the midnight service of the Resurrection which lives longest and remains the most vivid in the memory of those who have taken part. It is the custom for the service to take place in the open air outside the church. Those who have experienced an April night round the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean will remember how the cloudless sky, lit by the brightness of the stars and fanned by the strange sweet scent of night-flowering plants, makes an unforgettable setting in which miracles seem natural, and time and space merge into one.

The service starts a little before midnight, and as the bells ring on Sunday morning, the priest comes out on the steps of the church carrying a candle. He greets the people with the words: "Christ is Risen." They reply, "Christ is Risen," and each lights his candle from the light spread by the priest's candle, symbolizing the spread of the Light of Truth and Life. Those present exchange greetings with all who stand near them, friends and strangers alike, and kiss each other in token of the Kiss of Peace. As the choir sings out the Easter hymns and the service proceeds, lit now not only by the stars, but by the twinkling lights of hundreds of small candles, one is aware that in this simple act of fellowship the triumph of the Resurrection is illuminated afresh in the hearts of the faithful and the knowledge of this Truth will be carried into their lives through another year.



THE CHURCH'S HEROISM IN GREECE

EDITORIAL NOTE

WHEN thinking youth in its insolent independence has been asking what part Orthodox religion has to play in a world whose very suffering must cry aloud its lack of spirituality, the Orthodox Church in Greece has lighted a candle in the darkness and its guttering flame even the fierce gale of evil has not been able to put out. In the horrors of invasion, of

persecution and famine the Church has helped men and women to keep their sanity.

Fortunately, the Archiepiscopal throne has been occupied by Archbishop Damaskinos,* a man gigantic in stature and equally great of soul. Even the German invaders have been impressed by his physical powers and fine appearance, his judgment, integrity and diplomatic skill. Those who have managed to escape from Greece estimate the lives he has been instrumental in saving as very many.

At one time the Archbishop sought leave to start a collection in order to help the families of men shot, or taken prisoner as hostages. The conquerors refused permission to his officially made request, but when he went in person to enquire why the Church was not allowed to do her duty to the dependents of those whom they had for their various reasons thought fit to torture or shoot, they granted his request.

All over Greece—notably in Crete—priests and monks have been the victims of all kinds of barbarism. The Metropolitan of Ellassona, Kalinikos, was taken to a concentration camp for hostages at Larissa and he was subjected to all sorts of humiliations. The Bishop of Kissamos and Selines, Eudokimos, was sentenced to death and taken to the place of execution, when news of his reprieve arrived at the right moment and instead of being put to death he was exiled from Crete.

A priest, Nikolis Neonakis, lost his whole family at the hands of the Germans, who killed his old father after torturing him. Nikolis Neonakis was put in a cage prison in which he was forced to crouch for twenty-eight days without being allowed to leave and without food, water or covering.

Such hideous persecutions have been experienced by priests of the Orthodox Greek Church as well as the people all over Greece, yet the Germans in their queer twisted minds wonder why the people did not like them.

The influence of the Orthodox Church since Greece entered the war is a challenge to the world. In the darkest days on the mountain tops and in the ravines bishops rallied the spirits of young fighting men just as at the height of the famine, when Greeks were dying in the streets, there were British men who had managed to escape, hidden in some of the houses with the chivalry and true hospitality which mark the very character of the Greek.

Such patriots as the Archbishop and his priests have not only kept faith alive in the hearts of their poor oppressed people, bringing to them all possible material comforts such as canteens, clinics, care for the children and the prisoners, but they have played their part in the Allies' struggle for freedom and waged war for their Lord (who also lived under a foreign conqueror) against the Devil incarnate.



* Recently appointed Regent.

HALCYON

by

DILYS POWELL.

A MOMENT from the past returns, circles, hovers, settles in the mind. What recalls it, what links it with the harsh bitter present? Nothing; it comes out of nothing, belongs to nothing; it is a trifle without beginning or end. But it persists: in its summer colours it persists against the winter background of war; a moment from the Greece we knew.

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The island floated in sun. Sun poured down from the sky, welled up from the sea, beat on the shore in rollers of heat. The harbour town glimmered on the crest of the semi-circle of cliff, and in the bay 700 feet below the black dead mass of the volcano secretly breathed in smoke. There was no tree in sight, not on the plateau behind the town, nor on the harsh pumice-stone slopes, nor in the dusty vineyards which rolled eastward from beneath the monastery height. The steps which zigzagged down the perpendicular cliff to the harbour were burning to the touch.

"At least we shall have a breeze when we get out to sea," said the visitors.

"Yes," the muleteer agreed enthusiastically, "you will have a breeze; it will be cool, you will have a good journey."

"It won't be rough?" said the Englishwoman, pleading.

"Bah, I don't think so," said the muleteer. "Oooooop!" he said, expostulating, to the last of the three mules as it rounded an awkward bend, balancing its packs and scuffling with its hooves on the rocky stairway. "You will find a good wind," he went on, "you will eat tonight in Naxos. Have you been to Naxos?"

"No," said Joanna, the Greek girl, and smiled at him with her dark sad eyes. "We haven't been to Naxos. Is it a beautiful island?"

"They say it is very beautiful," said the muleteer. He looked at her with approval and respect; she was a modest girl, well-spoken and quiet, said his look, not like some of the town-bred women with their strange ways who sometimes visited the island. "Very beautiful," he repeated. "You will eat well, you will sleep well. Eh, tonight you will be in Naxos."

The two friends, the Greek and the Englishwoman, caught up the two other travellers at the foot of the cliff, and clambered with them into the benzina. It was a little sailing-boat with an auxiliary engine which already panted to be away; as the packs and suitcases were stowed the captain's boy lowered himself into the hatchway as if to urge patience. The engine snorted softly at his touch. The two friends settled on a coil of rope; the other travellers, the man and his blonde companion, sat on a strip of matting opposite the hatch.

"Ready?" said the captain. "Shall we be off?" He looked towards his hirers by the hatch.



Photo by R. L. Green

FIG. 4. THE PARTHENON ON THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

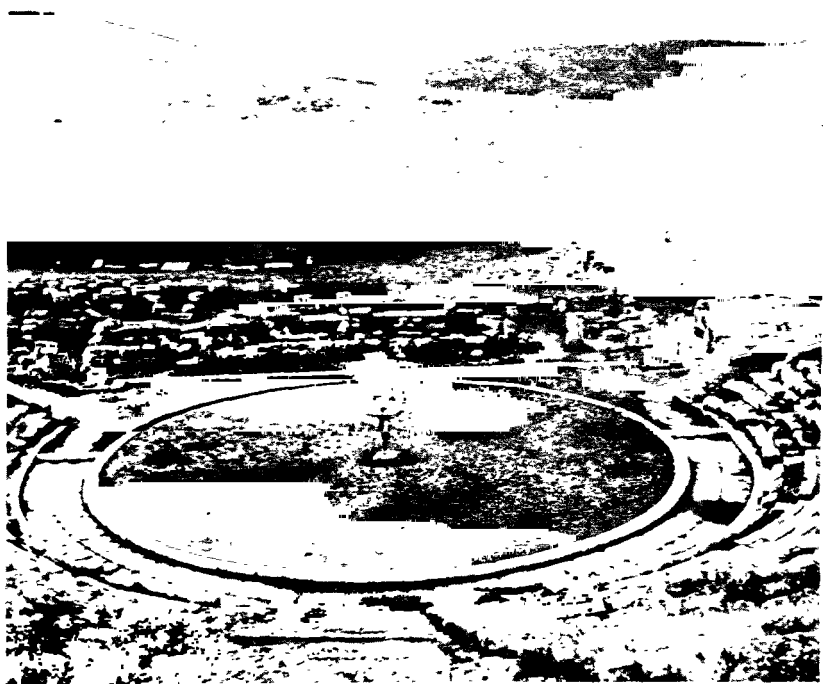


Photo by R. L. Green

FIG. 5. THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT EPIDAUROS



Photo by R. A. G. G. G.

FIG. 6. THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON ON CAPE SOUNION

"Ready?" said the man to his companion. He spoke in French, uneasily, with a heavy note. The fair woman flashed back her brilliant smile.

"Ready?" he repeated, still in French, to the Englishwoman. The friends, eagerly polite, were ready. The boy prodded the engine into a steady chug. An unidentified youth with a melancholy expression cast off, then folded himself like a bat by the mast as the benzina swung out towards the flat black rock of the volcano. The Englishwoman looked at her watch. It was two o'clock.

"We should be in Naxos by eight," said the man by the hatch.

The travellers were grateful at first for the breeze. The volcano was passed and left behind. As they crept away from the shore the sea sparkled with a million tiny contrary movements; wavelets smacked against the boat and withdrew in a soft whoosh of spray. The blonde tied a scarf peasant-wise round her head and moved nearer the bows, where she sat beaming at the blue sea-channels and the faint coastlines of the distant islands. She was about thirty, with a triangular vivacious face and the confidence of good looks, experience and success: a Central European, a figure smart in the smart bars of a dozen capitals. Some famous designer had dressed her with infinite precision for just such a moment as this, for the sea, the wind, the little boat. Delighted with her spree, she smiled dazzlingly at the frolicking waves. Her companion watched her with the gaze of a man satisfied with his own judgment. Where did he come from? Nobody knew. A business man perhaps, a man sardonic with too much success. Something in his eyes hinted at the Asiatic: the dark iris, the clouded white; but over the natural man education and habit had laid a varnish of suaveness and irony, contempt too for the slow and the simple. They were an odd pair to meet on holiday in the islands. A party of German tourists one might have expected; but this cosmopolitan Grand Hotel couple added a touch of fantasy to the fabulous seascape. They gave nothing away; to the end they remained unknown, unidentified. Only the man's eyes spoke. Now, watching the blonde, they said: an ornament for a man of the world.

The look changed to polite contempt as his eyes paused for an instant at the alien pair, at Joanna in her girlish unfashionable clothes and the Englishwoman with her sun-reddened skin and straight hair. It had not been his idea to invite them to share the trip to Naxos; far from it. Last night, after an evening of singing and dancing with the country people, the blonde had swept everybody up in a wave of noisy good humour; they must come, she insisted, they were good sports, they must come. Well, here they are, said his eyes; here we are saddled with a couple of seasick scarecrows.

"The motion of the boat troubles you, madame?" he asked the Englishwoman. The breeze had freshened as the benzina left the shelter of the island.

"No, thank you," she said, forcing herself to smile.

He turned up his collar and moved, balancing awkwardly, to sit by the blonde. The Englishwoman stopped smiling and lay down with her head on the coil of rope; Joanna sat beside her. Impassive, the captain and his boy held the tiller, tended the engine.

When the Englishwoman looked at her watch again it was six o'clock.

A gusty wind was blowing; the afternoon sunlight had lost its warmth. The benzina bounded on the water, and the whoosh of the spray had turned to a loud rattle. She sat up, astonished to find herself feeling better. The blue mysterious mass of an island lay ahead; while she drowsed it had stealthily approached, and now surprised her by its nearness. Puzzled by a certain air of resignation in her company, she looked enquiringly at the captain.

"Isn't it——?" she said.

The captain said something which she did not understand.

"No, madame," said the man of the world, "it is Nios. Naxos lies beyond."

The blonde, clinging to ropes and gunwales, her kerchief clapping in the wind, struggled back to the middle of the boat and sat opposite the two friends. She was still enjoying herself phenomenally.

"The captain says we have a bad wind," she told them. "We shall come to Naxos in the night!" She spoke in English; her companion, who could not understand, watched with sour indulgence. "Zozo!" she called to him in French. "What time do you think we shall get there?"

Zozo pulled his city-cut overcoat up to his ears and staggered to her side. "Not at eight o'clock in any case. Does that inconvenience you, madame?" he asked the Englishwoman.

"Not at all, monsieur," she said awkwardly. She was, she felt, being manœuvred into a false naïveté by his ironic civility, by her position as a guest, and by the necessity of conducting their exchanges in a language she spoke indifferently. "Not at all!" echoed Joanna. The blonde watched them benignly for a moment, then turned her head into the wind. The gusts struck more sharply; a spatter of spray stung her cheek. She laughed, delighted, and began singing a little tune to herself. With expressionless face Zozo listened to the song and the blustering of the wind.

The pale silhouette of the island resolved itself into a bulk of cliffs, cold, dark and cavernous, which swam painfully past on their right. Ahead, to the left, was a second island. It was suddenly dusk. The sun had slipped away, like a friend too hurried to say good-bye; forsaken, the benzina bounded recklessly on a slaty sea. Fans of spray leaped up from the bows and fell hissing on the broken water. Reappearing as it were from invisibility, the captain held colloquy with his hirer.

Zozo nodded at last and turned to the blonde woman who sat, silent now and a shade disconsolate, staring at the channel between the islands. She listened, shrugged, and, leaning forward to make herself heard, spoke to Joanna.

"The captain says if we like to stay tonight at another island. He says Naxos is very far and the wind is bad. Do you prefer we stay or do you like to go to Naxos?"

"It is for you to say, you and monsieur," said Joanna in her soft precise English. "Of course if the captain——"

"No, no, no, no," cried the blonde, her triangular face smiling and benevolent again. "The captain says he does what we want. You say we go on, madame?"

The Englishwoman said yes, she was in favour of going on. She looked out at the sea. The channel between the islands lay behind them

now; to their right the coast of Nios still ran parallel to their course; ahead, invisible Naxos. Minute amid the tumbling waters, the benzina struggled on. For a moment or two the gusts of wind hushed. But the ferocity of solitude spoke louder; the sea was empty; the shore, speeding by, was black and cold. The Englishwoman shivered and thought longingly of a warm house, an office with people casually wrangling, a stuffy pub. Then the wind blew with fresh strength and a sheaf of spray struck the travellers full on head and shoulders.

Night had fallen, a moon three-quarters full danced above the naked mast of the little boat, and by its light they saw one another's faces tired and dull. Spray splashed at the ribs, crashed down on the deck; the benzina bounced uncontrollably.

"Ah, no!" said the blonde suddenly, putting her head in her hands. "I'm afraid!"

"We must go to the nearest harbour," said Zozo with authority. He did not consult the Englishwoman or her friend this time. "We will not go on," he said in Greek to the captain, speaking clearly above the hissing of spray and wind. "It is dangerous to go on in this wind."

"Very good," said the captain with relief. "There is not much danger, but the women will be frightened. It is better to wait till morning." He shouted to his boy and to the youth who, his face glistening in the dark with salt water, now held the tiller. The boat swung in a long unwilling curve, then moved more easily with the following wind. "Tomorrow the wind will drop, we shall go on to Naxos. Tonight we shall find a harbour, there is a fishing village, we shall sleep. Tomorrow we shall have sun, we shall have good weather, we shall be at Naxos in an hour."

Imperceptibly the benzina was leaving the broken gusty sea behind and moving into calm water. The travellers sat quiet and still and relaxed; they had handed over their power of choice, and now waited to be brought to a strange harbour. No longer obeying the incalculable wishes of foreigners, the captain and his boy went as masters about their business; they were seamen learned in their own seas, steering towards the secret havens of their own islands. The moon rode steady over the naked mast; the benzina slid through polished water.

"We are going to find a desert island!" cried the blonde, restored to gaiety.

"I fear, madame," said Zozo, addressing the Englishwoman with exasperated gallantry, "we shall not find a hotel of the first class."

To right and left of the benzina land appeared, two long low coastlines, black and featureless. The lines converged; land enveloped the little boat, her prow grazed delicately against land.

"We are there," said the captain.

Treading blindly, the travellers stepped on the unknown shore, went up the invisible path, were welcomed into the strange house. The fisherman muttered with his wife. Fire was lit, water was heated, bread and drink were set on the table in the light of the dim lamp.

"You will have made a long journey," said the fisherman's wife, touching the Englishwoman's cold hands. "You are tired, eh?" She looked at Joanna as if to say: I know you, you are one of us, you are a good Greek.

Like shadows, the captain and his boy and the youth with salty cheeks melted into the night; they were part of the land, of the rocks, of the darkness, of the ancient archipelago of Greece. The travellers, aliens greeted with the immortal ritual of hospitality, ate, drank, and were led to rest.

In the guest-room the three women lay down on the dowry chests with the striped coverlets. Joanna, her long, beautiful, gentle face shaded from the lamplight, fell asleep at once. The Englishwoman lay awake for a while thinking of the day's journey and the Greek welcome at the end of it, of Zozo, accepting his defeat with a sardonic grimace, preparing to sleep alone on a couple of chairs. The last image in her mind, before, turning painfully on her wooden bed, she too slept, was the brilliant figure of the blonde, beaming and busy under the lamp with lotions, pomades and creams.

The moment still holds its halcyon colours. The fretful seas and the harbour waters shining in the dark; the path, the village guessed at, not seen; the welcome in the fisherman's hut by the shore—all this was Greece. And, after the mysterious night, the blinding clear morning and the fair wind which drove the benzina skipping to Naxos—in that there was Greece. Was: the island traffic we remember no longer serves the gay, the curious, the romantic. But suddenly the moment from the past finds its link with today, when secretly, dangerously, and driven by the necessity for freedom, men cross the dark seas and steer for hidden harbours. Those moments, too, will one day belong to memory.

Spring, 1944.



BULGARIAN OCCUPATION OF EASTERN MACEDONIA AND WESTERN THRACE

by

G. A. EXINTARIS.

THE Bulgars, who, unlike the Greeks and the Serbs, did not obtain their independence through fighting for it but were constituted into a State in consequence of the Russo-Turkish War and the Treaty of Berlin (1878) that followed, always greedily coveted Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace as well as Serbian Macedonia. As they were unable to base their claims on any other ground but on their aggressive disposition, whenever military events gave them the opportunity to lay temporary hold on the aforementioned Greek provinces they attempted to denationalize them and resorted to all kinds of means in order to exterminate their population. This they did in the years 1912-13 and 1916-18, when, by their inhuman and barbarous actions, they brought mourning, desolation, destruction and ruin everywhere in these unfortunate provinces.

This time their cruelty was even more ruthless and their methods

more systematic. The Greek provinces in question were occupied in May 1941 by the Bulgarian Army and were handed over to Bulgarian rule by order of the Axis Powers. Consequently responsibility for the happenings there reflects also upon the latter, all the more so as the Axis Powers were fully aware all the time of these Bulgarian atrocities; numerous memoranda and protests which were sent to them were completely disregarded.

From the first day of their occupation of Eastern Macedonia and Thrace the Bulgars set themselves to apply ruthlessly and systematically their programme of extermination: they abolished the Greek language, then replaced all Greek inscriptions from streets and shops with Bulgarian ones; they closed all the Greek schools and churches, and forbade all forms of Greek Orthodox worship. Christenings, weddings, funerals and all religious festivals were forbidden unless held in Bulgarian and according to the rules of their schismatic Church. Greek prelates, priests and monks were wildly persecuted and their monasteries seized by the Bulgars. Alongside this persecution of the Greek tongue and of the Greek Church, the Bulgars began to wage a fierce economic war against the Greek element, i.e. the overwhelming majority of the population in these provinces, in order to bring them to despair and drive them out of their homeland. They imposed upon the population exorbitant taxation and imprisoned them for inability to pay. They demanded that old debts owed by Greeks not only to the Greek State, but also to Greek banks and even to Greek private individuals, should be paid to the Bulgarian authorities at once; and as the already overburdened Greeks were unable to pay, they were thrown in prison, where they suffered all kinds of ill-treatment. Moreover, they forbade the Greeks to exercise any trade or profession, thus compelling them to enter into partnership with Bulgars from Bulgaria, who, after a few months' time, pushed the Greeks out of their own business. Notable citizens of towns were asked to sign statements to the effect that they wished to abandon their homes by their own will, and those who refused were subjected to such ordeals that finally they had to give in, leaving behind their properties, which were immediately confiscated by the Bulgars in virtue of a specially made law on derelict property. The few of those who managed to sell their belongings at very low prices were robbed while crossing the frontier either by Bulgarian officials or by the "Comitadjis". The farmers' produce was requisitioned, and as the indemnity given for it amounted almost to nothing, the procedure was really equivalent to confiscation.

Seeing that these and such-like measures at the beginning did not bring about rapidly the results the Bulgars hoped for, namely the eradication of the Greek population, they resorted to more drastic ones. Under the pretext of suppressing a communistic revolt which they themselves adroitly staged, they carried out in cold blood mass-executions for a whole month. From the 30th September, 1941, to the 30th October, 1941, the whole of Cavalla, Drama and Serres districts were put to fire and sword. The methods they employed in these massacres were generally the following: the male population in the towns were summoned either to the town hall or to the police headquarters on the pretext of registering for food-rationing, and when all had gathered they were thrown into prisons which the Bulgars blew up by bombs and hand-grenades. Sometimes the

imprisoned Greeks had to undergo savage tortures, and those who survived them were set free only to be shot the moment they were leaving the prison by Comitadjis, who were lying in wait for them outside.

Another of their methods was to order all the inhabitants to stay indoors; and then Bulgarian policemen escorted by Comitadjis would force their way into the Greek houses, plunder them, rape the women and kill the men. In the town of Drama a church, in which terror-stricken women and children had taken refuge, was bombed by the Bulgars and almost the entire crowd was killed. Similar atrocities took place in Serres and Demir-Hissar whenever terrified crowds sought shelter in various buildings.

In villages pillage and assassination were carried out as a rule in the following manner: the Bulgarian police would round up all men between 18-60 years of age, and send them under escort somewhere outside the village, where they compelled them to dig their own graves and machine-gunned them afterwards. Then the wild hordes of the Comitadjis were let loose on the village to plunder it, rape the women and to set on fire houses and shops. Meanwhile Bulgarian regular troops surrounded the village, and after the withdrawal of the Comitadjis, heavily bombarded the place, while Bulgarian aeroplanes flying over it completed the destruction with their bombs. The few survivors who succeeded in escaping fled horror-stricken to the mountains, where for a long time they wandered without food or shelter. Many died; others, after long and perilous adventures, reached some other part of Greece in a pitiful state. The ruthlessness and the sadism with which the Bulgars committed these crimes cannot be expressed by words. They did not content themselves in the mere slaughter of their victims, but very often, before the actual execution, they tortured them in the most savage way: they cut off their ears, their noses, and mutilated their bodies, they pulled off their finger-nails or burned them alive. Another instance of their barbarity is the one which took place at Philippi, now a small town near Kavalla, where the Bulgars broke into the house of a Greek notable, raped the grandmother, the mother, and the four-year-old grand-daughter, and then sprayed the house with paraffin oil and burned it down, inhabitants and all. The Committee "for Refugees from Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace", which was formed in Athens, in various memoranda they submitted to the German and Italian representatives in Greece, mention numerous instances of all kinds of atrocities committed by the Bulgars, giving catalogues of names of the victims.

Mass executions, plunder and violence went on for a whole month, that is till 30th October, 1941, when they abated at the request of the Germans, who began to grow uneasy both by the development of the international situation and by the increasing indignation of Greek public opinion. But if mass executions stopped, assassination of individuals continued. This black month of Bulgarian cruelty transformed dozens of once prosperous and flourishing villages into heaps of ruins. Being compelled to stop the massacre, the Bulgars resorted to other abominable means for the attainment of their purpose, namely the extinction of the Greek population of Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace. We shall mention among others three specially drastic measures

applied by the Bulgars alongside the aforementioned economic and administrative ones: (1) They organized food distribution in such a way as to subject the inhabitants to a systematic and inevitable starvation: the ration given to the Greeks consisted of 150 grams of maize bread per head daily, while the Bulgars got wheat bread in larger quantities, meat, fish, butter, cheese, rice, sugar, leguminous seeds, etc. This food shortage was utterly unjustifiable, especially as the provinces in question are the most fertile of the Greek land, and their yield not only suffices the needs of the current consumption, but provides also 40-50,000 tons of agricultural products for export to the rest of Greece. This rationing was severely applied. No one was allowed to buy any other food items, except the kind and the quantity prescribed by the rationing, even if he could afford it. Numerous cases are mentioned giving also names of Greeks from Alexandroupolis, Comotini and Cavalla, who had bought a small quantity of meat or fish for their families, and had been caught in the act by the Bulgarian prefect or by organs of the police; the food was seized from their hands and they themselves were beaten.

(2) They organized, as they had done in the years 1912-13 and 1916-18, workers' battalions, in which all men between the ages of 18 and 45 were conscripted by force, and sent over to Bulgaria to be subjected to long and hard compulsory labour and to starvation. The number of men thus conscripted exceeds, according to existing reports, the total of 40,000. Out of these, half perished from starvation, exhaustion and ill-treatment, and those who returned were complete physical wrecks and died shortly afterwards.

(3) In order to alter the ethnological character of these provinces, they started a strong colonization by Bulgarian families brought from Bulgaria; these they settled in Greek towns and villages, in the houses of the expelled Greeks. In the villages, if the abandoned houses were not adequate, they forced into one house many Greek families together, thus leaving the evacuated houses for the Bulgarian settlers.

Owing to this regime of terror, and all the inhuman measures of persecution and oppression applied by the Bulgars, the Greeks of Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace fled to other parts of Greece, where they arrived clad in rags and in a miserable physical state, thus aggravating the already very serious food situation of the country. According to official statistics, until the time I left Greece, that is until July 1943, the number of these people who sought refuge in Greece surpassed the total of 160,000 men, women and children. And the number of those who constantly flowed in amounted to an average of 1,500 per week.

This is the tragic fate to which the innocent population of these unfortunate provinces have been condemned. They have been punished for the sole reason that they were determined to remain faithful to their national ideals and to the language of their forefathers.

As I mentioned before, this behaviour of the Bulgars was reported regularly by the Committee for Refugees in Athens to the German and Italian political representatives in Greece, and protests were made on each occasion asking the Axis Powers to intervene and stop these Bulgarian atrocities. Similar protests to the same representatives were made repeatedly by the Archbishop of Athens, the political parties, the

Academy and the University of Athens, and all the trade organizations. But no steps whatever were taken by the Axis to put an end to this insufferable state of affairs.

These in brief are the bare facts of this abominable situation which has been inflicted upon hundreds of thousands of innocent Greeks for several years.

Lately, when the defeat of the Axis began to outline itself on the horizon, voices also from time to time began to be heard from Bulgarian quarters, trying to persuade the world that the people of Bulgaria are not responsible for the policy followed by their Government, neither are they morally accountable for the atrocities that have been consistently committed; that the responsibility rests solely with their bad politicians who led the people into the wrong path. It is natural to hear Bulgars putting forward such arguments with the ultimate aim of avoiding punishment and just sanctions against their country, as a consequence of their evil deeds. But the matter assumes a much graver character when similar views are expressed by British people, and one cannot let them pass without answer or protest, because not only do they not correspond to historical truth, but they do injustice and cause disappointment to friends who have always been faithful and devoted, and constitute a misleading and dangerous policy for the future peace.

During the last thirty years, not to go further back in history, Bulgaria has three times treacherously attacked her neighbours and contrived to usurp their territories. In 1913, while negotiations were still in progress between Bulgaria and her Allies for the demarcation of her new boundaries, the Bulgarian Army, without provocation and without any war, attacked Greece and Serbia, thus inaugurating a system of aggression which has been copied and improved upon later by the Axis Powers. This attack was preceded by an agreement with Austria, Germany's ally. During the last world war, Bulgaria, after having fooled for a long time the Powers of the Entente, ranged herself on the side of Germany and Austria at the moment she considered opportune. She acted likewise during this war by offering strong military help to the Axis Powers, as Hitler himself declared in his speech of May 1941. Whatever régime Bulgaria has had, and whatever form of government, whether parliamentary, imposed through police intervention, or dictatorial, the policy she followed has been invariably the same, namely a treacherous and violent aggressive policy of expansion at the expense of her neighbours, and the basis of it a close collaboration or rather a conspiracy with Germany. There has never been any kind of serious opposition to this policy. How then can it be said that this policy was not sanctioned by the will of the Bulgarian people? The same applies to the atrocities committed against the Greeks. Three times in thirty years, that is in 1912-13, 1916-18, and in the present war, have the Bulgarians repeated their mass-executions, tortures and violence against the inhabitants of the provinces temporarily occupied by them, their main purpose being always the alteration of the ethnological character of these areas. The guilt for these crimes is shared by Bulgarian high officials, the police, the regular army, the Comitadjis, and by other irregular troops. Not once during these three times has there been found a single Bulgar, either inside Bulgaria or abroad, to protest against these crimes. And what other explanation can be given

for this silence except that these atrocities satisfy the cruel instincts of the Bulgarian masses?

The contention therefore that the rulers of Bulgaria pursued a policy or a conduct which did not correspond to the will of their people constitutes an historical inaccuracy. And it is, as we said, misleading tactics and a dangerous policy. It tempts the Bulgars to repeat their crimes at the first occasion, as through the distinction continuously made between rulers of Bulgaria and her people they have the assurance that they will shun punishment for ever. For if at the end of a war they find themselves on the side of the victors they will keep the usurped territories, without having to give account of their actions to anyone. If, on the other hand, they come out defeated all they have to do is to change their Government and thus avoid punishment. This is neither right nor just. It disappoints the victims of these atrocities to hear that there are in the ranks of their Allies and friends supporters of theories which tend to ensure impunity for the Bulgars, not realizing that by so doing they actually encourage the Bulgars to further crimes. Only severe punishment and strict sanctions can teach the Bulgars sense.



CHRISTOPHER ANGEL, TEACHER OF GREEK

by

STRICKLAND GIBSON

THE study of Greek came late to Oxford. In the fifteenth century Emanuel of Constantinople and an Italian, Cornelio Vitelli, are stated to have lectured in the University on that subject. At the end of the century William Grocyn gave Greek lectures at Exeter College, and was "the first Englishman who taught Greek to his fellow countrymen in his native land". Bishop Foxe in the statutes which he gave to his College of Corpus Christi in 1517 provided for three herbalists in his bee-garden—so he described them—a lecturer in Latin, another in Greek, and a third in Theology. The study of Greek was not, however, introduced into the University without opposition. It was bitterly attacked by a body of reactionaries who called themselves Trojans, and who were not silenced until Sir Thomas More and the King had intervened. Cardinal Wolsey shortly afterwards established a number of public lectureships which were later developed by Henry VIII into the five Regius Professorships, one being of Greek. In all probability little instruction in the Greek language was given to the younger students. The first Greek grammar printed at Oxford appeared in 1607, and the first Greek wordbook not until twenty years later. In the reigns of James and Charles I young scholars had sometimes an opportunity of receiving instruction from itinerant Greeks who had either fled from Turkish persecution or had come to England to pursue their studies. Three such men were found at Balliol College—Christopher Angel, Metrophanes Critopylus, and Nathaniel Conopius. The last mentioned came to Oxford about 1636

and is credited with having introduced coffee into the University. Wood says that Conopius drank coffee of his own making at Balliol for forty years. Metrophanes Critopylus left Oxford in 1622 and became Patriarch of Alexandria.

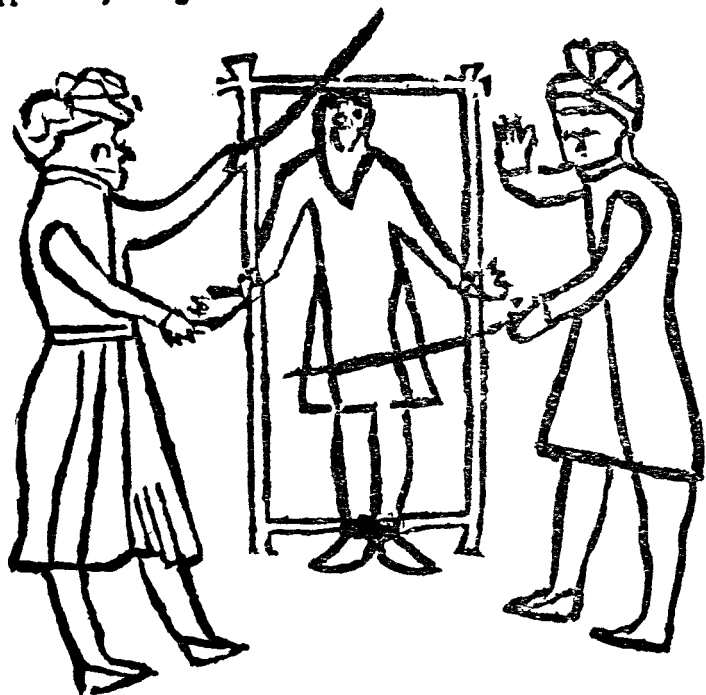
The story of Christopher Angel is told in a little tract printed at Oxford in Greek and English in 1617. Its title is *Christopher Angell, a Grecian, who tasted of many stripes and torments inflicted by the Turkes for the faith which he had in Christ Jesus*. The dedication is "To the most renowned and resplendent, most wise, and judicious, most learned and loving Patrons of the Greeke Tongue." Angel was born in the Peloponnesus, and when a young man went to study at Athens. Here he fell foul of the Turkish governor, very covetous and cruel, and a deadly enemy to all Christians. This man had been reported to the Great Turk, who ruled with moderation, but the governor was rich and had powerful friends. He wished to obtain from Angel information about the ruler of the Peloponnesus. This Angel could not give because it was twenty years since he had left his native country. He was then put in irons and imprisoned. At the time of his arrest he was wearing a red cloak, the usual apparel of the better sort of Greek monks. When the Turkish governor denounced him as a Spanish spy, several Turks came forward to confirm this, pointing out that Angel's beard was "long and picked, and black", and that his clothes were of Spanish red. He was then asked to turn Turk. On his refusal he was bound to a wooden frame, beaten with rods dipped in brine, and left half dead.

All his belongings, books and money were confiscated, but by the help of some friendly Christians he escaped. When he asked his friends where he might find wise men with whom he might keep his religion and not lose his learning, they said, "In England you may have both, for the English men love the Grecians." As he himself said later, England may be called "the Haven, yea the Refuge and Sanctuarie for Greeks". In 1608 Angel landed at Yarmouth, where he met the Bishop of Norwich, who sent him to Cambridge, being himself a Cambridge man. There he was hospitably received at Trinity College, which he says was "above all the buildings I have seene for cost and curious arte". He remained at Cambridge for two years, befriended by the Master of Gonville and Caius, the Provost of King's, the Regius Professor of Greek, and especially by the very learned Master of Trinity, Dr. John Richardson. The climate, however, did not suit him, and he was advised by his doctor to go to Oxford "because the aire of Oxford is far better than that of Cambridge". The remaining years of his life were spent in the sister University, "most beautifull Oxford", he says, where he taught "young scholars who were raw in the Greek tongue".

After the record of Angel's sufferings and wanderings the tract continues with "An Epistle in commendations of England and the inhabitants thereof". Here the author indulges in some fine rhetoric. "His Greek," writes an eighteenth-century critic, "though not chaste is eloquent and perspicuous." No fault can be found with the translation, which surely must have been written for him by some fluent English friend. "O most worthy England," he exclaims, "which was never brought into thraldome by any king, although thou hast been sometime humbled, yet thou wast never captivated . . . the mother also of many wise men, yea valiant

captaines and heroicke warriors." The tract has two illustrations by Angel, and is bibliographically important as being the first illustrated production of the Oxford press. The illustrations are very crude and

for himselfe, but others. But then I reasoned againe, Christ was both God and man, therefore hee could withstand the terrors of death: but I am a fleshly man, and perchance I cannot vndergoe the cruell pangs of death: but my conscience solyed all this doubt, in that the Martyrs were fleshly men, and sinners, yet by the grace of God were strengthened to die, therefore by the same grace shall I be sustained. And in this cogitation I was much comforted, and prevailed in spirit, & wholly gaue my selfe over to suffer death: and they lead me streight waies to the place of execution, and bound me hand, and foot in maner of a crosse vpon the earth, as appeareth by this figure.



may have been cut by Angel himself. The first represents the author bound to a wooden frame and being beaten with rods by two Turks. The second is the torso of a crowned figure beside which stands a very small man in an attitude of exhortation. The original drawings are preserved at Corpus Christi College. That of the torso has explanatory

notes in Greek: the body is the World, the head is England, the eyes are the two Universities, the hair is the goodness of England, and the little man is a Greek fleeing from persecution to the protection of England.

These notes were presumably meant to be part of the woodcut, but were beyond the skill of the engraver or printer. Three years later another edition of the English version appeared. The imprint says "Oxford 1618", but it was certainly printed at London in 1620. As this edition was doubtless intended to attract metropolitan charity some reference to London was desirable. The torso was re-engraved as a full-length figure of a man and a footnote explained its significance, adding that the mouth signified London, and the nose the River of Thames. This London edition also includes four testimonials that Angel had received; one from the University of Cambridge, another from the Bishop of Sarum, and two from Oxford, one of which states that "his manner of life hath bin quiet, honest, and studious". There is also a translation of a letter from his brothers and sisters, dated 1619, begging him "for God's sake either to come thyself to pay thy debts, or send them, and free us and our children from the hands of infidels, lest thou give an account to God for the injuries which for thy sake we suffer". The debt together with interest amounted to three hundred pounds or thereabouts.

In 1619 Angel published in Greek and English *An Encomion of the famous Kingdom of Great Britaine, and of the two flourishing Sister-Universities Cambridge and Oxford*. The title-page says that it was printed at Cambridge by the University Printer, but it was probably printed by William Stansby at London. In this alleged Cambridge publication the author tactfully gives a secondary place to Oxford both on the title-page and in the text. The work was dedicated "in generall, to all the Inhabitants of most renowned great Brittain". In his *Encomion* Angel especially commends the admirable practice in the Universities of making collections in the Churches for the relief of poor men and strangers every Sabbath, sometimes once and sometimes twice in the day. Great Britain he found to be a land of plenty abounding in "Brasse, Iron, Copper, Lead, Oxen, Horses, Cattell, Corne, fish, blacke oysters well seasoned, and other delicates and dainties, not a few, a-like to Paradise".

In his first tract Angel speaks of "England". In the *Encomion* "Great Britain" is preferred. This, however, was not from a desire to enlarge the borders of charity. Angel had read in the History of Eusebius of Cæsarea that the Greek Emperor Constantine and his mother Helena were Britons, and "when Constantine the great", the tract proceeds, "ruled over the Grecians, as also the whole world, then his kinsfolke came out of Brytaine to Constantinople and lived in the presence of Constantine, and likewise the Grecians were sent into England from Constantine, and so the Grecians and English were mingled in blood. And for this cause the English love the Grecians, and their learning, and are beloved of them more than any other nation". The *Encomion* repeats this information, but with no mention of "England" or "the English". "Great Britain" rather than "England" was more likely to remind the charitably minded of the bond between the two countries.

The last published work of Christopher Angel was *De apostasia Ecclesiæ*, printed at his own expense in 1624. Here he ventured on prophecy. In his investigation of dates and figures he came to the conclusion that the

last Mahomet and final Antichrist would flourish and perish in the year 1876. By that time the prophecy had been forgotten, and the event passed unnoticed. Angel died at Oxford in 1639 and was buried there,



“leaving behind him the character of a pure Grecian and an honest and harmless man”. He is included in Wood’s *Athenæ Oxonienses* as an Oxford writer and has a modest notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Christopher Angel, the exiled teacher of Greek who tasted of many stripes, is not without honour in the country of his adoption.

GREAT DAYS IN GREECE

by

LOUIS GOLDING.

I MADE a journey across Greece in the dim time between the wars—or rather it was a series of journeys. I was on foot for the most part, with a stick in my hand and a rucksack across my shoulders. I was never so happy, I never lived so fully, as during those golden months. I will never be so happy again till I am once more wandering among those entranced hills and waters. May it be soon!

And when the day comes, will you come, too? And will you approach Athens by Brindisi, a subtler threshold to Greece, I warrant you, than any Pullman from the Gare de Lyon. For thus do you approach Greece through the Ionian Islands and the wild western uplands. You plunge through centuries of mediaeval night. Gradually the splendour begins to beckon. Athens calls across mountains and valleys, like a sun forcing his way through vapours. The Parthenon stands peerless before you.

Let me recall how it was. The morning after leaving Brindisi we came on deck in the chill moment of earliest dawn. Harsh and scarred and forbidding extended the toothed mountains of Albania on our left, with mists in the gaps and snow on the peaks. A cold wind blew down from them; but we, for our part, sheered round towards Corfu, outpost of Greece.

Nobly the island rose to that dignity, rearing its solemn mountains and grave lower regions along the morning sky. Corfu, before us, was rich with towers and terraced vines. But, more than all, the island was a silver smother of olives, with great ranks of cypresses starting up like black ghosts.

Now, at length, with a loud hooting, we were steaming into the port of Corfu between its two massive citadels.

And behold our fortune! Today was one of the few occasions of the year when the relics of the special Corfiote saint, St. Spiridion, are carried about with exceeding honour—the burning of enormous candles, the clangour of bands, the streaming of banners. We stood on deck there like an audience in a theatre, and the procession passed before us slowly and magnificently.

The day drew to an end, the day of elegiac cypresses and lush rose hedges, of priestly memories and older pagan memories. And next morning, my amber rosary round my wrist, I boarded the tramp steamer which was to take me coasting from island to island, among tiny mainland anchorages, until we disembarked at last in Itea, that city which lies like a gem athwart the blue rapier of the Gulf of Corinth, that city whence a man journeys towards Parnassus and Delphi under the gorges, folded between the Shining Rocks.

Delphi is a place of mystery and revelation, where the whole meaning of Greece becomes manifest to you. For it happens suddenly so, with places and people. There is no anticipating it. There is no recreating it. You stumble upon the heart of them, their essential secrets. So I

found in Delphi the spirit was abroad. For Delphi was the shrine of the supreme Greek Oracle and, having been silent for two thousand years, that day the Oracle spoke again, the lips of Apollo moved . . . as they will move again.

The mountains that encircle Delphi are of such a lovely and excluding magnificence that all the common world seems alien from it, the substance of a lesser planet. Above the sacred precincts where the fearful road led between the gleaming treasuries of the Greek races, from temple to temple, to the lips of the god himself—above the sacred precincts, I say, rise the Shining Rocks. They are a precipitous spur of the Parnassus, and a great chasm cleaves them. From the chasm leaps the Castalian Fountain, in whose waters every suppliant to the Oracle bathed his brow or his body.

Yet in the morning it seemed that the triumph of Greece had not yet begun. A shepherd boy somewhere was piping his stripling melodies. There was a hammering of sculptors over their statues and a whispering of poets over their poems, but neither sculpture nor poetry had attained its fullness yet.

But at noon the mountains held the world with another assurance. Greece had attained her golden maturity. The incomparable statues in the precinct of Apollo blossomed and branched like a marble forest. Pericles in Athens commanded the newer Parthenon to arise, and its meridian splendour lay across all Greece, like a drift of burning flowers. Tonight for the first time, in the theatre above Apollo's temple here in Delphi, they were performing a new play by Sophocles.

But in the evening, the rose and silver evening, the splendour was at an end. Only the loveliness remained. The mountains were now not austere, not terrible. They were merely more beautiful than all other mountains. The grasshoppers sat and sparkled in the barley by the edge of the road. The hawks screamed against the Shining Rocks, and their companions seemed their shadows as they flew. From beyond the cliffs tinkled the bells of the home-going goats.

So the evening faded and the moon gathered strength, streaming down upon the gorges of Delphi. The mountains were vapour, the tumbled massive pillars of Apollo's Temple were lighter than thistledown. It was all a legend, the story of Hellas, and the minds of gods or men had never created a legend more marvellous. But it was not true. Hellas had never existed. A phantom owl cried hoarsely out of the mists of the moon.

I made my way towards Diakophto. There, with a sort of symbolic enthusiasm, I boarded the train for Corinth—my sole train journey during those adventures—but there was no room for me save in the guard's van. I was amply compensated. The very moment I boarded it, I observed the Thing—the world's most magnificent barrel-organ. I can hope to give no idea of its splendour—of the beautiful classic nymphs and modern Athenian politicians disporting side by side in its panels, of its lustres and mirrors, of its glass arm-bangles, its golden tassels, its flags of all (or nearly all) nations, its balustrades with brass knobs on, its ivory handle. But, above all, I must not forget the sacred medals sewn into fringes. It was heaven's own barrel-organ.

At that very moment I knew there was only one ambition left to me in the world, all else being dust and ashes. I yearned, how I yearned, to set those lustres tinkling and the bangles dancing. I would give up all hope of immortality to turn that ivory handle.

I could hold converse, at least, with the man who owned the barrel-organ. I found out that it was the little fellow shivering and sweating on some baskets under the post pigeon-holes. He was merely suffering from an acute attack of malaria. We got into conversation and exchanged confidences about Detroit and London, which he intimated was the capital of one of the remoter States of the Union. I turned the conversation in the direction of the barrel-organ. Fearfully, whimsically, I suggested to him that if only he would allow me, for one moment . . .

He jumped out of his skin, almost, with eagerness. He was so ill he had been afraid he would have to give up earning his livelihood for the next few days—his wife and children—if I would be content with half profits. That was how I came to be spending a few days organ-grinding in Corinth.

Throughout all antiquity Corinth was celebrated for its luxury and frivolity. Nothing in the world can be imagined more luxurious than that barrel-organ, nothing more frivolous than grinding it. Small girls got up and surrounded me and my organ, treading *mazily*, like figures on a Greek vase. My hat and pockets were laden with innumerable pieces of ten *lepta*, each of which had very little value, but all of which compounded paid for red wine and sound roast lamb.

I trundled the organ down to the blue edge of the Gulf of Corinth to divert the soldiers there during the sedulous inspection of their shirts. Proprietors of restaurants emerged from their kitchens and pressed upon me large bowls of curds. I was reviving the antique traditions.

But upon the morning of my last day I climbed alone into the triple-girt fastness, though I would gladly have brought my loads of lustres and bangles to set the ghosts of what poor Venetians and Turks may still linger here, to dance among the bastions and redoubts. Half Greece lay stretched at my feet, Arcady beside me, Parnassus and Helicon before me.

Away beyond Salamis I caught a faint flare of burning stone. It was the pillars of the Parthenon, the goal of my wanderings. A day or two later I was transported in the body there, where my spirit stood entranced now. My pilgrimage was over at length. A shepherd, near Olympia, gave me his tall curved crook, and it accompanied me to the journey's end. The rigours and the glories were over, forgotten, annulled, in the supreme glory of the Parthenon.

All the rest seemed but shadows, even Sparta, even Mycenae, when the mind went back to them from the central revelation of Athens. For the Parthenon rose out of this hill of tombs, not as the living testament of unmortal beauty, but rather as an arrested skeleton dominating this withered world.

And yet the moment of illusion breaks. Whether you see the sun slide on a foam-crested wave, whether you hear the flutter of a bird's wing close at hand, Athens becomes alive for you; slowly, subtly, you are flooded with the revelation. You behold the shrine where the golden lamp

burned continually, and burns still. The oil of that lamp was distilled from the olives of Athene's tree. You see the basket-bearer approaching—the maidens who come with flowers for the altars of Athene. The lowing beasts are ascending to the sacrifice. You hear a swinging of draperies, an echo of swift laughter, the murmur of grave lips rebuking it.

But all that is not enough. You want a more intimate knowledge of them than the manner and the places of their praying. What did they make, what food did they eat, how did they love?

Now that the revelation has come to you, the Street of Tombs by the electric railway has become as living as Piccadilly. The chill museum, which hitherto seemed a charnel-house, gives up its secret more frankly and joyously than an illuminated missal, than today's newspapers.

I returned steerage on a Greek tramp-steamer . . . and rarely before or since have I known such delightful companionship. What songs were sung, what tales were told, what mysterious dishes concocted and devoured. And towards sunset I would go far forward upon the bows and concoct my own dishes of words. How persistent was that secret poetry. Herewith I adjoin the last of those Hellene verses:

So still this land is, so austere
Where the dead Greek youth went,
That a man might think it were
Their sculptured monument.

Yet even in space, yet even in time,
It was so brief, so brief
—A perfect phrase in a lost chime
Or a moon-outlined leaf.

The perfect hills stand in the seas
The minute seas curl under them
. . . Even as if Praxiteles
Had carved it on a gem.



SIX HOURS TO SPARE

by

H. E. COUNSELL, M.A., F.R.C.S.

"WHAT's up now?" I said to my companion.

She was a nurse with whom I had been looking after a patient in Egypt for the past two months and we had decided that a leisurely return to home duties was only our due. We were returning by way of Athens, Constantinople, the Black Sea, Constanza and so across Europe. At the time of my question we were standing on the quay at Alexandria waiting for our porters to put our luggage on board the waiting boat. Two

officials had interrupted the porters' progress and were directing them and us towards a nearby shed. We gathered that we were to be disinfected. "Measles, or chicken-pox?" I said to her. "Do you think we shall have to undress?" she asked. Inside the shed two grave officials stood at a counter upon which our baggage had been deposited. We were expecting some troublesome customs inspection, when from the back of beyond stepped two men carrying two overgrown scent-sprays. They gave two or three puffs at our baggage, then turned them on us, fastened up the bags, put a label on them, and so, the asperges over, we were allowed on to the ship, and during a lovely June day made our way to the Piræus. On arrival in the bay—would it be two days later?—we cast anchor some miles off-shore. Then I saw we were flying the yellow flag. A boat put off from shore: an important fussy little man came aboard; he told us that as we had come from a plague-stricken port we must remain at anchor for five days and of course no one would be allowed ashore. No, not even if we had been disinfected.

"It looks as though we shall have but a short time in Athens," I said to my companion; "but look at this lovely blue sea and that topaz sky which tonight will be studded with pearls. The food is excellent and the ship as comfortable as a private yacht and these deck-chairs are luxurious. Get one and sit down." But she walked off, map in hand, to return in a minute or two to tell me that that mountain over there with the cloud-cap on it was Olympus, to which I said, "Um, um," and then back she would come in another minute or so to tell me that someone had told her it wasn't Olympus; it was Mount Ida, and I had to say, "Um, um," again. After all, what do the names of distant mountains signify? Enough that they are there in their solitary or collective beauty.

My next neighbour at meals was a charming Greek, who with the aid of Greek newspapers tried to teach me modern Greek. On his lips it had a soft liquid sound like softly spoken Italian. One day he asked me if I was interested in the Greek Church, and then he gave me long stories of the bitter feuds of its contending factions, especially in Constantinople. He said he had lived in Ireland and that North and South Ireland were as cooing-doves beside the quarrelsome Greek Church parties. I think he looked upon the Bulgarians as the worst of the lot.

At last the day came when we were allowed to sail into harbour. It was after midday when we hitched up and the captain told us he was going to sail at six. I was just wondering what we could possibly do when I caught sight of a Cook's man lounging on the quay. "Quick!" I said to him. "We have just six hours in which to see Athens."

He assured me if we would come along with him he would manage it. He whisked us off to the railway station, into the train, and in less than no time we were steaming along to Athens. We were soon there. There was nothing but dried-up parched ground to be seen from the windows and more than usually dusty-looking olive-trees. We jumped into a little victoria at the station and drove up to the Acropolis. The city through which we drove consisted of modern two-storeyed shops and houses; on the top of the hill was our goal—the Acropolis. It is, of course, grander than anything you have dreamed of in dreams or looked at in pictures, and as I am not writing a guide-book to Athens I am not going to spoil your dreams or your pictures by attempting a second- or third-rate

account. May the day not be too long distant when it will once more be open to the decent traveller! As we drew near the building we saw Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and Winston Churchill disappearing into the building and I took a very interesting snapshot of their retreating figures. It was for us quite a touch of home after our long absence. But although it is not my intention to describe any of the beauties of the Acropolis and its surroundings, yet there is one thing I must mention, and that is for me the curious aliveness of Greek architecture and sculpture. Down below the hill there are three columns connected by an architrave, the only remains of a temple which seen then and in memory now gives me the sensation of a living thing. (Nearer home there is the Winged Victory in the Louvre, which standing all alone on the top of that flight of stairs seems only to need some appropriate war cry to bring her flying through the air.) We found our way on foot down from the hill, stopping only for a cup of coffee and a glass of *raki*, then to the train and so back to the quay. Our good guide, after his out-of-pocket expenses had been paid, grinned from ear to ear at the gold piece I gave him. He was a Greek; he spoke English well and was a charming companion.

When we got on board we saw two large transports in the harbour and the decks crowded with troops going off to the last Balkan war. Their bands were playing and the crowds on the quay were singing their loudest in farewell. Suddenly all the muskets the soldiers were carrying were discharged into the air and the water around was soon splashing with the falling bullets. We thought below decks was the safest place from such a hailstorm and we did not come up until the playing of the bands once more told us the fusillade was over, and so slowly we steamed after the transports down to the open sea, and as night fell the Piræus in which we had spent a delightful week faded away.

On that shore ten years later a well-known Oxford figure was to take up his residence and live in a large packing-case which he had bought in Athens, and to the great interest of the Athenians once a week he would turn up in the city to purchase his provisions for the week. That was the last I ever heard of red-bearded Peter who in times gone by might have been seen with his books in a little truck—a box on wheels—preaching at the Martyrs' Memorial to no one but a small crowd of boys and girls, whom he always told to go away.



GREEK ARCHITECTURE

by

EILEEN ELIAS

It has been truly said of Ancient Greece, "Whate'er we hold of beauty half is hers"; and of no aspect of Greek civilization is this more true than of her architecture. The glories of Greek building have become with the years a touchstone by which are judged the achievements of later ages. Where else could we find monuments which have withstood through the centuries the onslaught of wind, rain and storm, suffered at the hands of

barbarians, been used for every alien purpose, as powder magazines, batteries, even as harems, undergone every indignity—and yet still survive today, supreme examples of artistic achievement and architectural skill?

Into these buildings which are the glory of the Hellenic period have gone not only art and inspiration, but consummate craftsmanship as well. More and more, as we study them, are we struck by the refinement of detail which makes these products of 2,000 years ago still the wonder of the technician today. It was the cunning of these ancient craftsmen which devised that slight convex curve in the long horizontal lines of a temple façade, to correct the optical illusion that would make them appear to sag in the middle; which inclined the shafts of the Parthenon columns just very slightly inwards, to maintain their upright appearance to the observer below; which juggled with colour effects so that columns appeared sturdier against a background of sombre black, or soared more gracefully against walls of purest white.

Whence came this unique gift of the Greeks for architecture, a gift embracing both the inspiration of the artist and the technical skill of the craftsman? Several influences may have been at work—geological, climatic, social and religious. Greece is a land unrivalled in marble, that most perfect of all building materials, lending itself to the lovely exactitude of line and clarity of detail which we find in the Hellenic monuments, its hard, fine grain inviting refinement of sculpture. Then, too, the clear, shining air, and the rocky, sharply-defined contours of the country combine to encourage that love of exact form and outline which characterizes the sculptor. Above all, the inspiration of the Greek builders was their religion. Thanksgiving to the gods for the great victories of Marathon and Salamis produced those monuments which are the finest work of the fifth century; a passion for beauty fit to adorn the shrines of their beloved deities lay at the hearts of the sculptors and architects of the great temples of the Acropolis and elsewhere. All these factors played their part; and when to these is added that innate artistic sense which characterized the Greeks as a race, we can begin to understand why the art and science of architecture flowered so superbly in those builders of 2,000 years ago.

Greek building is noted above all for its simplicity. In it, columns and cross-beams combine to produce a direct, straightforward style, tending rather to the severe, lacking the "frills" of arch, vault or dome. Beauty lies in the grace of the columns, in the purity of line of portico or colonnade. Adornments are few, perfectly chosen and executed; colouring and gilding, as well as craftsmanship, play their part. Greek building attained its pride in the Hellenic period, roughly covering the years from 700 B.C. to 146, when Greece became a Roman province; but the fine flower of her architecture was undoubtedly reached in the short space of a century and a half, beginning with the mighty victories over the Persians in 480, and ending with the death of Alexander in 323. To this brief period belong the most notable examples of the temples which are the main feature of Greek architecture.

Because so much of the life of the Greeks was carried on in the open air, we find only a limited variety of public buildings other than temples. Official ceremonies, drama and social activities were all largely conducted in the open. Temples, then, took pride of place in Greek life, and occupied

the finest sites, being built frequently upon hills or rocky summits, such as the Acropolis at Athens, where their outlines showed with a beautiful clarity against the clear sky.

The general plan of temple-building evolved from the naos or statue-chamber, where the treasures of the god were assembled; gradually the various courts and chambers took shape around this, and a vestibule and steps were added. The form of architecture developed along three main lines, the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders. The miracle of Doric architecture is beyond doubt the Parthenon at Athens. Here the sturdy, fluted Doric columns are seen at their best—simple in line, forming a perfectly harmonious whole. Built in the time of Pericles and dedicated to Athena Parthenos, the virgin goddess, this great temple combines the work of the architects Ictinus and Callicrates with the noble sculpture of Pheidias. The famous statue of Athena, one of Pheidias' masterpieces, rose in gold and ivory, forty feet high, within the naos; adorned with spear, helmet, ægis and shield, the winged figure of Victory in her right hand, the mighty form of the goddess dominated the temple. Round the top of the naos wall ran the richly carved Panathenaic frieze, representing the great Panathenaic procession which went every fourth year to the Acropolis—knights, cavalry and chariots, youths and maidens, musicians, magistrates and gods, portrayed in perfect detail and culminating in one great central group above the chief entrance to the temple.

The Parthenon, supreme example of the Doric order, has suffered many vicissitudes. It has become in turn an early Christian church, a Latin church under the Frankish dukes, and also a mosque; part of it was even used as a powder magazine and severely damaged by a shell when the Venetians captured Athens in the seventeenth century. Later still, it suffered at the hands of the Turks. In 1801 many of its finest sculptures were removed to the British Museum by Lord Elgin. Still the Parthenon stands, the recognized heritage of Greece's great capital, and one of the miracles of the world's architecture.

The main feature of the Ionic order is the lovely scroll capital which tops the fluted columns—derived, possibly, from the lines of the Egyptian blue lotus, and owing something too, no doubt, to Nature's spirals, the nautilus shell and the curving horns of the ram. One exquisite small example of this style is the little Temple of Nikè Apteros, Wingless Victory, at Athens. This temple, the work of Callicrates, stands on a rocky platform upon a spur of the great hill of the Acropolis, and is only twenty-three feet high; like its great neighbour the Parthenon, it has suffered many adventures, being taken to pieces by the Turks and built into a battery, and later reassembled on the original site, to stand today, small and perfect, a classic of its kind.

The Erechtheion, also upon the Acropolis, is a larger and equally interesting example of the Ionic order. This temple was especially venerated because it contained various sacred memorials of the Athenian religion, such as the olive-tree of Athena, the tomb of Cecrops, and the rich spoils taken from the Persians. Irregular in shape, and built upon a sloping site, it contains much delicate decoration of the Ionic type, and is famed for its six draped female figures, the Caryatids, adorning the southern portico. This, too, has served varied purposes, being even at one time used as a Turkish harem, and has been much restored.

The Corinthian order, less used than either of the others by the Greeks, is characterized by the much deeper capital, derived from the curling acanthus leaf. The Tower of the Winds at Athens, built as late as 100-35 B.C., is a notable example, an octagonal building designed for measuring time by means of water-clock, sundial and weather-vane. This little tower has two porticoes of fluted Corinthian columns, and bears sculptured figures of the eight winds.

Apart from the temples, theatres take the next important place in Greek architecture. Drama was very closely associated with religion in the mind of the people; it had indeed a divine implication, and all the grace and simplicity of Greek temple-building went also into the planning of the playhouse. The circular open-air stage, known as the orchestra, was usually scooped out of the slope of a hill, the natural lie of the ground affording terraced seats for spectators. Later, the skene was added, the wooden hut or booth from which the actors made their appearances. The Theatre of Dionysos at Athens, built of stone in the fourth century, was of mighty proportions, seating as many as 30,000 spectators. Here the plays of the great Greek dramatists were presented, and competitions held at the festivals of the city. No Greek town or settlement was complete without its theatre, and the noble proportions of these buildings, and their adaptation to the natural slope of their sites, render them still noteworthy examples of Greek architectural grace and skill.

Domestic building in Greece never attained the same scale as did the architecture of the temples and public buildings. Greek life was led mostly in public, in the streets, markets and courts of justice; the house, therefore, was used only for sleeping, cooking and storing provisions, requirements which would be met by the simplest of designs. The ground-plan of the Greek house seems to have been derived from the rectangular palaces of old Mycenaean days—a small walled court, with the main room adjoining, surrounded by smaller apartments and servants' quarters. Extreme austerity marked the earlier Greek homes: the court might be paved or inlaid with mosaic, the principal room might be faced with marble slabs, and the upper walls painted; but it was not until the fourth century that houses began to take on a more elaborate form, or to compete in any way with temples and public buildings in adornment. Colonnades then might surround the courts, and further storeys be added to the ground floor; some windows were even paned, and the number and nature of the rooms gradually increased. But Greek domestic architecture remained comparatively unelaborated, lacking the inspiration which led to the building of the great temples and vast theatres.

For it is in these national monuments that Greece's glory lies. Later ages have neglected the spirit of her architecture, or ruthlessly demolished many of the most perfect gems of the Hellenic builders; only within the last hundred years or so has Greece regained her independence, to cherish her great memorials as they deserve. Yet their purity of line, the skill and precision of their fashioning, the beauty of their sculpture, cannot be dimmed by the years; and so these mighty buildings remain, the inspiration of the ages and the constant witnesses of Greece's glorious heritage.



THE THEATRE'S DEBT TO GREECE

by

E. MARTIN BROWNE

THIS is a tribute to the theatre of Greece, paid by a worker in the theatre of England and America. Do not expect, therefore, the exact evidence and balanced judgment of the scholar, but rather the rough-and-ready assessment of one who, in the midst of striving to produce good work today, is conscious of the heritage which makes such production possible. Hear, not of literary glories, but of dramatic truth: that truth which is as ephemeral in form as the lift of an actor's eyelid, yet is handed on in the testimony of those whose memory cherishes an imperishable experience. Interpret the texts and commentaries which the scholars' labours have given us in the light of that experience: and know, both in the revivals of ancient plays and in the modern drama derived from their influence, the living Word in the actor's mouth and the hearer's heart.

Our theatre was created by the Greeks. In Greece, as all over the world, there existed for countless ages the ritual dances of the primitive gods, who were the forces of nature. Men in every country gathered in spring to represent in rhythmic movement the death of the old vegetation and the arising of the new: in autumn to conjure the rain from the brassy sky, or at the turn of winter to raise the sun from his terrifying descent into the darkness. These dances (which were not confined, as modern dancing is, to the feet, but employed the whole body in the expression of those emotions for which words are inadequate) had their own beauty, but could not be classified as art: their purpose was to set forth belief and to ask satisfaction of a need, not to express the nature of things in significant form. The first is essentially a conservative activity: the dance must be performed always in the same way, as the Creed is said always in the same words. Art, on the other hand, is creative: every expression must bring fresh insight into the nature of its subject: and though the form of each work must relate to that of the works before it, the completed work must be a new thing.

Herein lies the gift of the Greeks. They took the ancient ritual and out of it made an art: they took the sacred legends and used them to depict the nature of man and his relations with the universe: they took the shadowy figures of gods and heroes and created of them characters fully alive, noble in their conflict with the forces of nature and of destiny, arousing in their hearers the highest emotions of the spirit. They selected from the undisciplined mass of legend those aspects of the stories which best illustrated the aspiration of man towards the good life, and from the unregimented community those performers who could most perfectly interpret these aspects on behalf of the whole people. They developed music from clashes into melody, the human voice from shouts into harmony, the rhythm of movement from antics into mime and of speech from ululations into poetry. They perfected, in sum, the art of the theatre.

This theatre, grown out of religion and still closely bound to it, was

the people's art. Before every day's playing, sacrifice was offered, on behalf of the whole community. Every free citizen was expected to be there: if he could not afford to pay for admission, the State found his fee. In the theatre he expected to enjoy the effort of participating in a feast of beauty and wit, and the moving experience of sympathy with tragic heroes. It would be a day of purgation, as Aristotle says: he would come from it cleansed of the pettinesses of everyday life and exalted by the spectacle of the nobility of man and the beauty that man can create. As is the people's wont, keen competition was introduced: the citizen would vote for his fancy among the poets, and no doubt speculate as keenly as his modern counterpart does upon a horse-race. But that only makes all the more significant the fact that this theatre existed not "to give him what he wanted", as the commercial slogan has it, but to give him an insight into the ultimate values of human life.

Comedy as well as tragedy is included in these definitions. We should class many scenes of Greek comedy as farce or burlesque. But these are as much a part of the religious tradition as the tragic scenes: and are just as severely disciplined by the form which has been created out of that tradition. No detailed analysis of that form is possible here: but it should be observed that all our dramatic forms derive, more or less directly, from the Greek. Although the long-held theory of the "dramatic unities" is based upon a partial misunderstanding, it remains true that from Greece came the essential unity of the play. A play must have a single main theme, expounded through a single group of main characters: if not set in one place, it must at least be set in a series of places related to one another and to the story so that changes do not appear arbitrary: and the passage of time must conform to one rhythm throughout the play. This is the broadest possible statement of what that underlying unity, first set up by the Greeks, has become in the European drama: and it will be seen that, however far it is extended, that essential unity is still necessary to our theatre.

To Greece we owe the first theatre-buildings: and we do well to look at them with the eyes of seekers, asking what we can learn from them for our own use. The arts in Greece flowered with the community's life: they were not the work of separated specialists. So the theatre is derived from the tradition that bred its drama, and is adapted to the people's participating in that drama. It is a round building, the auditorium cut out of a hill-side and rising tier after tier above the *orchestra*. This, the 'dancing-place', has an altar in the midst for the opening sacrifice: during the play it is occupied by the chorus, which thus remains the link between play and audience. Across the lowest part of the circumference stands the stage, a low, shallow platform backed by a building like a temple-front with three doors. These are the actors' entrances and behind is their dressing-room. The chorus enters, not upon the stage, but, by side-doors between stage and auditorium, directly into the orchestra.

The theatre is very large: it may seat twenty or thirty thousand people. Yet all those people can hear and see the whole play. The audience, sitting round two-thirds of the circle, is in close touch with the players, and embraces them in its sympathy. The acoustics of the Greek theatre are so perfect that we wish nothing so much as to be able to recover their secret. To improve visibility over the great distances the

actors wear masks: these and their high boots and head-dresses make them unnaturally tall, larger than life though so emphatically part of it.

There are certain respects in which we need to revert to the Greek point of view in our own theatrical work. The theatre began again in England after the Restoration as an aristocratic form of pleasure, and still retains some of its class distinctions. Now that these are being swept away, the form of the building is changing. There is a dangerous tendency to build, cinema-wise, for spectacle only, allowing the audience to become remote from the actors. This must for the theatre's very life be corrected: the audience must embrace the actors as it did in both the greatest periods of European theatre, the Greek and the Elizabethan. Again, in both these theatres audience and actors were in the same light, and not in two parts of the building differently lighted and separated by a picture-frame: the dramatic illusion was created by a common imagination, not by verisimilitude in appearance. These are the principles of theatre, which cannot be surrendered. It is salutary that revivals of the ancient Greek plays, which most perfectly exemplify these principles, should have become quite common: the ancient theatres at Delphi and Orange, the modern Greek theatres at Bradfield in England and Berkeley in California have been so used: and Greek influence has become perceptible in the building even of indoor houses, notably the great Schauspielhaus in Berlin.

As we turn again to our ancient leaders in theatre construction, so even more constantly do we look to them for guidance in dramatic form. Through a long period, now ending, the theatre has deserted Greek ideals and pushed further and further towards naturalism. It has declared an antipathy to the poet, and striven only to represent life, not to present its significance. Now, under the stress of events more than ordinary, this emphasis upon the ordinary and the superficial has been shifted. Naturalism is decaying, and the breath of a great wind from Africa blows once more across the theatre. Greek classics are being revived for audiences profoundly moved by a new experience: Gilbert Murray's version of the *Trôades* expresses the depths of war's misery for a war-ridden Europe, his *Medea* exalts the poetic people of Wales. Still better than these choice fruits of the mind of a great Oxford student of Greece is the new work deriving its inspiration from Greek models. A modern poet, Louis MacNeice, translated the *Agamemnon* into words unmistakably of our day. Another, T. S. Eliot, uses a chorus of truly Greek type in his *Murder in the Cathedral*, which owes much of its form also to Greek drama. He follows this by an attempt to cast the *Choëphorae* story into modern English surroundings, just as Eugene O'Neill strikingly reproduced the legend and the stature of the Oresteia in his play of the Civil War period, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. It will be profitable to look in detail at Eliot's *The Family Reunion*, for here we may see how far the Greek influence may carry our future poets.

The play is set in a North-country mansion: the Orestes is a young nobleman. The Eumenides are shadowy, perhaps invisible to the audience: here the poet is still feeling his way from the ancient concept to the modern. For there is a fundamental difference: *The Family Reunion* is a Christian

play. The curse upon the young man is derived, not from offences against ancient sanctities nor from deeds of crime, but from sin in the Christian sense, the separation of the heart from God, running through the family history. Its lifting leads to a future of Christian ascetic service: and in this sense the play is a comedy. The chauffeur, faithful servant to the hero, is a person of characteristically Christian understanding, and reveals in his final speech the meaning of the hero's experience.

The play is notable for other similarities to, and differences from, the Greek classics. Its form is strictly Greek and beautiful in symmetry. Its verse is Greek in discipline, but differs from the Greek in seeking to be, not an organ of declamation to a vast throng, but a speech sufficiently flexible in rhythm to include casual conversation in one mode with profound thought. This verse-form is the striking success of the play. Most interesting of all features is the chorus. It is composed of four characters, two uncles and two aunts of the hero, each a well-defined individual and with his own part in the play's action; but all four are drawn together by a family concern so overmastering that they must speak of it as one, and so form the chorus.

Thus we find ourselves looking at the most characteristic feature of the Greek theatre, its chorus. It was this chorus, as we have seen, from which the theatre sprang: for the chorus is the tribal dance transformed into art. It was, in its Greek *orchestra*, still the link between audience and actors: through it the poet expressed the eternal, unseen significance of what is seen: by its means he relieved intolerable pain with unimaginable beauty:

I will take me to some cavern for mine hiding
 In the hill tops where the sun scarce hath trod.
 Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
 As a bird among the bird-doves of God.

All this is completely alien to our own theatre. Yet we are finding the need of something like it: we need that in the theatre which makes its art universal and which links the audience to the community of its characters. Eliot's attempt is therefore not surprising: and there have been others. Companies of actors, too, have rebelled against the individualistic trend of the actors in modern theatre, have felt themselves impelled to act in community, stressing the *ensemble*, and for the community which they serve. *La Compagnie des Quinze*, setting a supremely high standard, created plays with various adaptations of the chorus: *Noë*, *Le Viol de Lucrece*. In England since the war, the Pilgrim Players and the Adelphi Players have followed this lead, and the latter have produced a notable chorus-play in R. H. Ward's *Holy Family*. These are beginnings: those who read the signs of the times believe that the future will see their development.

For the people want the theatre, and our theatre is rooted in Greece. The Greeks of old discovered for us the basis of the theatre and created its form. That startled acclamation with which the fine Athenian company, its modern outcome, was greeted in London in 1939 gives the measure of the debt still recognized, and of the lead which the Greek theatre of today may still give us. But, each in its own way, the peoples

of Europe must and will, in the coming days, build the new theatre upon the old Greek truth, that the drama is that significant art wherein thought and feeling are welded in the presentation of man to man by man.



THE ART OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS

by

MICHAEL HOLROYD

"BEAUTY is Truth, Truth Beauty": thus did our English poet, Keats, express in five words the innermost essence of the Hellenic vision, that vision seen by the people of many a "little town by river or sea-shore, or mountain built with peaceful citadel", and, by innumerable Greek poets and craftsmen, wrought into shapes of exquisite and eternal loveliness. And so, in all the years of Europe's wonderful history, through ninety generations, the Greek vision and the works of the Greeks have remained as an inspiration to the best and greatest: for in the arts, above all, the Greeks have been the masters of Europe, and European civilization is Greek civilization.

In poetry the Greeks have taught us almost all we know. Epic and lyric, the drama (Tragedy and Comedy), the ode and even the lampoon: the forms of poetic creation all come to us from Greece. Ballads from the north, satire from ancient Rome, the troubadour poetry from France and its Sicilian offspring the sonnet: these alone, of all the European verse-forms, derive from other sources; and the metrical fabric of our poetry is woven according to patterns even more thoroughly Greek in origin. So, too, with the arts of design: our European sculpture and painting and architecture, even more than our poetry, have always been Greek in formal outline, Greek in method and Greek in their fundamental life. Consider the architecture of Europe, from the time of Caesar to the time of Napoleon: its fundamental forms, its permanent principles and even its ornamental detail, have remained for 2,000 years predominantly and overwhelmingly those of Hellenic architecture; and this applies with almost equal force in the Islamic world, as far as Persia and India, for the Greeks inspired that perfect simplicity which distinguishes the Mosques of Cairo and Damascus, the gates of Ispahan and the Taj Mahal from the monuments of Southern India and Ceylon. In Europe, indeed, it is a fact worth pondering that the only architectural influences which have, at times, competed with that of classical Greece come from two quite tiny regions: the "Gothic" from France (the source also of the forms of troubadour poetry), and the Byzantine from that same Aegean region which cradled the Greek architecture itself. The other arts of design, that is painting and sculpture, are less easy to observe, in a summary view, than architecture—partly because so many of the greatest works, both of the classical and of later periods, have perished. Nevertheless, it would be a bold man who could point to any European artist of the highest rank and deny his kinship to the craftsmen

of ancient Greece. The sculptors of Rheims Cathedral, who might appear to belong to a distinct artistic family, themselves imitated such Greek models as came their way—witness the bearded saint, who, pointed cap and all, remains to show that thirteenth-century Rheims still contained a good Roman-period copy of the Phidian Hephaestus!

Today, little has survived of the famous masterpieces of Greek art, known to us from the writings of the Roman age; the paintings are lost for ever, and the great temple-statues, while museums of ancient sculpture are filled with copies of the works of Praxiteles, Polyclethus and Lysippus, but contain few or no original works of the first order. The glorious pediments, metopes and friezes of the Parthenon, of Olympia and from great Temples elsewhere are the work of sculptors whose names are seldom known. It might be asked how it is that we can form any conception of the Greeks' real artistic genius. It is almost as though the men of the future should try to understand Italian art, after the loss of Giotto's frescoes at Padua, and Assisi, of Raphael's and Michelangelo's Vatican paintings—the Sistine Ceiling and all—and of the vast majority of those pictures and statues by the Old Masters which today we possess and revere; the pictures completely lost, the statues known only by later copies, mostly inferior in technique and few of them faithful to their originals. Under such conditions, it must be admitted that men could hardly appreciate the individual genius of the greatest masters. But supposing that there had happened to survive a fair proportion of such early relief works as Andrea Pisano's panels on Giotto's tower, and as Jacopo della Quercia's decorations at Bologna; of tombs and low reliefs by Mino du Fiesole and the della Robbias; of such later masterpieces as those of Sansovino at Venice, of Giambologna and Bernini, with a much larger quantity of sculpture by the Fontainebleau school and other imitators of Italian work in Western and Northern Europe; add to that, further, gems and coins and medals innumerable, with very many statuettes and decorative works in bronze and terracotta, and such-like good minor work—the Greek vase-paintings have no parallel in Italian art; but their equivalent might be the illuminated manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of which a splendid collection remains at Siena; these, like the Athenian vase-paintings, are seldom, if ever, the work of the great masters of painting, but constitute a separate and fascinating department of art. Yet again, suppose that of the monuments of Italian architecture, small and great, a proportion minute in the total, yet including some of the very finest buildings, should be still standing, mostly without their roofs and, in many cases, sadly mutilated, but still sufficiently well preserved to give a very fair idea of their makers' design: supposing all this, it will be conceded that the future connoisseur would be able to form a tolerably accurate general notion of the aims and methods of Italian art as a whole; and that, though ignorant of most of the greatest masters' individual triumphs, he would be directly in touch with some of them—particularly the sculptors of Florence in the Quattrocento—and, above all, from the statuettes and the coins and gems he would obtain an idea, correct in the main, of the scope and principal developments of Italian sculpture. The work of the great painters would be the chief gap in his mental picture; but he would know much of pre-Raphaelite drawing, and still more of the main principles and methods of

Italian art as a whole. Above all, Italian architecture would be clearly and adequately presented to his mind.

Our ideas, then, of ancient Greek art, within the limitations just suggested, may be taken as based on sound and reasonably safe evidence. Polygnotus and Apelles and the other great Greek painters are no more than names to us; we may have a faint idea, from the paintings recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum, of their general scheme of design and colour, but with their true greatness we can never be acquainted. The temple-statues on which, in ancient times, the fame of the greatest Greek sculptors chiefly rested—the gold-and-ivory Parthenos and Olympian Zeus of Phidias, the Hera of Polycletus at Argos, many great works in marble, bronze and gold and ivory by other famous sculptors such as Myron: of these we can have no adequate conception. Yet some works of these masters and more of those later sculptors such as Praxiteles, and Scopas, who appealed more to the taste of the Graeco-Roman age, or whose works were more suitable for reproduction to decorate private palaces and villas, are known to us by copies of which at least a certain number can be considered, in the main, reliable. From Myron's *Discolobus* and his *Athena* and *Marsyas*; from Polycletus' youthful athletes and Praxiteles' *Venus* and *Apollo Sauroctonus* and *Satyr*—the Louvre copy—so fine that it might even be taken as the original; its effect is at least as striking as that of the *Hermes* at Olympia, one of the very few certain originals preserved to us: from the superb heroic portrait of *Mausollus* in the British Museum, the *Charioteer* and *Lysippus' Agias* at Delphi, and from many another notable piece of sculpture—including such originals as the *Venus of Melos* and the *Winged Victory* in the Louvre and Michelangelo's *Torso* in Rome, masterpieces of the later period of Greek sculpture, the names of whose makers are unknown—we are able to form a true, if necessarily an imperfect, idea of the work of many of the greatest Greek sculptors. The coins and gems, the statuettes of bronze or marble, the terracottas and the furniture (bronze or marble), the relief-sculptures and the tombs give us a very good general picture of the scope and methods of Greek art. We can follow the development of Greek art, throughout all its phases from the very beginnings, in the eighth century B.C., when new influence from Egypt and the East, together with revivals of old, hidden springs of the creative impulse of Aegean art, notably in Crete, first began to put a fresh life into the "geometrical" designs of the post-Mycenaean pottery and bronze-work; on through the period of experiment and technical improvement of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., when Greek statuary strove to combine the majestic qualities of Egyptian masterpieces with the truth and variety of a fresh and direct study of nature, through the great days before and after the defence of Greece against Persia (480 B.C.), when by a process of selection and idealization, combined with imaginative creation of a wholly new sort, the masters of Ionia and Olympia, of Argos and of Athens brought artistic invention to a glory never surpassed in any age of human history.

Furtwängler, greatest of nineteenth-century archaeologists, truly said that no later artist invented any completely new type of a Greek god or goddess; so that the *Athena*, the *Zeus* or the *Apollo* of our present-day conception is essentially a creation of the fifth century B.C.—the works of Praxiteles and other artists of the fourth century or later being, in

essentials, variations on the fifth-century models. The Lemnian Athena of Phidias (reconstructed for us by Fürtwangler's own combination of a beautiful marble head at Bologna with a headless figure known from copies at Dresden and elsewhere) remains, to us, the supreme example of fifth-century invention; others are known from good copies, such as the Apollo of the Terme at Rome, the Perseus-head (British Museum) or the Herakles of Myron, the Amazon of Polycletus.

The "Elgin Marbles" and the sculptures of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia remain to show us what the contemporaries and immediate predecessors of Phidias could achieve in decorative sculpture; the "red-figured" Athenian vases, now assigned with certainty to their authors by the amazing genius of J. D. Beazley, though the painters' names are in most cases unknown, give us a superb gallery of drawings, with a very wide subject-matter, varying from fairy-tales to the dinner-table, the dance and the gymnasium; and we are well acquainted with the work of great architects such as Ictinus (builder of the Parthenon) and the unknown designers of those matchless monuments, the Erechtheum, with its "Caryatids", and the Nike-temple, with its balustrade of Victories and its exquisite Frieze of Greeks and Amazons. It is, indeed, very fortunate that the fifth century B.C., the period of greatest achievement in Greek art, is more completely known to us than earlier or later periods: we have a great variety of original fifth-century works, and even if the most famous masterpieces have perished, the age of Myron and Phidias, in its essentials, is almost as real to us as the age of Donatello.

Of the earlier stages of development we have a far more fragmentary knowledge. The fortunate accident which has preserved so many pieces of sixth-century sculpture (many of them with their original surface colouring) in the rubbish pits of the Athenian Acropolis—where they were thrown after its sack by the Persians—enables us to follow the native Athenian achievement through the interesting experimental period, when influences from several external sources can be traced, though the sources themselves are in many cases unknown. Temple decorations, as from the Greek colony of Selinus in Western Sicily, and from great religious centres (Delphi and Olympia above all) which have been thoroughly excavated, give us many examples of often exquisite work by many different schools in the same period. But the principal centres of the developing arts of early Greece are known to us only in a few cases (like Corinth) in some detail; in most (above all, the great cities of Ionia, cradle and home of early Greek culture on the coast of Asia) we have, at best, scattered hints to go on.

After the age of Phidias, the main developments are easier to follow, since—perhaps to the loss of the world—the influence of fifth-century Athens had so great a predominance in the Greek world (even more so than that of Florence in Italian painting and sculpture) that the work of one Greek centre, for more than a hundred years after Phidias, differed little from that of the rest. Moreover, to a much greater extent than in earlier centuries, well-known sculptors and painters moved about throughout the Greek world: thus, from the remains of the Mausoleum (now in the British Museum), a very fair idea can be obtained of the best work of fourth-century sculpture: in the famous Amazon frieze at least three distinct "styles" can be seen—though there is no agreement among

scholars as to which "style" represents the work of the individual sculptors (Scopas, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares) who are known to have been employed by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, on the decoration of her husband's tomb.

In the time after Alexander the Great, though there were many fine sculptors, the freshness and originality of the earlier periods is seldom to be seen, except in such violent and extreme examples of the arts as the Laocöon and the monuments of Pergamon in Greek Asia (which found their way, appropriately, to Berlin). We can learn, however, from the many excellent works of these later centuries, the advantages of a sound tradition, which, as in our own architecture and decoration of the Georgian period, enables many a craftsman of no great originality to produce delightful designs, within the limits laid down by an accepted standard of taste; classical in the best and finest sense.



THE RICHES OF BYZANTINE ART

by

EMMY WELLESZ

THE foundation of New Rome, which is Constantinople, and the fact that the splendours of the new capital were soon to equal and even surpass the splendours of the other Rome, that century-old capital of the Western world, proved decisive for the development of mediaeval art.

Byzantine influence acted in a double way: firstly, by keeping alive the traditions of classical art; secondly, by transmitting what the countries of the Orient, what Asia and Egypt had to offer, to Western civilization.

When the conquests of Alexander the Great had extended Greek domination far beyond the shores of the Mediterranean, all the subjugated regions vied with one another in adapting their artistic standards to those of the Greek motherland. This was the birth hour of Hellenistic art. Even in far-off India images of the Buddha were created after those of the Gods of Greece, and recent excavations in Afghanistân have discovered in what was apparently a dealer's shop a great collection of fine specimens of Greek art. And when Rome grew from a provincial Italian town to be the capital of a vast country and finally the glorious *Urbs Mundi*, her art evolved to be a very individual adaptation of Hellenistic art.

Hellenistic art has never been static; it has had its very definite phases. Having widely pervaded the East, it gradually became itself permeated with Semitic and Iranian conceptions, often closely connected with Oriental cults. Views differ as to the part which should be attributed to these influences; but most writers agree that, when Constantinople was founded, the classic aspect of Hellenism was still uppermost in the capitals of the provinces, above all in Alexandria and in Antioch, and in other Mediterranean cities, whilst in the more remote parts of the Empire local traditions had a greater share in the artistic blend. In the new imperial city classical traditions of course prevailed, and Constantinople

was built on the principles of the old Hellenistic towns, though great churches and other ecclesiastical buildings added a new touch to the picture.

Unfortunately, hardly any vestiges of the original buildings have survived, and it is in Rome and in Palestine that the art of Constantine's architects may best be studied. Time has equally destroyed most of the contributions of his successors throughout the fourth and the fifth centuries. The few monuments left, however, make it quite clear that this period must be regarded as a period of transition, and this view is confirmed by sculptures and mosaics, by works of minor art, such as ivories, metal-work or textiles, and, most of all, by contemporary miniatures, of which a comparatively large number have come down to us. Western and Oriental traditions subsist side by side; together with works of classical beauty, we find others showing the hieratic rigidity of ancient Oriental tradition, the vivid, sometimes crude realism of the Semitic provinces or the rich ornamentation of Persia. It is only under Justinian that Byzantine art emerges as an entity in all its perfection and uniqueness.

The greatest among the great creations of his time and, in the eyes of many, of Christian art altogether, is the Hagia Sophia, the Church of Holy Wisdom in Constantinople. The sight of it inspired the Emperor to exclaim: "Glory be to God, who has found me worthy to finish so great a work and to excel thee, O Solomon."

This praise can hardly apply to the exterior, which is comparatively plain, as is usual in early Byzantine architecture. It is in the interior that this art displays all its magnificence. The general impression is one of ethereal beauty, as if the law of gravitation had ceased to function. Where you would expect solid structure, the eye encounters gracefully superposed arcades, and where in the upper parts the walls are visible, they are pierced by large and numerous windows. It seems almost a miracle that the supporting arches should be able to carry the enormous dome, for they, as well as the semidomes counterbalancing the thrust, convey the same effect of imponderous grace. This impression was intensified by profuse decoration and colouring. The columns, with their beautifully sculptured capitals, are of the finest marbles in different colours, the piers and the lower parts of the walls covered with polished slabs of all shades, forming variegated patterns, and the carving of the screens is as delicate as the finest filigree work. The upper parts of the church shone with gold and silver and all the rich hues of their mosaics. A court poet compares the dome to a golden sky, showing in its centre the dominating golden cross, and other parts remind him, in the splendour of their colouring, of the spread tail of a peacock.

After the fall of Constantinople most of the mosaics, certainly all those displaying Christian symbols or human figures, were covered with plaster, and only recently has permission been granted by the Turkish Government to have them uncovered. It is in other places, in Salonika for instance, in Rome and in other Italian towns, especially in Ravenna, that we have been able to study the mosaics of this time and realize their beauty. They formed not only the main part of the decoration which, adorning the House of God, paid visible homage to His glory; they served also an instructive purpose in teaching even the illiterate the stories of the Gospel and the Mysteries of Dogma. They combine ornamental

perfection with a clear rendering of the subject, in a way which widely differs from classical devices. Most figures are represented in almost rigid frontality, as impressive and powerful beings of a higher world. Following, however, the conception that the Emperor and his Court are but the earthly reflection of the celestial Hierarchy, Christ and His Saints are largely modelled on the ceremonial countenance of the Basileus and his Grandees, and the ministering angels are clad like courtiers playing their part in the ceremonies of the Imperial Palace.

Imagery was not confined to the walls. Portable images of God and of the Saints, on panels or of precious material, soon became objects of worship. Few of these "Icons", as they were called, have survived, but we know from literary sources how great was their part in religious life. The Iconoclastic controversy, which raged throughout the eighth and part of the ninth century, is the best proof of the importance attached to them. Many works of art were destroyed by the Iconoclasts (the image breakers), and all representations of the Divine and of the Saints were banned from the churches. It is noticeable that the Iconoclast dogma was introduced by Imperial dynasties which had their origin in the Eastern part of the Empire, and that in Greece it had to be enforced. It originated in the same feeling which pervades Islamic art and which is deeply rooted in the nature of many Asiatic peoples. And like Islamic art, the Byzantine art of this period achieved wonders in the field of ornament. On the instigation of Constantine V, a church was, for instance, decorated with such a profusion of birds and flowers of every sort that the Emperor was reproached with having converted it "into an orchard and a birds' house".

The following period which, up to the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, is generally called the second Golden Age of Byzantine Art, developed and increased what it had inherited from former generations. Contemporary writers, many of them from Western countries, bear witness to the splendour and beauty of Constantinople, with its great fortifications, its wide streets bordered by colonades and leading into spacious squares, the "fora", with their triumphal arches, their sculptured columns and their innumerable statues. They chiefly dwell on the magnificence of the Imperial palaces, the walls and floors of which were covered with silver, gold and the loveliest mosaics, often representing classical subjects, and the ceremonies with all their incredible pomp are also frequently described, as, for instance, the following: *A golden tree casts its shade over the jewelled throne, on which the Emperor, shining with gold and precious stones like an icon, is seated to receive the ambassador, at whose approach he himself and his throne are lifted high up into the air as if by magic, enamel birds in the golden tree begin to sing and to flutter, and two golden lions, guardians of the throne, rise and emit loud roars.*

The love for rich materials, varied colours and fine craftsmanship was now extended from the interior to the exterior of the churches, of which St. Luke in Phocis or the Kilisse Djami in Constantinople may serve as examples. This age of sumptuousness has, however, also crystallized and partly determined the iconography of the Greek Church.

The mosaics or wall paintings by which the former were now frequently replaced had to follow a certain order dictated by dogmatic exigencies. The same is true of the single compositions, and to represent Our Lord,

the Virgin and the Saints, certain types were adopted, the invariability of which were to be sacrosanct throughout the centuries.

This conservatism, which is unique in Christian art, must, however, not be taken for uniformity, and any closer observer could not fail to discover differences distinguishing an age, a school or even an individual master.

Mosaics of the eleventh century achieve in a most perfect manner complete harmony between the rigorous demands of the Church and the sense of beauty of the artist, as we can see from the cycles of St. Luke in Phocis or in Daphni near Athens. Even so, we shall find that the pictorial art of the third period—between the middle of the thirteenth century up to the fall of Constantinople in 1453—is marked by a new human touch, by a revived interest in nature, in the energy and loveliness of the human form, in details of architecture and of landscape. The famous paintings in Mistra in the Peloponnese or the mosaics of the Kahrie Djami in Constantinople are good examples of this style, so much in harmony with Western feeling.

Even after the Turks had conquered the capital, her art lived on in Greece. A famous school had developed on Mount Athos, and many of the paintings which cover the walls of the innumerable churches and monasteries of this sacred place date from the sixteenth century.

Byzantine art has always predominated throughout the realm of the Eastern Church; it reigned supreme over the Balkans and over Russia. Sicily, at the time of her highest cultural achievements, was but an artistic province of Byzantium, and the Church of St. Mark at Venice may, in spite of certain Western devices, be considered a Byzantine church. When, during the early Middle Ages, barbarism was threatening Italy, artists coming from Byzantium kept alive the tradition of ancient glory. The *ars nova* of Cimabue, of Giotto and of the Siennese masters is deeply rooted in Byzantine painting. It is through Byzantine craftsmanship, Byzantine manuscripts, metalwork, textiles, ivories and other highly treasured imports that the younger nations of Western Europe obtained a glimpse of the achievements of Greek antiquity. It was Byzantium which, during the dark centuries, kept alive the flickering flame of classic art and handed it over to later generations.



THE ANCIENT DANCES OF HELLAS

by

RUBY GINNER

"Except the blind forces of Nature nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in origin."

HENRY MAINE.

GREECE is the mother of all movement, of drama and of dance, yet on coming to that country one is first aware of a great stillness, the stillness of a land over which the centuries have swept, leaving its spirit unchanged.

On coming into Greek seas among the Greek islands one is aware of the stillness of things that are eternal. The blue waters are like a mirror stirred only by the cutting of the ship's prow. The islands are quiet as a dream, and like a dream of titanic gods the mountains of the mainland rise in a majestic silence. But as a dream is made of a thousand thoughts interweaving like mists, so the stillness of Greece is made of the movement of countless gossamer wings hovering over the swaying of a million flowers, of the ceaseless ripple and changing of lights and shadows, the dancing of a world of mystery, Oreads, Nereids, spirits intangible, visions caught by the poets of Ancient Hellas and woven into the myths from which the world has drawn its fairy lore and poetry ever since.

Hellas is the cradle of the Dance, the land where the nine Muses were born, of whom Hesiod wrote: "They make their fair lovely dances upon highest Helicon, and move with vigorous feet."

From those mythical days when Greece was the home of gods and heroes, through all the long centuries of her history the art of the dance grew till it reached perfection in the Golden Age of Pericles.

In every country of the world the dance has always had its birth in religious fervour and ecstasy, in rituals of propitiation, of supplication before the symbols or altars of the gods, and so it was in Greece. From its origin in religious ceremony it spread into every phase of Greek life, yet it never lost its fundamental religious significance. "Let us approach the Temples of the Gods with dances," wrote Sophocles.

In the ancient civilization of Crete lies the beginning of Greek history. The central deity of the Cretan faith was a goddess who symbolized all nature. Numerous scenes in Cretan art show adorants before her in various attitudes of worship, presenting in ceremonial movement gifts of lilies and bowls of offering.

In his book *Crete, the Forerunner of Greece*, Charles Haws tells us that "the priestesses of the Minoan cult used to dance in a ring or before a shrine in honour of the goddess. Some scenes suggest a wild kind of dance, but the greater majority present a picture of dignified and orderly worship." These early Minoan rites, possibly influenced by the ceremonies of the Egyptians to which they bear some resemblance, were the forerunners of the later rituals of the Greeks.

The beginning of yet another form of Greek Dance is to be found in Crete, the dances of mourning at the burial of the dead. In a spiritually unenlightened race death is a terror and a misery, and the early Minoan race expressed this horror in frenzied dances of self-laceration as part of their funeral rites. These dreadful ceremonies persisted for many centuries and are interesting as being the root from which sprang the tragic dances of a later age.

In the sixth century Solon put a stop to these terrible performances by law, and with the growth of higher spiritual vision these primitive dances developed into beautiful rituals, and these magnificent gestures were used not only in the funeral ceremonies, but by the dancers of the great tragedies in the theatre. Many lines in the tragic choruses give a vivid picture of these actions.

Passing on from the Minoan to the Achæan age we find new forms of dance developing with the change in life, thought and religion brought about by the invasion of a Northern race.

Homer gives us some exquisite descriptions of the dances of these people. "There were youths and maidens dancing," he tells us, "their hands upon one another's wrists. They would run with deft feet exceeding lightly, and they would run in lines to meet each other, and a great company stood round the lovely dance in joy." This is perhaps the earliest written description there is of the tripping steps of a simple happy country dance.

In this period, too, came the first rustic festivals of Dionysos at the grape harvest, when his followers, disguised as satyrs, gave vent to their exuberance in comic revels, and the treading of the grapes in the wine-press gave rise to a mimetic dance.

At springtime and harvest also dances were performed in praise of Demeter, goddess of the cornfield and the threshing-floor.

This period also gave Greece her war dance which later in the Dorian age was developed by the Spartans to a fine art. In the Pyrrhic Dance the youths learnt the actions of warfare, for it was a mimic battle in dance form performed with the weapons of war to the music of the flute and the singing of the paeon. During the five centuries of the Dorian age the various types of dance which had been developing in these early times gradually climbed to their perfection. The Dorians delighted in physical strength and beauty, and it is to them that Greece owed that loveliness of the human form that inspired the sculptors of Greece and gave us the marbles which have never been equalled in the world's history.

The cultivation of physical beauty led to the establishment of the great games throughout Greece, and because the Greeks knew that the perfection of the body cannot be attained without self-sacrifice and self-restraint they included among their rules for the Olympian Games this precept, "Only he of an upright life may enter the Games", and from Delphi came their ideal motto, "No excess".

Throughout the Dorian period the dance continued its development towards being among the finest of Greek arts. In the temples, in the theatre, in the palaestra, in the countryside and in the homes of the people, everywhere Terpsichore, Muse of the Dance, held her sway, until in the fifth century this art achieved a perfect harmony of mind, body and spirit. In the great Panathenaea of Athens the ritual dances reached their perfection. In the theatre of Dionysos the art of movement grew in beauty and splendour in the Choric dances of the plays. The full vitality of a passionate race expressed itself in the riot of the dances of Maenads, Satyrs and Bacchantes, and the Pyrrhic Dance thundered out the strength of the victors of Marathon in the clash of weapons before the altars of Athena.

Of all the arts of Greece it was the Dance which gave complete expression to the Hellenic ideal of the absolute balance and perfect harmony of the three parts of man, the body, the intellect, and the soul.

Plato gave utterance to this thought when he said, "Beauty of style and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity; I mean the true simplicity of a rightly and nobly ordered mind and character. If our youth are to do their work in life must they not make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim." And in these beautiful words he sums up the ideal, "When a beautiful soul harmonizes with a beautiful form,

and the two are knit together in one mould, that will be the fairest of sights for him who has eyes to see."

The arts of a nation are its gifts to humanity for all time. Greece has left her arts as a beacon light shining on that high peak to which she climbed. The Muses still dance upon the heights of Helicon, and Terpsichore leads the dance. Her lovely feet have left their delicate traces everywhere. In the islands, on the mountains and the plains, among the vineyards and the olive groves, in the seas and in the skies the spirit of the ancient dance lives on. Wherever we go in Greece we feel it; in the foam-white marble temple of Poseidon on Cape Sunion, in the Delphic Stadium at the foot of the Shining Rocks, in the circle of the theatre and the golden-flowered fields of Epidauros, in the ancient silence of the Temple of Mysteries at Eleusis.

But the soul of the ancient dances of Hellas dwells most perfectly on the Acropolis of Athens. Here among the mighty pillars of the Parthenon and in the silvery grey stone circle of the theatre we shall always find the undying spirit of beauty born of the rhythms of the world and the passions of human life. The horror of war cannot kill it, the vileness of evil cannot stain it, the grey rock of the Athenian Acropolis is the heart of Greece, and the lovely feet of her dancers will dance there for ever.



THE LEGACY OF GREEK MUSIC

by

DR. EGON WELLESZ

WITH the collapse of the Hellenic world nearly all the documents of Greek music have disappeared. This is a grievous loss, not only for Classical scholars, but for the friends of Greek art. From all that at one time was the pride and glory of the ancient world, only a few isolated pieces have survived. There is a brief fragment of a chorus from the *Orestes* of Euripides, probably the oldest piece of Greek music we have. But the papyrus on which it was written is so mutilated that only a few passages of the music can be read with certainty. There is another fragment from a tragedy of the same period on a papyrus of the Museum in Cairo, written about 250 B.C. There are, above all, the two Hymns to Apollo, carved on marble, from the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi; the first, dating from about 138 B.C., is the longest piece of Greek music which has come down to us nearly undamaged, the second, from about 128 B.C., is only a short fragment, but is also in good condition. Chiselled in stone too is the Epitaph of Seikilos for his wife; a lovely tune, dating probably from the first century B.C.; it is the only piece of music we possess intact.

We may mention further the papyrus containing four fragments of music, obviously put together as a kind of exercise, consisting of some lines of a Paean to Apollo, others from a tragedy, and two pieces of instrumental music. From the beginning of the Christian era we possess the

three hymns ascribed to Mesomedes. They are transmitted in a Byzantine manuscript, and were first published by Vincenzo Galilei, the famous Florentine musician, father of Galileo Galilei, in his *Dialogo della musica antica e moderna* in 1581. Vincenzo Galilei, of course, was unable to decipher the signs of Greek musical notation; but the find inspired him to compose in a style by which he hoped to revive Greek melody. His attempt interested a circle of *dilettanti* and musicians, the Florentine "Camerata", who dreamt of a rebirth of Greek drama. Instead, Opera came into being.

The last example is a Christian hymn, dating from the third century, discovered by Grenfell and Hunt among the Oxyrrhynchus papyri. That is all that is left of the rich treasury of Greek music. Fifteen pieces of music altogether, stretching over a period from the acme of Greek tragedy to the beginning of a genuine Christian civilization, and only few of them transmitted in a state likely to permit a discussion about the quality and character of Greek musical composition.

Yet there is hardly to be found a period in the music of the past which has so much occupied the ingenuity of scholars as that of Greek musical theory and practice; not only since, more than a hundred years ago, attempts were made to decipher Greek musical notation, but from the moment Greek music disappeared as a living tradition, and was succeeded by Byzantine music. It may suffice to cite one example, a passage from a letter on Greek music by Michael Psellus to the Byzantine emperor Constantine Monomachus (1042-54), who himself was a keen admirer of Hellenic civilization. Having praised the greatness of ancient Greek music Psellus comes to the conclusion: "Such was the old and historic music, which is so much admired. But music in our days is only a faint echo of it."

There is a fundamental difference between Greek and modern music, well known to everybody who has seen the documents and their transcriptions, namely the purely melodic structure of Greek music. Harmony (in the modern meaning of the term) was unknown to the Greeks, though they knew occasional concords of higher and lower tones, and also the accompaniment of a melody by an instrument in the higher octave. Music of a purely melodic character demands a different way of listening than that to which we are accustomed (namely concentration on the flow of the melody, on the characteristic features of the mode). It calls for appreciation of the subtle use of intervals, consisting sometimes of fractions of tones, unheard of in modern music.

Greek music was both vocal and instrumental. "Voice and Verse", however, were not separated in its great epoch. *Mousike* meant music as well as poetry. Chants were partly sung by soloists, partly by a choir in unison, or in octaves, but regularly accompanied by an instrument. Accompanying a song meant either adding a tone from time to time, or playing a variation to the chant. This kind of ornamented playing, by which occasional concords were produced, was called heterophony.

The Greeks had also independent instrumental music, but in Classical times instruments were used singly. Only in the Hellenistic period groups of instruments were introduced. The two main ones were the *Kithara*, a stringed instrument, on which the sound was produced by plucking the chords, and the *Aulos*, a kind of oboe. All sources indicate

how much contemporaries admired the skill, and even virtuosity, exhibited in playing both.

Poets, philosophers and historians have indeed written so enthusiastically about Greek music that all those who have been inspired by reading the Classics have joined in the praise of the art. But we, who no longer can evoke the sound that enchanted the Greeks, may ask: What was it that kept the memory of Greek music alive? However great this art may have been, an explanation is needed to account for the effects exercised, not only on those who actually listened to it, but which worked like a spell on countless generations who had only heard of it.

The answer to the question may be gathered from a famous passage in Plato's *Phaedo*. On the morning of his death Socrates speaks to his friends about a dream, visiting him at different times and exhorting him to apply himself to *mousike*. He thought that the dream meant that he should continue the pursuit he was engaged in, "since music is the highest philosophy". But since his trial had taken place it occurred to him that the dream commanded him to compose music in the popular sense, and he therefore started doing so by composing a hymn to the god whose festival, coming at that time, would postpone the day of his death.

The account of the dream reveals more about Socrates' view on music than many passages in other dialogues on the subject. Socrates addresses his friends for the last time, and the subject he chooses is the immortality of the soul. On the borderline between life and death he speaks about the mystical connection between music and philosophy. He even discloses to them his doubts, whether he had not erred by devoting himself to philosophy instead of to music proper. The passage, therefore, may be taken as a clue to the position which music held in Greek thought.

For the Greek music was a supreme art, aimed at harmonizing body and soul. It had the power of healing by producing a purification of the body, and also of influencing the soul by improving the character. This view is based on the Pythagorean assumption, accepted by Plato, of the existence of a link between the harmony ruling the movements of the Universe and the harmony ordering the human soul. The motions of the Cosmos were believed to occur according to the same mathematical ratios which produced the musical intervals. Music, therefore, was a good preparation for the study of philosophy, as it made man acquainted with the principles of harmony governing the Universe, the life of the State and of the individual human being.

The doctrine of the ethical character of music permeates Greek philosophy as well as Greek musical theory. A passage of Plato's *Phaedrus*, describing the grades of musician, the amateur and the philosopher, had far-reaching consequences for the development of musical aesthetics in the Neo-Platonic doctrine of Beauty. In the first book of the *Enneads* Plotinus speaks of a path of initiation, enabling the musician, whose soul, according to Plato's *Phaedrus*, has kept "a recollection of those things which it formerly saw when journeying with the Divine", to rise to the rank of a philosopher, whose soul has a clear vision of Absolute Beauty.

Pursuing the transformation of Neo-Platonic philosophy into Early Christian doctrine we find that Greek musical thought was accepted by Christian writers, both in the East and West, and made the basis of all

aesthetic discussions on the subject. The theory of numbers particularly, taken over from the Pythagoreans and expanded in Plato's *Timaeus* and in the commentaries on the dialogue, had great influence on mediaeval thought. Thus a monk living in the eleventh century, called Othlo, could postulate that, according to his merits, one person could stand in heaven next to the other in the ratios of an octave, a fifth, or a fourth. Moreover, up to the Renaissance we find in many treatises an introductory chapter dealing with the magical effects of music. Reference is made to Arion and Orpheus and other persons of Greek mythology who worked wonders by the spell caused by their singing and playing.

No wonder that music, having the faculty of improving morals, was recommended by Plato and his followers as a means of education. Every friend of the Classics knows the passage from the third book of the *Republic*, where Plato speaks of music as the most powerful means of education "since rhythm and harmony go down into the inner parts of the soul, upon which they vigorously fasten, imparting gracefulness and making the soul of him who is rightly brought up, noble, or producing on him who is ill-educated the opposite effect". The Platonic recommendation of music in the system of education had far-reaching influence. The leading Mediaeval authority on music is Boëtius (c. 475-524). He speaks of the musician as a man who has acquired the "knowledge of singing" following a well-considered plan, that is to say "not as a servant of his work, but acting by the power of philosophy". Henceforth, throughout the Middle Ages, there is a clear division between those who speculate about music and enjoy the art as amateurs, and the professional players and singers.

Ecclesiastical music, both in the East and West, had, of course, a place of its own. It formed part of the service, and was considered as divinely inspired. Secular music was only mentioned when it served as an occupation for the hours of leisure. This view is expressed in the various treatises dealing with the education of a nobleman at the beginning of the sixteenth century. We may quote some lines from Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Governor* (1531), the main English book on education of the period. We shall see that Elyot's views are based on the Platonic conception about music as a means of education, though the question is treated less profoundly. "The discretion of a tutor," Elyot writes, "consists in temperance: that is to say that he suffers not the child to be fatigued with continual study or learning, wherewith the delicate and tender wit may be dulled or oppressed, but that there may be therewith enterlaced and mixt with some pleasant learning and exercise, as playing on instruments of music, which moderately used and without diminution of honour, that is to say, without wanton countenance and dissolute gesture, is not to be condemned. . . . But in this recommendation of music I would not be thought to allure noble men to have so much delectation therein, that, in playing and singing only, they should put their whole study and felicity, as did the Emperor Nero."

The passage from *The Governor* leads us back to the beginning of our short survey. The disappearance of all Greek music except of a few scattered fragments is certainly a loss, the consequences of which cannot be overestimated. But the spirit of Greek music survived in its reflection upon the minds of the Greeks. Our attitude towards music is still based

upon the canon which Greek philosophers have developed. We are not aiming at the Oriental attitude of diving into endless waves of hypnotizing sounds. Our ideal is music well-shaped and balanced, harmonious in the Platonic sense: revealing the mind of the composer directed towards Beauty in its highest form. This tendency can be found in all the master-pieces of European music. Thus, the spirit of Greek music has survived the destruction of the works which it created, and will continue to live as long as we keep alive the heritage of Greek civilization.



GREEK MEDICINE

by

A. P. CAWADIAS, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P.

"MEDICINE is a creation of the Greek intellect." With these words Dr. Charles Singer begins his *History of Medicine*, and they express a great truth. There was no medicine in the modern sense of the term before the Greeks. The pre-Hellenic peoples had a healing art, but it was based on empirical practices and superstitions. These peoples had collected, it is true, a number of procedures, mainly surgical, through which they could relieve the suffering. Apart from these their practice was akin to magic, resembling basically the practice of the medicine man of uncivilized tribes. Pre-Hellenic peoples regarded disease as due to the intervention of gods and demons, and removable only through propitiation of these supernatural powers.

The Greeks created medicine as a science by accepting disease as a natural phenomenon, and followed the laws of Nature. It is difficult to recognize fully the importance of this change of conception, applied to all phenomena of Nature as well as to disease, in the history of the world. The Greek miracle had been accomplished. The fire had been taken from the gods and given to humanity.

The essentially realistic Greeks, however, notwithstanding their creation of a scientific medicine, did not do away completely with religious medicine. They knew from the pre-Hellenic peoples that religious faith, working through the magic practices of the priests, often brought relief and cure to the sick. Therefore they kept the practice of religious medicine, which was maintained in the Temples of Asklepios, particularly in that of Epidauros, unearthed by the work of P. Cawadias. But this religious medicine or faith-healing was for the Greeks a thing apart. It did not interfere with their scientific medicine, and their scientific physicians, recognizing the psychotherapeutic power of religious faith, did not interfere with the priests of Asklepios but rather worked hand in hand with them for the benefit of the sick—an example of the harmony which imbued ancient Greek civilization.

The first century of Greek medicine (seventh-sixth century B.C.). The medical schools of Croton, Agrigentum, Cyrene. The very first Greek physicians are quasi-legendary figures. They were leaders of men, kings and princes who developed medical knowledge on rational lines. Homer

tells of Asklepios, a Thessalian prince, of his sons Machaon and Podalirios who were physicians, and as physicians "worthy of many other men".

Then came the more "specialized" scientists, the first philosophers, the "physiologists". They studied Nature and tried to wrest her secrets from her. Along with other natural phenomena they studied disease. The first name met in the history of scientific medicine is that of Pythagoras. He had settled towards the middle of the sixth century B.C. in the great Greek city of Croton in Southern Italy, after leaving his native Samos for political reasons. He found in Croton a flourishing medical school, and through his genius developed it. Few people realize that when we speak today of "critical days" in disease, for instance the seventh day in lobar pneumonia, we repeat the Pythagorean conception of twenty-six centuries ago. Pythagoras insisted on diet for the cure of disease, and this became a main characteristic of Greek medicine. Among his pupils Alkmeon of Croton did more positive work in medicine, giving the first general conception of disease and making the first anatomical dissections. Another famous Crotonian physician, Democedes, developed the clinical aspect, and to the violent empirical methods of treatment used by the Egyptian healers opposed the rational, conservative and natural procedures which henceforth characterized Greek medicine. At the time when Croton was flourishing, another great Greek city and medical school, Agrigentum, was developed through the genius of Empedocles. On the other side of the Mediterranean, in the Greek city of Cyrene in Africa, still another great medical school came into being.

Croton, Agrigentum and Cyrene were the first-known Greek medical schools. They introduced the concept of disease which governs our science even today. They showed that health consists in perfect balance between the forces representing man and the external forces of which his environment is formed. Perfect balance means that the body is perfectly integrated under the hegemony of the brain. When this hegemony ceases and anarchy supervenes, disease occurs, brought into being by the action of external factors. Therefore the early Greek physicians endeavoured to influence the external factors by means of hygiene, diet, exercise and the active psychotherapy emanating from their strong personalities. In the succeeding centuries science, with many ups and downs, has added many details, but the basic conception of modern medical practice is that introduced by these Greek physicians of more than 2,500 years ago.

The second period of Greek medicine (fifth century). The schools of Kos, Cnidos and Rhodes. From the great Greek cities of Sicily, Southern Italy and North Africa, the centre of medical work shifted to Ionia. Medicine can develop only in great centres of civilization, and deep culture was found at that time in the Greek cities along the shores of Asia Minor and on the adjacent isles. Three schools dominate: Rhodes, of which little is known; and Kos and Cnidos, which have left their permanent impression on medicine.

Cnidos seems to have developed first. Its great teachers, Euryphon and Ctesias, developed the physiopathological ideas of the Italo-Sicilian Hellenic schools. They made great advances, however, in the clinical descriptions of disease. They first classified the different "diseases" and tried to determine their localizations. It is the Cnidians that make us

speak today of, say, pneumonia, dysentery, malaria, and it is to them that we owe the conception that a cirrhosis, for example, is localized in the liver and that a tuberculosis of the lungs is due to an ulceration of the lungs. This nosographical method has been the source of great progress in medicine, particularly when revived in the seventeenth century by the great British physician, Thomas Sydenham.

The school of Kos is represented essentially by Hippocrates. He is often called the father of medicine, but in fact was not the first Greek physician chronologically, although beyond doubt he was the greatest of them all. He developed the method of clinical observation to a far higher degree than had the Cnidians, and in fact this, the great scientific method of medicine, is called the Hippocratic method. To the Cnidian clinical determination of diseases he added a very great element, the clinical determination of the patient. Since his work, all physicians have in mind not only the disease, be it pneumonia, gastric ulcer or cystitis, but also the mode of resistance of the patient to the disease, in other words the constitution of the patient. This is of especial interest because according to the laws of Nature (as developed from this point of view by Hippocrates) every patient tends to restore himself to health. He fights his disease, and he fights it according to the arms he possesses through his constitution. The task of the physician is to help Nature, to help the patient to cure himself. The prerequisite condition for cure of any patient is therefore knowledge of the particular kind of individual the patient is.

With Hippocrates Greek medicine reached its zenith. This great citizen of Kos remains the model of all physicians. And this not only by virtue of his fine scientific endowment, his clinical genius and his rational therapy, but also through his lofty character, his charity, his honesty, his will-power and truthfulness, ideals embodied in the famous "Hippocratic oath", which pupils of the ancient Greek medical schools used to swear before being allowed to practise.

With Hippocrates Greek medicine from the Italo-Sicilian and North African Greek cities and then Ionia penetrated into Greece proper, where it developed through pupils of Hippocrates such as Diocles of Karystos, Proxagoras of Kos and Theophrastos. These physicians added to the Ionian medical schools a rigid method—possibly too rigid—of medical thought based on the work of their contemporary philosophers.

Third period of Greek medicine. School of Alexandria (third century B.C.). The conquests of Alexander shifted the centres of culture outside Greece, and Alexandria arose as the greatest of them all, its medical school outstripping all rivals.

Herophilos and Erasistratos were the first great Alexandrian physicians. To the general conception of disease and the methods of physical medicine of the Italo-Sicilians, to the clinical nosographical studies of the Cnidians, to the constitutional preoccupations of the Koans, they added a more precise physiopathology, a deeper study of the mechanism of the causes of disease through their anatomical discoveries and the introduction of the experimental method in physiology. Then came Philinos, who had come from Kos to Alexandria, and there brought clinical observation to a high degree of perfection. He based treatment on pure observation and not on

consideration of causes or mechanisms, and founded the great school of the empiricists.

Fourth period of Greek medicine. Greek medicine under the Romans (third century B.C. to third century A.D.) and Greco-Byzantine medicine. Greece, when overrun by the Romans, was governed by them but not conquered. The Greeks kept their sturdy civilization and treated the Romans with some contempt as a great military people devoid of cultural power. Before the superior mental capacity of the Greeks the Romans felt a sort of inferiority complex, which seems the only modern Italian relic of the Romans with whom they are connected through their geography. Greek medicine continued to develop, solely through Greeks. No Roman has left his name in medicine, if we except Celsus, a non-physician who compiled an encyclopaedia of Greek medicine.

Medicine developed on the lines traced by the three previous periods. On Italo-Sicilian lines of physiological simplification we have the work of Asklepiades, Themison, Thessalos, Athenaios of Attalia, Agathinos of Sparta. On Cnidian and Alexandrian lines we have the great school of the empiricists, Serapides, Glaucides, Apollonius, Heraclides of Taras, Dioscorides. On Hippocratic or Koan lines there were Aretaios, Soranos, Ruphus. The work done was tremendous. Then came Galen, born in Pergamon in A.D. 130, physician and friend to Marcus Aurelius, and like Hippocrates one of the greatest figures in the history of medicine. He made an admirable synthesis of medical science, and gave the final stamp to medical art. His work was the basis for the propagation of Greek medicine to the world at large.

After Galen the centre of civilization shifted from Rome to Constantinople. The Eastern Roman Empire, founded on Greek soil, developed intensively, while the Western Empire relapsed under the onslaught of Germanic hordes into barbarism. The Eastern Roman Empire was constituted by Greeks governed by a Roman emperor and Roman officials. Rapidly the Roman officialdom vanished and was replaced by Greeks, pure Greeks or hellenized Orientals, and the Eastern Roman Empire became the Greco-Byzantine Empire whose complex civilization was built around the Hellenic nucleus. The Byzantine Greeks continued to develop medicine, but no longer with the creative power of the ancient Greeks. A few names, however, stand out—Oribasius, the friend and companion of Julian the Apostate (fourth century), Actius of Amida and Alexander of Tralles (sixth century), Paulus of Aegina (eighth century).

Transmission of medicine from the Greeks to the world at large. The Greeks had created medicine and for nearly sixteen centuries were the exclusive workers in this field. They had given the general conception of disease, had described the various diseases and discovered methods of treatment. However, after these sixteen centuries of intensive work the Hellenic creative medical spirit began to wane. The time had come for other nations to take over the torch of the art of Hippocrates.

A group of Greek scholars called to the court of Baghdad taught the Arabs the tenets of Greek medicine and translated Greek medical books into Arabic. On this teaching the Arabs developed their medical work. They became great practitioners, founding their practice on the Greek masters. They added very little, however, to the science of disease.

The Arabs were the first transmitters of the facts of medicine—Greek medicine, the only medicine that existed—to Western Europe. A group of leading Jewish scholars, principally in Spain, translated into Latin the Arabic works which were themselves more or less augmented translations of the Greek textbooks. Thus medicine was introduced among European peoples. Its beginnings, however, were hampered by scholasticism in the course of transmission.

Once more the Greeks stepped into the breach. After the fall of Constantinople their scholars went to Western Europe teaching Greek letters and science, and Western European physicians, through learning Greek, could study the original Greek works and thus learn medicine at its source. Italy, being nearest to Greece, was the first nation to profit from this benefaction. England was far away, but British physicians undertook the strenuous journey to Italy to learn Greek and thus Greek medicine. This was done by the founders of the Royal College of Physicians of London, Thomas Linacre, John Clement, John Keys and others. European medicine founded on Greek teachings began nearly contemporaneously in Italy and in England, but for Italy it was simply a matter of chance geographical propinquity. For England it was something stronger and deeper. Thus through Italy and England, Greek medicine spread through the world and the history of world medicine began.

Except for the ideals of Truth, Liberty and Beauty, of all the great legacy of ancient Greece, medicine is the most purely Hellenic and beyond doubt the most beneficent.



ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEK

by

DR. HELLE LAMBRIDIS

IN studying modern Greek it is particularly true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing"; and they are most often to be heard lamenting the vanished glories of the Attic tongue who know least about the modern language. As the student delves deeper into the intricacies of modern Greek he realizes with a growing and delighted surprise its close affinity with the best and subtlest forms of expression of ancient Greek.

Modern Greek seems to be there to defy all linguistic generalizations. Nearly two and a half thousand years have passed since the immortal works were written which give us a model of what Greek prose could be. Innumerable trials were in store for the Greek people: at first internal strife without end; then the centre of political power was shifted to the north-east, to a Greek tribe (the Macedonians), of whose speech we have no written record. They conquered the whole of the known world in the East, and it came alive at their touch; cities and states came into being, using Greek as their means of expression. The millions who learnt Greek at the time belonged to many races; yet the Koiné, the common language they spoke, deviates very little from

Plato's speech. The last centuries B.C. and the first A.D. were the time when from the shores of Tunis to the innermost confines of the Black Sea, from the sources of the Indus to the Apennines, Greek was uttered by many a nasal Semitic voice, many a guttural Northern throat. There took place a gradual merging of vowels, changes in their quantity, and an attenuation of explosive sounds into voiced aspirants (b into v, g into γ, d into th (as in the English article). In construction the most important change is perhaps the loss of the infinitive, and the very gradual elimination of the optative mood, through its indiscriminate use where it did not belong. Yet these and other changes, taken in their totality, are distinctly *Greek*, in that they cannot be attributed to any one of the races who adopted Greek at the time and have not survived in their totality in any of the other languages, European or otherwise.

With the political and spiritual dissolution of the Roman world, a new era of limited expansion and intensive cultivation begins for Greek. In less than two centuries after the founding of the Eastern Roman Empire and its capital Constantinople, Greek has superseded Latin and the authorities have to translate the laws, state regulations, and administrative instructions into Greek. This infuses new blood into the language because people *have* to talk about new objects and new ideas, and they must needs find a way to say what they wish to say. A number of Latin words were adopted between roughly 300–800 A.D., but considering how many might have been taken over, and the mongrel language that might have resulted, they are amazingly few. The reasons for this are first the inherent vigour and vitality of the Greek tradition in the Eastern world, an endurance beyond rational explanation, and the revived and intensive study of classical texts in the monasteries and religious centres of the Greek Orthodox Church.

During the same period, however, the rift between the scholarly and the colloquial use of the language grows wider and more pronounced. The scholars indulge in hexameters and in pre-Attic forms, in involved construction and hair-splitting but inelegant distinctions, while the people go their own way. Many of the sermons and treatises of the time, discussed and admired at the Court and the Patriarchate, reach back to much older forms than the Koiné, and are much more obscure in meaning, even to a classical scholar of today, than the direct expressions of the Gospel, which they profess to explain. The result of this linguistic estrangement between educated and uneducated classes is a twofold impoverishment: the scholars are deprived of the earthy concrete words designating objects of everyday use, and the people lack the means of expressing abstract thoughts and remain ignorant of the objects of higher culture, like paintings and sculpture, musical modes, court costumes, the hierarchy of position, etc.

The passion aroused by the rebellion of the Roman Church and by the invasion of the greater part of the Byzantine Empire by the Crusaders brings scholars and high dignitaries on the one hand, and the common people on the other, nearer each other again. In the remote confines of the Empire, where local chieftains are entrusted with the defence of the frontiers and given feudal autonomy, there grows up the first popular heroic tale, which is embodied in the many versions of *Digenis Akritas*. Its language strikes us now as clumsy and overburdened with an indis-

criminate sprinkling of ancient particles, but it must have been an immense advance at the time, understood by the common man, and satisfying his craving for the supernatural and the heroic. That legend of the man of two descents, Christian Greek and Moslem Arabic, who fights with lions and amazons and lastly with death, converts his whole tribe to Christianity, and retires to a luxurious palace, set in a fabulous garden, which combines Eastern magnificence—Cyrus' paradise—with dreams of Greek beauty and mediaeval seclusion, has inflamed the popular imagination up to the present time. There is hardly a Greek poet who does not refer to it or has not written a short poem on one of its episodes. Folksongs enlarge on Digenis' struggle with death in numberless variants. Death, the "lean and bright clothed", is bound to win, but that he has been challenged to a duel by a human being and received cuts and blows is a momentous event.

The epic of Digenis Akritas is a popular, but nevertheless serious and to a certain extent "high-brow", literary product. Contemporary and later poetic concoctions betray a grosser nature. The endless whinings of "Poor Prodrome" about the injustice he suffered at the hands of the Court, and the description of the juicy morsels that make his mouth water at the baker's, the butcher's and the tavern, give an impression of a full and elaborate material life. The majority of the words used at the time for food, clothing and other concrete objects have been lost to modern Greek; the literary merits of "Poor Prodrome" were insufficient to fix them in tradition. The things themselves, e.g. the elaborate dishes, embroideries, etc., have survived, some under Turkish names.

With the Frankish conquest, the legends of the knightly courts came to Greece with their sugary love as the main motive, and their unreal witches, dragons, potions, etc. Long romances in verse, with Hellenized names and geography, circulated widely between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their language is the vernacular of the time, vivid, unorthodox, laden with exaggerated similes; these romances helped to establish definitely the claim of the spoken language to become the literary idiom. For us Greeks it is difficult to assess their literary merits, turned as we are towards our present-day demotic, eager to establish the right and wrong of every grammatical type, and with our instinctive dislike of whatever smacks of purism. These romances represent a half-way house, the turbulent cross-roads between the Byzantine purists, the parlance of the time in palaces, in educated cliques, and among the common people, and the tendencies towards a future, purged, sobered and clearly delineated in our immortal folksongs. Their spiritual content is unhealthy, their unreality that of the penny novelette rather than of the folk legend. They rendered indubitable services to the development of the language, however, and the Westernizing attitude of mind they depict could not survive the impact of cruel, stark agony which swept over Greek lands with the Turkish conquest.

The Greek impression that all these popular literary products of Byzantine times represent a mixed, hybrid growth, an impression unsupported by linguistic research, which sees in them historical stages standing on their own right, is nevertheless corroborated by two things: the Cretan poetry of the seventeenth century and the folksongs of the eighteenth in continental Greece.

Cretan poetry emerges suddenly in a finished, brilliant, perfectly articulate and consistent expressive means. The grammar of that language is that of present-day Greek, its phonetics, except for a few dialectal differences, has already stabilized the changes characteristic of modern Greek, its syntax is living and faultless. The Cretan dialect of the seventeenth century is also extremely rich; and it forms its abstracts by an effortless derivation and an immediacy akin to Homer. The metrical scheme of the "political" verse, as it was called to distinguish it from sacred versification, the iambic tetrameter, based on stress and not on quantity, is also highly developed, and rhyme is introduced, perhaps for the first time in Greek poetry. The *Erotokritos*, an epic as long as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* put together, contains hardly a hiatus, and its rhymes are resonant, rich and varied. Western influence is obvious (Crete was then under Venetian occupation) in the fictitious subject, the prominent part given to the love of a commoner for a princess, and in the jousts described at length; but the whole atmosphere is manly, the episodes probable, the feelings natural. The Cretan theatre of the time left us tragedies, idyls and mysteries; after each of the first four acts of the tragedies, based on cruel and pathetic legends enacted in Crete or somewhere in the East, an intermezzo is interpolated, with Greek mythological subjects, the developments of which are followed up in the next intermezzo, so that we have in effect two tragedies running alternately. The Greek gods and heroes continue in these intermezzos their deathless squabbles, love-affairs and interferences in human life.

The influence of the West has permeated Cretan poetry much less than those romances of the absurd knights on the Continent. Though the rule of Venice lasted for more than four centuries on the island, it weighed less and came up against more spirited and original people. From these literary works and the emergence of that most eminent painter, Theotocopoulos, it can be asserted that Crete in the seventeenth century had entered upon a vigorous era of Renaissance; she had outlived the danger of absorption, had assimilated nearly all the best, and had she remained under the crumbling and now harmless rule of Venice, there might have been yet another European Renaissance. When the Turks conquered Crete in 1669, and spread over her the pall of ignorance, oppression and spiritual barrenness their rule brought everywhere, many Cretans fled to the Ionian islands, and the poorest among them earned their bread by singing as itinerant bards the verses of *Erotokritos* in a recitative accompanied by their native lyre. (Our national poet, D. Solomos, probably descends from one of those bards.) I have often regretted that their influence was not stronger; the Cretan idiom would have saved us from the cantankerous sterility of the "language question".

Cretan literature, as well as the folksongs, composed mostly during the eighteenth century, present us with a fully constituted language, which can be called the modern Greek. Endings, conjugation and declensions, syntax and particles, clause sequence, even rules of versification, treatment of hiatus, ellision, etc., are already delineated, and there is hardly any wavering between antiquated and contemporary forms. To all intents and purposes, the study of the folksongs will give us the main differences and the main similarities between classic and modern Greek. The changes that have since occurred are due to the peculiarities



Photo by Claude Harris

FIG 7. ANCIENT GREEK BALL GAME REPRODUCED IN DANCE FORM BY RUBY GINNER

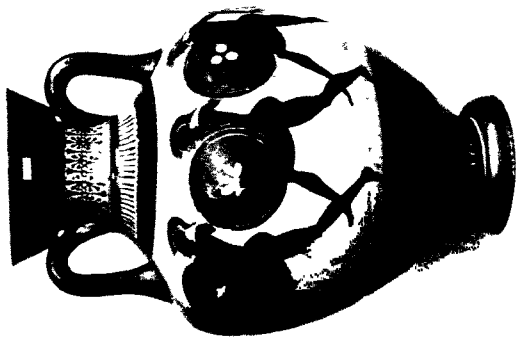


FIG. 8. ARMED FOOT RACE
6TH CENTURY VASE



FIG. 9. A REVELLER DANCING
6TH CENTURY VASE

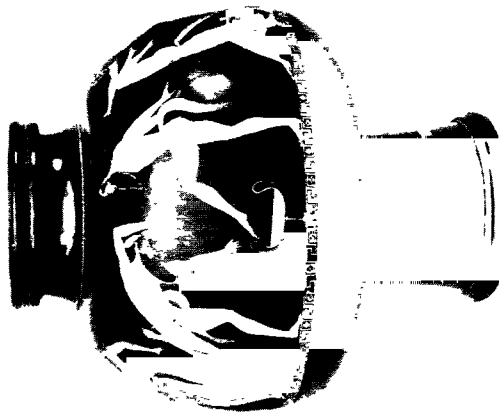


FIG. 10. SEILENOS PLAYING
5TH CENTURY VASE

With acknowledgments to Ruby Ginner

of our conscious development and to the artificial interference by the Westernized classicists, the Phanariots.

The phonetic changes are the uncontested part of modern Greek. They are profound and they make it sound entirely different from any Western reproduction of ancient Greek, whether Erasmian, French or English. Considering, however, how dubious and self-contradictory these pronunciations are, it may well be that some of the modern Greek sounds correspond more closely to the original ones than is generally conceded. E.g. *ευ* is pronounced *oi* by the Germans, and "you" by the English: in Greek it is *ef* or *ev*, according to the following letter. *β* and *δ* are now *v* and *th* (as in the article "the"). *γ*, the terror of students of modern Greek, is supposed to have been similar to *g*, which, however, is much more universal and easy. In Russian we can trace the reverse development: having acquired that sound from contact with Byzantine Greek, it has reverted to *g*. There is no reason to believe that *z* was ever *ts* or *dz*; it did result from combinations like *kj* or *ds*, but nothing shows that it was not in classic times the hard *z* that it is now; on the other hand, the hard pronunciation of *σ* between two vowels is entirely unwarranted and arbitrary, influenced by the current usage in modern languages. *σσ* was probably pronounced in the Cypriot way, a protracted sibilant, with a catching of the breath somewhere in the middle. Another phonetic change with parallels in ancient Greek is that modern Greek seemingly cannot tolerate either two aspirated consonants or two non-aspirated ones (*φθ*, *χθ*, *πτ*, *κτ*) in succession, but prefers the aspirate first: so *φθ* as well as *πτ* become *φτ*, and *χθ*, *κτ* become *χτ*. Similarly, we have in ancient Greek *τρέφω* and *ἔθρεψα*.

The changes in the vowels are striking; they took a long time, probably six or eight centuries. Long and short vowels merged gradually into each other. Diphthongs became single sounds and accents grew into a dynamic stress, though they must already have had a considerable dynamic quality. The rules of ancient prosody became meaningless and incomprehensible, and early in the Byzantine era ecclesiastical hymns followed the rhythm of the stress. That accents meant something vital is proved by their persistence in their original place in modern Greek; the arbitrariness of classical scholars concerning accents is therefore again unwarranted; moreover, it constitutes a major obstacle to their learning modern Greek. Were it not for the intrusive and all-pervading *i* sound (French "fini"), which has absorbed into itself no less than six vowels and diphthongs, the proposal that modern Greek pronunciation be generally adopted for ancient Greek might have some reasonable chance.

People speak of this phenomenon, called *iotacism*, with deprecating shakes of the head, deploring the degeneration of Greek vowels. Actually it occurs quite frequently. It has its counterpart in the Latin change of *a* into *i* in the compounds (*facio*—*beneficium*), and other changes. Whoever listens carefully to the Allies talking in English will stop wondering how *βῆμα* became *Vima*, since "cheek" with foreigners is more often "chick" than not.

Owing to these changes, the sound of modern Greek grew into something unique and entirely unlike any of the other languages. New diphthongs have developed, *aī* as in *ἀηδόνι*, new half-consonants, like *γ*, and sounds like *γιά* (*ya*). The feeling against hiatus is very strong

in both folksong and learned poetry, and the synzesis forms new diphthongs all the time; the final *ν*, banned from accusatives and neuters, crops up for euphonic reasons, often in the very same places where it originally belonged. It is almost impossible for a Greek to realize the total phonetic effect of his own language. I have asked many foreigners about it; they all stressed its dissimilarity to anything they knew; they all said it sounded both virile and soft, not at all monotonous, and not lazy. One has to move one's speaking apparatus pretty fast and change its position frequently from one extreme position to another; that may partly account for the well-shaped Greek chin. I was rarely more gratified than by a chance remark of a telephonist. It was in a polyglot London school, and I was ringing up a Greek friend. "At last," she said, "one of the languages we teach that sounds nice."

Modern Greek grammar is still in the making. But the outlines are there. At first sight, it is much simpler than the old: the dative has been dropped, the vocative reduced in range, the optative mood has disappeared, along with the infinitive. The participle is a simple undeclinable word, used only with reference to the subject of the main clause. Conjunctions are few and prepositions still fewer as compared with ancient abundance, tense sequence retains little of the old strictness. On the other hand, the enforced use of subjunctive in place of the infinitive makes every statement absolutely clear and explicit; it allows us, moreover, to make a distinction analogous to that between present and past infinitive, which now equals that between continuous or repeated action and an action taken as a finished whole. The same distinction prevails between the two futures; the iterative future is an entirely new formation corresponding up to a point to the English, "I will be doing", but not co-extensive with it. The correct use of future and subjunctive is almost unattainable to foreigners, and implies a subtlety of mind, which one only realizes by attempting to explain it. We say, e.g. *θα μάθω να ράβω*, "I will learn to sew", using the future proper and the iterative subjunctive. Considering that learning is a protracted process—in the case of modern Greek very much so—it seems strange at first sight; but, however long, the process will be completed some time; and after its completion sewing will be repeated again and again.

The particles *θα* and *να*, which help form the future and the subjunctive respectively, have proved prolific in giving new moods to the verb. *θα* with imperfect and pluperfect forms the conditional, replacing the optative to a certain extent; with the aorist, the perfect, and occasionally the present, it means: "I must have done".

να, whose proper tenses are the present and aorist subjunctive, may be used with imperfect or pluperfect to express an unfulfilled wish, substituting for the optative absolute. In addition, the passive perfect participle, which is felt more or less as an adjective, combines with both *έχω* and *είμαι* to form perfects with meanings slightly different from the regular perfect, which is formed by *έχω* and a remnant of the old infinitive. So we have: *έπλυνα*, "I have washed", *έπλύθηκα*, "I have washed myself" or "I have been washed", *είμαι πλυμένος*, "I am washed", *τό έχω πλυμένο*, "I have it washed", as distinct from *τό έχω πλύνει*, "I have washed it." So the Greek verb radiates into many moods and tenses, and no complete study has yet been made of all of them.

Another distinctive feature of modern Greek is its retention of the passive verb as a monolectic form in all main tenses. By the elimination of the future and aorist middle the active and passive verbs have perfectly corresponding tenses. Here, again, the expression grows concise and considerably shorter than in the Western European languages, all of which form the passive as a compound.

By taking over the functions of the reflexive and adding that of reciprocity, the passive has enriched the language by many short forms, though this occasionally gives rise to ambiguity. E.g. *τὰ παιδιά ἀγαπιούνται* may mean the children are loved, are lovable, or they love each other. But compare the length of *δὲ βλέπομαστε* with "we do not see each other". An interesting development is that the negative passive present has often come to mean: "it cannot be done" *δὲν ὑποφέρεσαι*, you are insufferable, *δὲν τρώγεται*, it cannot or is not fit to be eaten, etc.

Both passive and active verbs are inflected throughout, i.e. tense, person and number are indicated by changes to the verb-stem, i.e. either by variations of the endings or the addition of a prefix, while moods are expressed by the particles *θὰ* and *νὰ*, mentioned above. In consequence personal pronouns are unnecessary as subjects in the first and second persons. We can therefore say that the verb retains much of its old variety of form conjugation, even though a number of endings have been altered.

A most interesting case of an old phonetic rule, operating anew, has given use to a heated controversy, in which the purists unwittingly ranged themselves against venerable tradition: *π*, *β* or *φ* at the end of the stem used to combine with the ending of the future—*σω*, into *ψω*. Now the verbs in *-εύω*, e.g. *βασιλεύω*, are pronounced *-εβο*. The purists themselves could not possibly utter them otherwise. The future therefore must be *θὰ βασιλέψω*, "vassilepso"; and so it is. But the purists persist in the impossible combination *-εύσω*, efso, that no ancient Greek ear would tolerate.

Another extremely interesting case is presented by the so-called contracted verbs. It is a long story, into which I cannot enter here. Suffice it to say that their uncontracted forms were completely out of use by the fifth century B.C. and that the Koiné knows nothing about them. Had they survived in dialect, and, if so, how did they come into general use again? Or did a very old memory of Ionian or Dorian difference stir and come to the surface and reimpose a form which it finds more expressive and so to say fuller to the mouth? Nobody, I believe, has yet given a definite answer. The fact is that the *άω* verbs, and those assimilated to them, form again a first and third person singular, in both contracted and uncontracted form: *ἀγαπάω* and *ἀγαπῶ*, *περπατάει* and *περπατεῖ* or *περπατᾷ*. In no other person is an uncontracted form ever used, nor do modern *-εω* verbs ever produce one. The purists, of course, consider these forms vulgar, while falling in ecstasies over Homer's, e.g. *ἔην*.

But not only that. There is a class of seven or eight verbs, which had a stem ending either in a vowel or in the half consonant *γ*, which was dropped and left the vowel exposed. Hiatus, as I said, is distasteful to Greek. These verbs contracted with the exception of the first and third

person singular. They fall into four subdivisions, *-άω*, *-έω*, *-ώω* and *οώω*. So here are the old conjugations back with a vengeance.

This short digression into the morphology of the modern Greek verb is, I trust, sufficient to show the fascinating problems facing the grammarian at every step. Changes there have been, less numerous and profound than might have been anticipated, but continuous through twenty-five centuries. But the more one studies them, the greater analogies one discovers between the *kind* of change, the spirit of the recent changes, and those which occurred in the Greek language between 900–300 B.C. Simplification by discarding redundant forms on the one hand, systematization and elaboration in depth, a movement towards phonetic homogeneity on the other. Their meaning and way of development cannot easily be appreciated without a corresponding knowledge of ancient Greek.

Purist influence, which in addition to its absolute sway in Byzantine times and in the period of subjection, had a firm grip for over eighty years on education, press and official life, worked unremittingly against both the phonetic and the grammatical consistency of modern Greek. It kept alive the impossible combinations *πτ*, *νδ*, *φσ*, etc., and the deceased forms of nouns and verbs. It translated literally the heavy junk of journalese and official jargon of the Western European languages, such as “took place”, “there is no doubt that”, “not the least of”, so that it provides a facility of translation which may deceive the uninformed. It rendered, however, one important service, which might have been dispensed with if men of great learning and imagination in the opposite camp had set themselves the task to create by adaptation or translation the modern technical and abstract terms pertaining to the machinery of a modern society and state. But the purists did it, with a great measure of success. Moreover, they established lines of thought along which new compounds can be formed all the time, and an eminent Greek linguist calculated that they thereby enriched the language by something like 60,000 words. Even half that number would have been a notable achievement. Those who regret the lost opportunity of forming living compounds based on the concrete stems used in everyday life—and some of these stems go back even further than those used by the purists—are crying over spilt milk. The work has been done, there are hardly any alternatives, and we have now to use the words and rub their rough edges off.

At first sight, Greek is handicapped as to vocabulary: it has only its own past to draw from, while the whole wealth of Latin and Greek is open to English. Yet Greek is so rich that we do not know it all; Byzantine or Alexandrian words shine like gems in the verses of our poets, and Sikelianos can write “τ’ ἀμιλλητήριο τάχος” without a shade of antiquarianism attaching to him. No difficulty arising out of the single source of vocabulary is felt when there is a question of expressing the finest shades of thought or feeling; and the ability for creating compounds whose meaning is obvious is very strong. Productive endings, such as the ancient *-εύω*, *-ίζω*, *-μένος*, *-ικός*, the new *-άρω*, *-ένιος*, *-άτος*, are at work in the language all the time. The ingenuity of popular imagination is rarely matched by the wildest flights of fancy. Cp. *καμαρόφρυδη*, *περδικόστηθη*, *χαμηλοβλεπούσα*, etc.

Modern Greek syntax is also very flexible, owing to the inflected

character of the language. The old grammarian tells us that Plato wrote the simple sentence by which the *Politeia* begins: "I went down to Piraeus yesterday" in half a dozen ways; so could any sentence in modern Greek be turned about. The first writers in demotic, delighted at their newly won freedom from the purist shackles, indulged perhaps a little excessively in such abstract acrobatics, though poetry has always been simple to the point of nakedness; a little directness, sobriety and plain speech in prose would perhaps be indicated, if only to define and bring out the different shades of meaning which the modified sequence could convey. And in some of the underground newspapers which reached us since the occupation, this tendency is to be detected, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the utmost tension of elation and despair in which their articles were composed.

In addition to its intrinsic merits and to the beauty of its nascent literature, modern Greek should be studied by classical scholars for another reason. The similarity of mental outlook it reflects is the *only* living link with ancient Greek attitude of mind and culture and could provide a more direct approach to it than many a hair-splitting and trivial distinction, expounded at length in the most ponderous and most alien medium imaginable—in scholarly German; in a word, modern Greek approximates the categories of thought which formed the framework of ancient Greek mentality. How much easier, e.g. would the controversy of last century have been solved, as to whether the chorus of the Greek tragedy was singing or reciting, if philologists knew that the modern Greek word *τραγούδι* means a song! While a young student I puzzled my head a good deal over this question; if they were singing, I thought, it was a pity that all those beautiful words and thoughts should not be heard distinctly; for I was thinking of operatic song in the Western manner; and Wagner had managed to persuade the world that his nerve-rasping musical dramas were reviving the ideas of Greek tragedy. It took me a long time to realize that only the parallel with Byzantine plainsong or Greek folksongs, almost invariably danced, could give an approximate picture of the behaviour of the chorus. Many more philological problems would be eliminated by the knowledge of modern Greek.

A last quality of modern Greek I want to mention here is its concreteness. A French scholar said that the civilized languages of today are cemeteries of metaphors. All abstract words start with a parallel between the processes of mind and a concrete action or object; and more often than not, when the abstract word is established, its concrete basis is out of use and has been replaced by something else. Greek, having had a longer history than most languages, ought to be a larger cemetery. Actually it is the reverse; for almost all roots, being constantly used, have retained their original meaning and hence their contact with the concrete things of everyday life. In addition, a development has taken place, for which I know no parallel: I mean the development by which an abstract word loses its immaterial quality and comes to indicate a concrete object or action. I shall give only two amusing examples: *φίλω* in ancient Greek means "I love". The meaning is still very much alive in *φίλος*, "friend", and in compounds, such as *φιλοδοξία*, "ambition", *φιλοτιμία*, "amour-propre", etc. But the verb itself, and its modern derivative,

φιλί, has come to mean "kiss", the much more concrete manifestation of the feeling concerned. μετάνοια in ancient Greek is "change of mind", in Christian Byzantine "repentance". The verb μετανοῶ or μετανιώνω still means both, "I change my mind" or "I repent"; the noun, while retaining the second meaning, may mean "obeisance", i.e. the concrete action of falling on one's knees and inclining the forehead to the ground, by which contrition is most often expressed. Such changes are legion. Sometimes, too, the original form is kept or reintroduced to indicate a specific or technical variety of the process or object, while the more current meaning is expressed by a grammatically simplified form or a diminutive. τραπέζι, e.g. means now "table", but the original τράπεζα means "bank". In this way differentiation takes place all the time, and the subtle mind of the Greeks makes the most of their single linguistic source, in its various stages, Homeric, classical, Koiné, Byzantine, demotic, in short, Greek.



LAMENT FOR DAMON

A translation of the *Epitaphium Damonis* of John Milton

by

HELEN WADDELL

It is the first movement of grief to cover the face of the dead, and then to cover its own. The countrywoman's apron flung over her head, the Greek pastoral of lament, serve the same instinct: the privacy of grief.

Dr. Johnson, in his commination of *Lycidas*, described the pastoral form as "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted. . . .

We drove a-field, and both together heard

What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn.

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten. . . . Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief." The truth is, rather, that "fiction", convention, makes room for grief. The traditional language, the ancient images, become a kind of liturgy that releases emotion even while it controls it. Behind the unchanging mask of immemorial sorrow a man may speak without embarrassment, as in a cathedral there is twilight to obscure distinction, and room to mourn. When Shakespeare cried on Marlowe, "Dead Shepherd", he evoked the crowding timeless shades of genius untimely dead.

Astrophel, *Lycidas*, *Adonais*, *Thyrsis*, these are the familiar symbols of the debt of English literature to Greece: but the *Epitaphium Damonis* is little spoken of. Here, Milton has hidden the most intimate grief of his life, not only behind the mask of pastoral, but in the Latin tongue: and in its first printing it was anonymous and undated. It seems, from internal evidence, to have been written in the late autumn or winter of 1639, several months after Milton's return from Italy. Charles Diodati had been in his grave for over a year. He died in London—it is presumed

of the plague—in August of 1638: Milton, in Italy, knew nothing of it, was to write him a fragment of a gay Italian *canzone* when he was already a great while dead.

The two had been chief friends since they were small boys at St. Paul's, and then undergraduates, John at Cambridge, Charles reading medicine at Oxford. Charles was Damon to Milton's Pythias, *L'Allegro* to his *Il Penseroso*. He was of Italian stock, and it is evident that the Italian journey was haunted by that enchanting ghost. On the threshold of the projected journey to Sicily and Greece, Milton was halted by the news of civil war in England; he came back to that "sea of noises and hoars disputes" which was to engulf the next twenty years of his life—"let any gentle apprehension imagine what pleasure can be in this"—and to Diodati's grave.

*Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, aeternum linquens in saecula damnum.*

The entry in the parish register of St. Anne's, Blackfriars—"Mr. Charles Deodate from Mr. Dollam's"—is not only the ill-spelt record of the funeral of a young doctor from his lodging: it is the burial of Milton's youth.

LAMENT FOR DAMON

O nymphs that haunt the old Sicilian stream,
Himera's stream, you that do still remember
Daphnis and Hylas and the death of Bion
Lamented these long years,
Sing dirge beside these English river towns,
Sing by the Thames, as once in Sicily,
The low lament, the ceaseless bitter weeping
Breaking the quiet of the caves,
River and forest ride and fleeting water,
Where Thyrsis went, bewailing his lost Damon,
Walking at dead of night in the silent places,
Uncomforted, alone.

It is the second year.
Twice has the green corn come to ear,
And twice the barns are filled with golden grain,
Since the ending day that took him to the shadows,
And I not there. I was in Tuscany
Making my verses.
But now, my mind assuaged and the old task calling,
Now that I am come home,
Sitting again beneath the familiar elm,
Now, now, I know him gone,
And know how vast my grief.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

O grief! what gods are there in heaven or earth
 That I can cry to, since they've taken thee
 In unrelenting death? O Damon, so to leave us,
 And all thy valour pass, and no man name thee
 In that dim fellowship of shades? Ah no!
 Sure He whose golden bough divides men's souls
 Shall lead thee to thy chosen company
 And keep at bay the sluggish silent herd.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

What e'er befall—unless the wolf first spy me—
 Thou shalt not moulder in an unwept grave.
 Thy honour shall abide, and have long life
 Among the shepherds: thou wilt be remembered
 When they remember Daphnis, after Daphnis
 They'll fall to praising you, whilst the kind gods
 Of field and fold still haunt the countryside:
 If it be aught to have kept the ancient faith,
 And loved the arts, and had a poet friend.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

These things are yours, O Damon, they are yours,
 And yours for ever:
 But Damon, Damon, what's to become of me?
 Who'll walk with me forever by my side,
 As you did, through the frost and through the mire,
 In the fierce sun, the thirsting dying grass?
 Or face the lion but a spear's cast off,
 Or scare the hungry wolves from the high fold—
 Or talking, singing, lull the day to sleep?

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

To whom can I speak my heart? To whom shall I go
 To learn to master the dark thoughts that tear me,
 And cheat the night with talking, while the pears
 Are hissing on the fire and all the hearth
 Crackling with chestnuts, and the wind from the South
 Is wrecking all without, and overhead
 The elm tree cries and groans?

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

Summer and noon, Pan sleeping under the oak,
 The nymphs all fled to their cool haunt under the waters,
 The shepherds gone to the shade and the swineherd snoring—
 But who will bring me back that smiling enchantment,
 The Greek salt of your wit, and all your ways?

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

Alone through the plough lands I go, alone through the pasture,
 Down where the branching trees grow thick in the valley,
 There do I wait the night: above my head
 Sadly the west wind sighs and the falling rain,
 And sighs the shivering twilight of the trees.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

The fields that once I ploughed are tangled with weeds,
 Couch grass and bindweed; and the standing corn
 Bows and rots where it grew: the virgin grape
 Is shrivelling where it hangs on the unkempt vine.
 I am sick of my sheep and the pitiful creatures bleat,
 Crowding reproachful faces around their master.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

One lad shouts from the hazel, and one from the rowans,
 One is among the willows, and one by the river—
 "Here is a spring well, and grass that is silky with moss
 And a warm west wind and water lapping the branches—"
 They cry to a deaf man. There's sanctuary in the forest.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

O God, if one were a bullock!
 All of them moving together roaming the field,
 And steer of the herd as good a friend as another.
 The jackals crowd at their feasting, and the wild ass
 Will rub his shaggy head against his neighbour
 Indifferent of choice.
 This too is the law of the sea: out on the desolate sands
 Proteus calls, and the seals come to him in armies.
 Aye, even the lowly sparrow
 Has never far to seek for company;
 Cheerfully pecking his grain, flickering here and there,
 Homing again at dusk to familiar eaves.
 Yet should Fate strike down his comrade,
 Spitted on beak of hawk or limed in a ditch,
 Straight is he off again, the sociable creature,
 To find another mate.
 But what of men?
 Men, the hard stock, schooled by grim destiny,
 Alien, aloof in soul,
 Discordant in their hearts?
 Hardly in thousands may a man find one
 That is his fellow.
 And if at last Fate hath not proved unkind,
 Hath given the heart's desire,
 Comes stealthily the day you had not looked for,
 The hour undreaded,

And snatches him, and leaves loss infinite
For ever and for ever.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

O grief! what craze for wandering captured me,
Drew me to unknown shores,
Climbing the sky-flung rocks, the Alps in snow?
Was it so great a thing to look on Rome
Low in her grave—
Even had she been as when the Virgilian shepherd
Left his own flocks and fields to gaze on her—
When for her I must lack thy company,
And set between us deep estranging seas,
Mountains and woods and rocks and sounding rivers?
O had it but been given me at the last
To touch thy hand in the still hour of dying,
And close those eyes beneath the carven brows,
And say, "Farewell; go forth on thy high journey:
And still remember me."

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

God knows I do not grudge the memory
Of you, the men I found in Tuscany,
Poets and shepherds: Grace and Wit were there—
And Damon, Damon was himself a Tuscan,
His father's house from Lucca of the Kings,
Etruscan kings and priests.
How high my heart was, stretched beside the Arno
Cool-fleeting past me, or in shadow of the poplars,
Where the grass is deeper and violets to gather,
Myrtle to reach high for, listening to my poets
Arguing and versing: and sometimes greatly daring
I too made verses that did not much displease.
Dati, Francini, I still have the gifts you gave me,
Fruit baskets, wine bowls, wax for my shepherd's flute:
Still I remember the song you made about us,
Singing under the beeches: lyric poets and learned,
Both of you famous, both of Etruscan blood.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

How I would dream there, at moonrise and dewfall,
Solitary, closing in the little tender goats.
How often said—and the earth dark above thee!—
Damon will be singing now, or out to trap a hare,
Weaving his osiers for all his little contraptions!
And so lighthearted, so sure was I of tomorrow,
I held it in my hand, the time to come.
Here! are you busy? If there is nothing you must do,
Shall we go and lie in the glancing quivering shade

Down by the Colne, or the fields above St. Albans.
 And you can recite to me all your herbs and simples
 Hellebore and iris and the saffron-crocus,
 And the herbs in the marshland and all the arts of healing.
 —O perish all the herbs and all the arts of healing,
 Perish all the simples that could not save their master—
 And I, more than a se'nnight gone—so grand, so grave a note
 Rang from my pipe—I scarce had put my lips to it,
 The reeds were new—and yet they leapt asunder,
 Broke at the join, and that deep resonance
 Could bear no more.
 I fear I am too bold: yet let me speak.
 Speak to the silent woods.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

I shall sing of the Trojan prow
 Cleaving the seas beneath the cliffs of Kent,
 And the old kingdom that was Imogen's,
 And Arvirach, was son to Cymbeline,
 And Bren and Belin, ancient British captains,
 And the Breton coast brought under Britain's law,
 And Igraine great with child that shall be Arthur,
 And the false face of Uther that begat him,
 Masking her husband's likeness and his armour,
 Through Merlin's guile.—O, if I live, yet live,
 Thou shalt hang, my shepherd's pipe, on some ancient pine,
 Remote, all but forgotten:
 Unless thou change thy note
 From the classic cadence to the harsher speech
 Of the English tongue.
 And then? What then?
 It is not given to one man to have all things,
 Or even to hope for all things.
 Enough, enough for me, and grand the honour
 —Although I be unknown in time to come.
 Yea, be inglorious in the outer world—
 If my own folk will chant me in the meadows
 Beside the cowslip Ouse and the springs of Allen
 And the swirling tides of the Severn, and wooded Trent,
 And Thames—above all, my Thames—and Tamar tawny
 with ore
 And the far Orkneys in the furthest seas.

Away, my lambs, unfed: your shepherd heeds you not.

These songs I was keeping for thee, in the bark of the laurel:
 These, and how many more!—and the goblets I was given
 By Manso, glory of the Campanian shore,
 Two chalices of marvellous workmanship
 —Yet the old man no less marvellous than they—
 Carved and inlaid with twofold argument:

Here the Red Sea, the long Arabian coast,
And incense-breathing spring and the woods of spice,
And in the midst the Phoenix, the divine,
Sole in the earth, blazing with azure wings
Diversely bright, and gazing at the dawn
Breaking above the green crystalline sea.
Obverse, the vast over-arching of the sky,
Height of Olympus,
And Love, aye, Love himself, against the clouds,
The dazzling bow, the torch, the arrows of fire.
No puny soul, no sordid breast his target.
Those burning eyes go seeking through the worlds
For the high heart, the proud undaunted spirit.
These, not the sprawling, are his arrows' mark,
The noblest minds, beauty as of the gods,
He kinds, and they burn.

And thou art with them, Damon, thou art there.
This is no cheating hope.
Thou too art there: where else should be
That holy sweet simplicity,
That radiant valiancy?
We did thee wrong to seek thee in the mirk
Of Lethe's waters.
No tears, no tears for thee, and no more wailing.
I'll weep no more. He hath his dwelling place
In that pure heaven.
He hath the power of the air, himself as pure.
His foot hath spurned the rainbow.
Among the souls of the heroes, the gods everlasting,
He drinks deep draughts of joy.

Thou hast the freedom of Heaven: be with me now.
Canst hear me, Damon, come unto thy peace?
Art thou our Damon still,
Or do they call thee by thine other name,
Diodati, given of God, the name they knew in heaven—
But Damon to the woods?
Thine was untarnished youth, the flush of honour
Untouched by wantonness: and now to thee
The glories kept for virgin souls are given.
Upon thy radiant head a glittering crown,
And in thy hand the joyous green of the palm,
Thou goest deathless to the immortal feast,
Where the sound of the lyre and the voice of singing
Kindle and quicken the dancing feet,
Where the Bridegroom's feast is toward,
And the mystic wine is poured,
The madness and the ecstasy of heaven.



SOCRATES TO CHRISTIAN YOUTH (1944)

by

E. M. FISON

From youth to manhood
 On we pass,
 Born into life to grow
 And not to fear,
 To be no slaves of sense,
 But free to set our
 Deeply-buried selves
 To work with energy and heart
 Before the darkness of the night
 Comes on—
 Prelude to glorious dawn.

Gone is the peace of childhood,
 With its tearful smiles
 And joyous games
 Life, with its sterner manhood
 And its fearless strength,
 Outstripping all the fancies
 Of the heedless child.

Fear not!
 The world, in which we live and move
 With Time whose busy touch
 Is given us to attain through pain,
 Cries out against delay.
 Wait not!
 Live by the light that's given thee.
 The wheels of life stand never still.
 Dare now
 While quick-eyed, young,
 Not travel-stained and old,
 With shivering heart that once was bold.

True—yet though thy words are wise,
 They bring no lasting rest
 To something in my breast
 That beats so often
 In a blind uncertainty.
 My "deeply-buried self" may err,
 Although I love no darkness
 And allow no fear,
 Have no despondency or gloom.

My heart bounds a daring deed to do,
A choice to make—and glows
To capture as its right
Some sparkling spring of joy's delight.

Yet without certainty
There is no inward peace.
All is vain turmoil
And a thousand discords ring.
I need a steersman at the helm,
Faith in a Hand Divine.

O sea of cloud and dark uncertainty,
I peering, gaze—
And searching try to see
On which way lies the cross,
Distant or near . . .
God's bidding I must do,
For honest hearts may err,
Who wish me well,
And my best friend my enemy perhaps,
My enemy my friend.



FOLK-DANCES AND MUSIC OF GREECE

by

LADY CROSFIELD

MY only qualification for writing an article on Greek Folk-Songs and Dances is that shortly after the outbreak of war I organized a small Greek Choral and Dance Society whose members, with the kind co-operation of Miss Pallis, have learnt many of these Folk-Dances and have been instrumental in giving the British public some idea of our Greek customs and traditions.

To the Greek, poetry and music are necessities, rather than luxuries of life, and throughout their long history, from the time of Homer, they have recorded the joys, sorrows, historic and heroic deeds of their lives in song, in dancing and in poetry. In classical days amongst the exercises which developed body and mind, dancing had a prominent place. It is said that Socrates learned music when advanced in years, and we all know that Plato extolled both dancing and music.

The word CHOROS in Greek conveys both the meaning of a chorus and of a dance, and these dancing-songs are generally the accompaniment to a more or less complicated set of steps and mimic evolutions. This dancing usually takes place on holidays and Feast Days; every province and every island has its own local dance and even the smallest village has its dancing-place—Chorostasia. There are many varieties of dances;

among the better known are the Syrtos, Zalongos, Tsamikos, Kalamatianos and Hassapikos (The Butchers' Dance). The dancers generally sing in chorus, accompanied by the lyre (an essentially Greek instrument which has come down to us from classical times), guitars, mandolins, clarinets and drums. The Syrtos, in which men and women join hands, can almost be termed a national dance. The leading dancer waves a handkerchief aloft and from time to time detaches himself from the group and performs intricate swirls and jumps; when he is exhausted, he throws the handkerchief to another dancer who takes the lead in his turn. The picturesqueness of this dance is greatly enhanced by the beauty of the costumes worn by both men and women; the latter generally weave their own materials and embroider these in designs inspired by those of ancient times, and coloured with beautiful vegetable dyes which for centuries retain their vivid hues. Those who had an opportunity recently of visiting the Exhibitions of Greek Art in London, Edinburgh and Cambridge will have seen some of these embroideries of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Before and during the Greek War of Independence the historic deeds of the Klephts or of the Armatoli were sung by the bards. In spite of their conquest and of their long occupation of Greece, the Turks did not wholly succeed in subjecting the Greek population. The young Greeks preferred to take refuge in the mountains, where they lived in freedom, waging incessant guerilla warfare against their foes, similar to that which they have been waging in the last few years; for they, too, cut the enemy's communications, preyed on his camps and carried off prisoners and booty; they also protected the villages against assault by Turkish bands and marauders. There are an immense number of historical ballads describing the deeds of these men. Their dances are of a more martial character: the men dance these alone, accompanied by sabres brandished naked overhead. This singing and dancing took place in the open air, in bright sunshine and under clear blue skies, in the shade of old trees, or near murmuring waters. I cannot help feeling that these songs and dances have played their part in saving the Greek nation from extinction. The Greek, in whom there is a very strong strain both of pessimism and of optimism, is prepared to anticipate and to accept the tragedies which have befallen him, or are to befall him; but his capacity for reaction is very great, as has been proved on every occasion; the Greek people have, time and again, stood up against the vagaries of Fate and yet have never been entirely subjected.

One other point I would like to make, and that is to draw to your notice the intimate relation between literature, music and dancing in Greece, for in other European countries people have lost this sense and have endeavoured to recover it. Petrides says: "We can point to Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* as an attempt to introduce into pure symphony the first elements of drama, and Liszt and Wagner also take this line, but none associated dancing with singing." It is, therefore, striking that in our Greek folksongs this valuable sense should have survived.

Of recent years music in Greece has made considerable progress and we have several eminent modern composers. The names of Petrides Kalomiris, Riades, Varvoglis and Lavrangas are known not only in Greece, but on

the Continent; they have given us delightful songs as well as symphonic and instrumental music. We also have in Mitropoulos one of the finest conductors in the world today, who for the last few years has been conducting concerts in America. Petrides' songs have been broadcast on several occasions and are exquisitely sung by Miss Astra Desmond. There also exists an excellent compilation of Greek songs by Bourgault du Coudray, who collected these travelling extensively in Greece, in the islands and in Asia Minor. They are all by unknown composers, as is general with so many of the Greek songs, and they bear the characteristics of the various provinces of Greece and Asia Minor, from which they have sprung. Here, for instance, are the words of one of these poems:

GO TO SLEEP, MY DAUGHTER,
AND I WILL GIVE YOU
ALEXANDRIA IN SUGAR,
MISSIRI (old name for Cairo) IN RICE
AND CONSTANTINOPLE
FOR YOU TO GOVERN THREE YEARS.

Ravel, in his incomparable style, has also composed several delightful songs inspired by Greek originals.

It is a strange fact that the Greek, who in many ways is such a complex creature, intensely enjoys the simple pleasures of life. In his leisure hours he is content to sit in the sunshine listening to and joining in songs and music, in company with his friends. Let us hope that it will be possible for him to continue his innocent pastimes in unbroken peace and in freedom for countless centuries to come.



SOME ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN GREECE,

1600-1821

by

ARTHUR M. WOODWARD

TRAVELLERS of the present generation have been provided with such facilities for visiting Greek lands that their journeys almost entirely lack the additional inducement of the prospect of adventure; and the very essence of adventure is the unexpected. And yet, to most of them, if they have eyes to see, there comes a feeling of astonishment that reality can so far surpass expectation, whether it be in the beauty of the natural setting, to which land, sea and sky alike contribute, or in the abiding interest of the works of man. If this is true today, how much more vivid must have been the impressions gained by those pioneers of travel in the Near East, who by their discoveries and their writings brought back to Western Europe an ever-increasing knowledge of the lands and monuments of Ancient Greece.

To tell their story at full length would be the task of years, calling for expert knowledge in many fields, but it seems appropriate to the present



FIG. 13. OLYMPIA: THE SITE, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST (ca. 1800)



FIG. 14. THE PLAIN OF MARATHON, LOOKING NORTH-EAST

occasion to bring together into a brief survey a few of the prominent figures among the Englishmen who played an active part in bringing this knowledge of Greece to their fellow-countrymen. If we follow their activities through the three centuries from 1600-1900, we find that they fall into three periods, each clearly defined, and exhibiting a distinctive character. The first, ending in 1750, is a period of independent effort; the second, ending in 1821, sees the beginning of organized research, sometimes subsidized by enlightened bodies, and leading to fruitful co-operation, which is occasionally international, but was abruptly closed by the outbreak of the War of Independence; and the third period, following the final establishment of the Hellenic kingdom in 1833, is marked by a great increase in exploration and research, in which the Government and the newly-founded Archaeological Society of Athens display a steadily increasing interest and enthusiasm, and the way is hospitably opened for the establishment of foreign Schools of Archaeology in Athens. Thus, the French School was founded in 1846, the German Institute in 1874, the American School of Classical Studies in 1882, and the British School of Archaeology in 1886.

It is to the first of these periods that we may most profitably devote our attention, even if the knowledge acquired by the end of it seems to have reached only a modest standard. Nevertheless it embraces a considerable number of British travellers who visited some parts of Greece, usually in the course of an extensive Eastern tour, and published accounts of their adventures and impressions, and so reveal their own characters as well as their interests. Some of their works ran to several editions, and a few were even translated into French, or German, or Dutch, but we must admit that they may have owed much of their popularity to their accounts of Constantinople, and of the manners and customs of the Turks, or of Jerusalem, or of Egypt, rather than to those of Greek lands.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which is afforded by two travellers, each of whom reached Constantinople by sea, and, apparently without meeting each other, enjoyed the hospitality of the British Ambassador, Sir Thomas Glover, for several months during the years 1610-11. The former, George Sandys (1578-1644), fifth son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, travelled by sea from Venice by way of Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante, without touching the Greek mainland, to Chios and Smyrna, whence he completed his journey to Constantinople on a sponge-fisher's boat from Syme. The next stage of his wanderings took him to Rhodes, and thence to Egypt; next, after visiting Jerusalem and its surroundings, and then Cyprus and Crete, he was driven out of his course by a storm to put in at Malta, returning to Rome by way of Eastern Sicily, Calabria and Naples. His appreciation of the scenery and the fertility of the Greek islands which he visited is accompanied by a wealth of appropriate quotations from classical authors, mostly Latin, together with a few from Homer, in a Latin version. That Latin literature made more appeal to him than Greek need not surprise us, for his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into English verse was one of the outstanding achievements of English scholarship of the seventeenth century. His classical interests did not, however, bring him back to Mediterranean lands, since he crossed the Atlantic in 1621, and for most

of the rest of his life played an active part in the administration of the colony of Virginia.

His contemporary, William Lithgow, of Lanark (1582-1645, or later), was a traveller of a very different type; restless and of insatiable curiosity, hot-headed and in turns querulous and explosive, he preferred rather from perverseness than from poverty to travel alone, and where possible on foot. He visited Greece on the first of his three European journeys, spending a short time on the mainland, and seeing a great many of the Greek islands, including Crete, where he stayed for nearly two months. In the course of his third voyage he was arrested in Spain as a spy, and subjected to hideous tortures by the Inquisition, from which he was lucky to escape alive, being ultimately rescued by the intervention of the British Ambassador. As might be expected, this episode to some extent coloured his whole outlook, and figures prominently in the voluminous account of his travels, which was first printed in full in 1632 with a dedication to King Charles I, and entitled *The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrinations of long Nineteene Years Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia and Affrica*. A brief extract from his account of the first stage of his journey in the Morea may be quoted in illustration of his inimitable style: "After my arrivall in Peterasso [i.e. Patras], the Metropolitan of Peloponesus, I left the turmoyling dangers of the intricated Iles, of the Ionean and Adriaticall seas, and advised to travell in the firme land of Greece, with a Caravan of Greekes that was bound for Athens. . . . In this Desart way, I beheld many singular Monuments, and ruinous Castles, whose names I knew not, because I had an ignorant guide: But this I remember, amongst these rockes my belly was pinched, and wearied was my body, with the climbing of fastidious mountaines, which bred no small griefe to my breast. Yet notwithstanding of my distresse, the remembrance of these sweet seasoned Songs of Arcadian Sheepherds which pregnant Poets have so well penned, did recreate my fatigated corps with many sugred suppositions." Of Athens, where he stayed only four days before sailing for Crete, he tells us merely of the small size of the town (less than two hundred houses), of the "Castle which was formerly the Temple of Minerva", and of the hospitality and friendly curiosity of his Athenian hosts.

In the course of the next sixty years we cannot trace many English travellers in Greek lands, but we can now recognize a fresh motive for their visits, namely the search for ancient marbles to enrich the palaces of Royalty and the mansions of the nobility, a practice pursued with far greater activity, and success, in Rome in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. First of this class of collecting agents was William Petty, who was sent out by the Earl of Arundel, and strove unwearingly to satisfy his exacting demands, at first under the protection of, and actively aided by, Sir Thomas Roe, our Ambassador at Constantinople. From the latter's correspondence we can follow Petty's visits to Smyrna in 1624 and to Greece, including visits to Athens and the Peloponnese, two years later; and we can also realize the embarrassment caused to the Ambassador by the no less urgent demands of the same sort made by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which constrained him to rely on a number of local agents, less qualified for their task than Petty was. But fate

willed that the Duke should die at the assassin's hands before his marbles could reach England, in 1629, whilst the Arundel marbles, after vicissitudes which we need not describe, mostly found a final resting-place at Oxford. The Navy, as well as the Diplomatic Service, was sometimes used for the same purpose, for we find that Admiral Sir Kenelm Digby, whilst in Greek waters, obtained certain marbles for King Charles I, in 1628, including an inscribed base from Delos; and fifty years later another Ambassador to the Porte, the 3rd Earl of Winchilsea, purchased a few statues for himself in Athens.

In marked contrast to these collectors was the aim of two famous travellers who reached Greece in 1675, namely George Wheler and Dr. Jacques Spon, of Lyons, who explored the country methodically, though not very extensively, and each produced an account of what they saw. Wheler's book, *A Journey into Greece* (Folio, 1682), admittedly owes much to, but is at times independent of, Spon's work, which had appeared four years earlier. Their itinerary may be summarized thus: Zante, Delos, Constantinople, Brousa, Thyatira, Ephesus, Delphi, Corinth, Athens and Attica, and both were clearly keen observers, with a fair background of classical learning. They give us for the first time a conscientious attempt to describe the topography and monuments of Athens, which, though far from complete and often sadly incorrect, was not superseded for nearly a century, and was followed uncritically by more than one of the writers on Athenian monuments in that interval. Wheler, who was knighted in 1682 and made a Canon of Durham two years later, died in 1723, having attained a well-earned reputation as numismatist and botanist; and it would be regrettable if the part he played in the revealing of Greece to his fellow-countrymen were allowed to be forgotten.

Following the Venetian siege of Athens in 1687, and their conquest of the Morea which they held until 1715, no English traveller has given us an account of a visit to Greece during the next fifty years, but the stream begins to flow steadily again before 1750. First in order in this new epoch comes John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718-92), whose account of his ambitious cruise round the Mediterranean in 1738-39 was not, however, published until 1799, seven years after his death. It is possible that the editor may have embellished the narrative by adding some of the classical quotations which aptly illustrate it, but it must not be forgotten that Sandwich himself was a promising scholar, who had spent two years at Cambridge after leaving Eton, and the care and intelligence with which he copied several Greek inscriptions at Athens, Eleusis, Megara and Delos deserve warm commendation. In his account of the Parthenon (which he calls "Parthenion"), no suggestion is made that the sculptures in the pediments, or "frontoons", as he calls them, are of the Roman imperial period, as had been unfortunately stated by Spon in his book, a blunder which persisted in some quarters into the early nineteenth century. Sandwich, who may not have known of that work, more wisely bases his brief account of them on Pausanias, to whom he also refers in his correct identification of the Erechtheum. It is only fitting to recall his classical and archaeological interests, for they serve to justify the title of *Marmor Sandvicense* given to a famous Attic inscription which he brought back and presented to his Alma Mater, Trinity College, Cambridge. His subsequent career of public service, culminating in his

tenure of the Office of First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord North's Government (1771-82), which brought down on him much severe criticism, some of it no doubt unjust, is also memorable for his active support of the great explorer, Captain James Cook, which led to the Sandwich Islands being named after him by their discoverer. Nor should we pass over in silence his services to mankind as the inventor of the sandwich. And we may well ask what other character in history has had his name perpetuated by three such different discoveries?

Almost immediately after him we find another energetic and versatile traveller in the Near East, Richard Pococke (1704-65), who visited Cyprus, Crete and the Greek mainland in 1740, on his way back from a prolonged tour lasting several years, including a lengthy stay in Egypt. (*A Description of the East and some other Countries*, 1743-45). We must not make the mistake of judging his gifts of observation and learning in the light of his misguided acceptance of Spon's view of the date of the Parthenon pediments, which helped to perpetuate that strange heresy, and we may, with certain reserves, endorse Gibbon's description of his narrative as "a work of superior learning and dignity". We may recall, in proof of his enterprise and curiosity, that he made two ascents of Vesuvius, and on his way back from his Eastern tour ventured, with his compatriot William Windham, to explore the still unvisited valley of Chamonix; by their historic expedition to the Mer de Glace they have earned immortal fame as the pioneers of British Alpinism. Resuming his career in the Church, Pococke became Bishop of Ossory in 1756, and of Meath only a few months before his death nine years later, though these duties did not prevent him from travelling extensively into the remoter parts of Scotland as well as Ireland, and collecting an invaluable body of information, which was never published until more than a century after his death.

A contemporary of these last two men, by no means lacking in classical tastes, was Charles Perry (1698-1780), whose chief interests were in medicine and natural history. His *View of the Levant* (1743) shows an observant and scholarly mind, and may still be read with pleasure. His later career is best known for his learned contributions to the science of medicine.

Turning now, more briefly, to the period from *ca.* 1750 onwards, we may recall that a fresh impulse towards acquiring a fuller and more exact acquaintance with Greece and its remains was afforded by the formation in London of the Society of Dilettanti, in 1733. Its original members, many of them belonging to noble families, had all travelled in Italy, and mostly had resided in Rome, where their interest in antiquities took the form of acquiring collections of sculpture, or smaller objects such as gems or coins. But a new line of action was initiated in 1751, when, under the auspices of the Society, James Stuart and Nicholas Revett started for Athens to commence an exhaustive survey of all its remaining classical monuments, a task to which they devoted two full and busy years. The first of the four superb folio volumes in which their work was published, entitled *The Antiquities of Athens*, appeared in 1762 (the fourth not till 1818), and represents a landmark alike in the study of Greek art and in the evolution of architectural style. Now, in fact, the serious study of the architectural antiquities of Greece was provided with a scientific founda-

tion, and the Classical Revival in the architecture of Western Europe sprang into life and vigour. In 1764 Revett was again in Greek lands, this time accompanied by William Pars as architect and draughtsman, and Richard Chandler, one of the most distinguished classical scholars of the day. Their task included the exploration and surveying of some of the great ruined cities in Western Asia Minor, and the publication of their results was not long delayed; for *Ionian Antiquities*, Vol. I, appeared in 1769, Chandler's *Inscriptiones Antiquae* in 1774, and his scholarly but most readable *Travels* in 1775-76, in which besides a detailed narrative of the journeys in Asia Minor he gave a careful survey of the topography of classical Athens.

It need not cause surprise that in the later years of the eighteenth century, and in the first two decades of the nineteenth, there was a steadily increasing number of Englishmen of means and education who made their way to Greece, and, as far as was permitted by the circumstances of the times, which included the difficulties of travel caused by the Napoleonic Wars, helped in the task of interpreting its past glories. Familiar though many of these men are, it would be unfair to them and misleading to the reader to pass over all their names in silence. Among the outstanding contributions made by them to learning are the writings of Colonel W. M. Leake, by far the most accomplished interpreter, in his time, of the topography of Ancient Greece; the researches of the gifted young architect Charles Cockerell, who assisted in the discovery of the sculptures of the temples of Aegina and Bassae, and of Sir William Gell, topographer and antiquary, whose extensive travels were in part sponsored by the Society of Dilettanti. Among the travellers whose works contained also coloured illustrations depicting the Greek landscape we may single out Edward Dodwell (1767-1832), whose Greek journeys were mostly made in 1805-6, during which he incidentally carried out some small excavations in Attica and at Corinth, and H. W. Williams, who visited the country in 1817, a gifted and scholarly artist, whose skill won for him the name of "Grecian Williams".¹

Besides these distinguished figures, and many others whom I must reluctantly pass over, it remains to allude to two men who were destined, in very different ways, to play a still more important part in the intercourse of England and Greece. In 1800 there appeared at Athens the skilled and trusted agents of Thomas Bruce, 7th Earl of Elgin (1766-1841), lately appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, whose activities in the next four years resulted, after many delays, anxieties and disappointments, in the Parthenon sculptures and many other marbles from the Acropolis being brought to London and ultimately acquired by the British Museum. It would not be fitting to discuss here the legal or moral aspects of the interpretation of the permits obtained by Lord Elgin from the Sultan, but as a matter of historical fact we must admit that his activities not only afforded a fresh impulse to British and foreign scholars to study Greek antiquities on the spot, but also that the resultant display of the marbles in London gave a fresh incentive and enthusiasm to artists and sculptors by bringing before them in accessible form, and for the first time, the sublimest creations of the Greek sculptors' art; and, moreover, that the

¹ Two of his drawings, Figs. 12 and 14, are reproduced on Plates facing pp. 112 and 113.

marbles themselves were thereby saved from the risk of further damage, or pilfering or dispersal, and possibly from more complete destruction by hostile act during the War of Independence.

The other name, with which my brief survey ends, is, of course, that of Lord Byron. Let us glance at his life in Athens, as depicted in a letter written in January 1811 to his friend Hodgson, after his return from Constantinople, when, it may be recalled, he was staying in the Capuchin Convent built round the Monument of Lysicrates, and not, as on his earlier visit, with Mme Macris. "I have a variety of acquaintance, French, Danes, German, Greek, Italian and Turkish, and have contracted an alliance with Dr. Bronstedt of Copenhagen, a pretty philosopher as you'd wish to see. Besides I am on good terms with some of my countrymen here, Messrs. Grahame and Haygarth, and I have in pay a Bavarian Baron named Lynch . . . who limns landscapes for the lucre of gain. Here also are Messrs. Fiott, Cockerell and Forster all of whom I know, and they are all vastly aimiable and accomplished. I am living in the Capuchin Convent, Hymettus before me, the Acropolis behind, the temple of Jove on my right, the Stadium in front, the town to the left, eh, Sir, there's a situation, there's your picturesque! nothing like that, Sir, in Lunnon, no not even the Mansion House." This was the visit during which, inspired by his visits to Marathon and Salamis, he "dreamed that Greece might yet be free"; but it was still only a dream, and we cannot pretend that he then foresaw the part he was to play twelve years later in making his dream into a reality. While the other characters in my brief story one and all helped to reveal the past and depict the present of Greece, Byron, while not deaf to such appeals, looked with prophetic inspiration to its future.

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A. M. W.



THE FIRST POET OF MODERN GREECE

by

PROFESSOR J. N. MAVROGORDATO

It is not possible to draw any clear dividing lines between Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern Greek literature except by reference to historical events, for the language itself has had a continuous development from the earliest times to the present day. Modern Greek literature therefore may be regarded as beginning with the foundation by the three Protecting Powers, England, France and Russia, of the Greek Kingdom—or rather with the outbreak of the War of Independence which led to it; and Solomos, who is actually the first poet in this period, has remained by general consent the greatest poet of Modern Greece.

Dionysios Solomos was born in the island of Zante in 1798, in that decayed and Hellenized Venetian aristocracy of which an admirable picture is given by Mr. Romilly Jenkins in his biography of the poet.¹ His family is said to have settled in Crete as early as the fourteenth century and to have migrated to the Ionian Islands when the Turks put an end to the Venetian occupation of Crete in 1669. For the refugees from Crete the Ionian Islands, Zante and Corfu, were a stage on the way to Venice, a stage which was within waving distance of the Greek mainland; while the Greek population with their superficial Venetian culture provided a familiar environment. The islands had passed from Venice to

¹Dionysius Solomos, by Romilly Jenkins. Cambridge, 1940. I am indebted to Mr. Jenkins for practically all the biographical information in this paper.

Napoleon in 1798, and after the fall of Napoleon came under the protection of England, so that for the greater part of his life the poet was a British subject. And if from Corfu and Zante the way led back to Crete, where in the seventeenth century Greek popular literature had made a good showing, from Crete it can be followed back to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Rome and Alexandria and Athens. The very existence of this continuous if sometimes thin stream of Greek popular literature is enough to refute the suggestion often made that Solomos had himself to create, out of an illiterate local dialect, the language in which his poems were written. He studied in Italy, his earliest works were written in Italian, and it was only on his return to Zante in 1818 that he began to write poems in Greek. But his hesitations were not due to the want of a common Greek vernacular, understood by all the Greeks in the world. They were caused by his doubts as to whether such a colloquial instrument, degraded by the common uses of everyday life, was not too "low" for the highest poetry. His difficulties were exactly analogous to the difficulties of Wordsworth, who twenty years earlier had determined to abandon the poetic diction of the eighteenth century and write in "the real language of men". Indeed there could be no better introduction to an understanding of the language question in Greece than a reading of Wordsworth's famous preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800): "My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as possible, to adopt the very language of men." So similar is the attitude of the two men to their poetic task that while Wordsworth, as an example of poetry in which "the words, and the order of the words, in no way differ from the most unimpassioned conversation", quotes a stanza from the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood*, Solomos (in his prose dialogue on the language question) refers to the Cretan ballad of *The Fair Shepherdess*. It is even more remarkable that Solomos, in one of his notes to the *Ode to Liberty*, in reply to critics who had censured his versification, says that the beauty of verse is not a mechanical trick but is an "overflowing of the soul"; which is extraordinarily like Wordsworth's well-known definition "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings".

The first poems of Solomos were written in Italian; his earliest poems in Greek were written soon after his return to Zante in 1818. Although the Greek Revolution did not break out till 1821 the whole of Europe, and especially Italy, was still fermenting with the nationalistic ideals of the French Revolution; when these reached Greece one of the natural centres for their diffusion was the district of Epirus, with its wealthy capital of Janina—the richness of Epirote gold embroideries and silverwork was noticeable at the recent Greek Exhibition in London—and this district was in constant communication with the adjacent islands of Corfu, Zante and Cefalonia. One of the first poems in which he tried, while retaining the simple language, to break away from the themes of folksong was an ingenuous little poem defending the innocence of a young girl who was driven by local slander, or perhaps by hopeless love for him, to poison herself. This is too embarrassing in sentiment to be translated here, but it established his local reputation as a Greek poet. More congenial to modern taste are the two that followed. The first is called *Xanthoula*—which exactly translated means *Blondie*—so that the translator has had to substitute a name with fewer discordant associations.

MARGARET

I saw Margaret
Late yesterday,
She went on the boat
Going far away.

A wind was blowing
The sail, as white
As a dove spreading
Its wings for flight.

Her friends stand
With a smile or a sigh,
And she with a handkerchief
Waves goodbye.

Her handkerchief waving
I stood there to see
Till the distance took it
Away from me.

Soon and very soon
No one could say
Was it a sail
Or the white spray.

Sail and handkerchief
Vanished in the deep,
And I was weeping when
Her friends began to weep.

Not for the boat,
Not for the white sail, only
I wept for Margaret
So far and so lonely.

No tears for the little boat
And its sail so white
Only for Margaret
With her hair so bright.

The next is called *Agñōristē*, The Unknown, and is equally simple in melody and sentiment:

Who can it be
Whiteclad descending,
Who is it wending
Down from the hill?

Now as the maiden
Slenderly passes,
Even the grasses
Flowering spill

Open for her
Their lovelinesses,
And all their tresses
Eagerly sway,

As if in love,
"Tread on us, only
Leave us not lonely"
Seeming to say.

Lovely her lips,
Red as the rose is
When it uncloses
On the rose tree,

When the day breaks
In the dawn breathin?
A dewy wreathing;
Lovely to see

Over her breast
Her flowing hair
Shines bright and fair;
More lovely still

The shining of
Her laughing eyes
That from the skies
Blueness distil.

Who is the maiden
Slenderly wending
In white descending
Down from the hill?

Neither of these graceful trifles is in itself a masterpiece. But they are written with much greater art than would at first sight appear; and even in a translation it can be dimly understood that the literary skill which passes from the sigh of *Margaret* to the breathlessness of *The Unknown* is something different from the instinctive expression of the folksong. They strike a new note in Greek poetry, and the simple melody has an almost Mozartian sweetness with which Greek poetry for the first time enters the modern European tradition, reminding us of some of the early verses of Edgar Allan Poe; of Father Mahony's

Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee;

of Sir Walter Scott's:

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow

—a melody capable of rising in dignity to Matthew Arnold's:

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

The charm of such lyrics probably lies partly in the fact that they represent the first breaking up by conscious literary art of the long fifteen-syllable lines of the popular song which seem always to come naturally to European lips. It is not of course possible to trace any direct transmission from the tetrameters of Archilochus and Aristophanes to Modern Greek and English ballad metres. No connection can be proved, and there is a big jump from the ancient quantitative to the modern accentual tetrameters, even if the jump was made easier by the transference of the ancient Greek metres to Rome, where accentual verse, as in the native Saturnian, was familiar. But the resemblance between ancient and modern catalectic tetrameters must represent a real affinity in all Europeans, ancient and modern, of rhythmic sensibility. The "fifteener" in its iambic form, in English ballads like *Barbara Allen*, and in the *Apprentice's Song*,

The rumbling rivers now do warm for little boys to paddle,
The sturdy steed now goes to grass and up they hang his
saddle,

is exactly the same as the "political" verse (iambic tetrameter catalectic) of the Greek ballad from the sixth century to the twentieth. The fifteener in its trochaic form begins with Archilochus in the seventh century B.C. and comes right down to the modern American:

"Daughter, daughter, he's in love and you're in love
and love is grand",

which is exactly the same in metre, and perhaps in sentiment, as the fourth-century Latin

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.

But the trouble about the short-lined quatrains which are the first artistic transformation of this folk rhythm is that it is extremely difficult to get any weight, dignity or passion into them. In such short quatrains Solomos wrote his *Hymn to Liberty*; and it is a mark of his stature as a poet that the heroic struggles of his countrymen on the mainland filled him with such a continuous excitement that he was able to pour out 158 stanzas with only a very few failures in imagery or dignity. There are two well-known poems of considerable length which do succeed, using very short lines, to convey weight and passion. One is Carducci's hymn *To Satan*:

*A te, de l'essere
Principio immenso,
Materia e spirito,
Ragione e senso; . . .*

Another is Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy*, in 91 stanzas. It was the latter which suggested the metre used in the following translation, rhymed in couplets instead of in alternately rhymed quatrains. The translation also departs from the original in rejecting the word "Hail". There is something awkward in modern English in saying "Hail", even if it be to the apparition of Liberty herself.

Yes, I know thee by the blade
Flashing, by the undismayed
Flashing eyes and fearful brand,
Grimly compassing the land,

Risen from the sanctified
Bones of all the Greeks who died,
As thy courage made them free,
Liberty, we follow thee!

In that dark and dreadful place,
In shame, bitterness and disgrace,
You waited till one voice should cry,
"Come again, sweet Liberty."

Long the waiting for that call,
And all was dark and silent, all
Shrouded in terror's gloomy shade,
Low in leaden slavery laid.

Misery! and nothing fell
To console you, but to tell
Of the grandeur that is gone,
And in telling still to moan.

Tarried still and tarried long
Any word of freedom's tongue,
You must wait and you must stand
Desperate beating hand on hand.

Saying, O when from the dead
Desert shall I lift my head?
From above only replies
A noise of tears and chains and cries.

And then sometimes you would raise
From your tears a misty gaze;
Blood is on your robe that reeks
With the life-blood of the Greeks.

In your blood-stained robe I know
Secretly you then would go,
Seeking out in foreign lands
Other strong and friendly hands.

All alone you found the track,
All alone you wandered back;
Never easy is the lock,
When the needy stand and knock.

One wept on your breast, one made
Promises to bring you aid—
Wept, and left you unrelieved,
Promised you, and still deceived.

There were others—O what gladness
Filled them when they saw your sadness!
Hard of heart they said, Away,
Find your children if you may.

Wearily your steps you traced
Back again as if in haste
Once more to tread the same
Stones and grass that gave you fame;

Humble and uncomforted
You must turn your sorrowing head,
Like a beggarmaid who bore
A heavy life from door to door.

Yes, but now with struggles wild
Rises up your every child,
Seeking with his latest breath
Either victory or death.

When it saw your fierce oncoming
 The very sky, which had been glooming
 In your native land to grow
 Fruits and flowers for the foe,

Grew serene; and underground
 Suddenly arose a sound
 Answering you from afar,
 The voice of Régas crying war.

And all your sacred haunts replied
 With warm salutes on every side,
 From every mouth there seemed to start
 A cry that flamed in every heart.

As far as many an island, far
 As each Ionian sea-girt star
 The cry was heard; in many lands
 For joy they lifted up their hands,

Even where their hands were still
 Fettered by the gaoler's skill,
 Where upon each brow is writ
 The mark of freedom's counterfeit.

Risen from the sanctified
 Bones of all the Greeks who died,
 As of old thy valour be,
 O Liberty, we follow thee!

* * * * *

First published at Mesolonghi in 1824, the *Hymn* was reprinted in the following year as a supplement to the second volume of Fauriel's collection of Greek folksongs, and soon became known all over Europe.¹

It was in the following year that he wrote the funeral epigram on the proud little island of Psará which, after taking a leading part in the naval incidents of the Revolution, had been captured by the Turks and punished by a savage massacre of all the male inhabitants and nearly as many of the refugees from the neighbouring islands. The six lines on the *Catastrophe of Psará* are as classical in form and sentiment as anything he ever wrote.

On the Island's blackened stone
 Glory paces all alone,

¹ It was not until 1863 that the first few stanzas set to an Italianate tune by the poet's friend Mántzaros were adopted as the Greek national anthem. Seven stanzas (Nos. 1-4, 8, 15, 16) were translated by Rudyard Kipling in 1920. A translation, of stanzas 1-4, 9, 10, 15, by Mr. Compton Mackenzie is included in his recent book *Wind of Freedom*. I had not seen this when I made my own translation which is of stanzas 1-15, 17-21, 16, in that order. Nine stanzas are translated by Mr. Jenkins in his *Life of Solomos*.

Thinking on the shining dead,
Wears a garland on her head
Of the little that is found
Green upon the wasted ground.¹

* * * * *

Solomos, already famous, left Zante after a family quarrel in 1828, and went to live in Corfu, where for the next twenty-nine years he was a well-known figure in Anglo-Hellenic society, quarrelling and drinking a great deal, and continually talking about and occasionally drafting, in Italian, ideas for great poems. He was remote from the political movements of the Greek mainland. The Greece which had kindled his youthful fire had been the ideal pattern of the Revolution, and he took no interest in the turbulent little kingdom of King Otho. He was very popular with the ladies of the High Commissioner's court, but he had no love affairs. He always preferred to keep young women at a safe distance, swathed in a great deal of white muslin, and if possible appearing out of the moonlight over the sea, and symbolic of something or other very romantic, he never quite knew what. When there was a difficulty over the supply of his favourite wine from Zante, he is said to have taken to whisky; and after that he became more than ever incapable of thinking what these dream figures were symbolic of. After his death only some occasional verses, a few beautiful lines without context, and a number of disjointed fragments of psychological rather than poetical interest were found to fill up the collection of his works. Yet he remains in passion and originality as well as in time the first of Modern Greek poets.



MODERN GREEK SHORT STORIES

by

HILDA HUGHES

THE modern short stories of Greece are alive with the sights and sounds of the country, the tang of sea and mountain air, and the passion, courage and generous good-humour of the people. No one can claim that such tales are insignificant in their influence, though comparatively few have been translated.

My friend the late Edward J. O'Brien, recognized as a connoisseur of the short story in England and America, who did so much to encourage recognition of the short story as an art form, maintained that the story must have a life of its own; it must be organic. No idea of the writer superimposed upon a machine-made plot would do. Like Elizabeth Bowen, he looked for a creation that came from the inner life of the writer and from such a conception precipitated its own birth.

The short stories of Greece seem to me to come not only from the inner lives of their writers, but to breathe the very spirit of Greece.

¹ Many Greek admirers of Solomos consider these lines of poetical beauty as well as of psychological interest, but Prof. Mavrogordato, a keen admirer of Solomos, is entitled to his opinions.—H. H.

Compare them with so-called stories by certain English writers which are in reality sketches embroidered by attractive writing. The Greek tales put to shame such empty pretty writing with as little significance as practice stitches on a child's sampler lacking the pattern of a skilled embroideress. Such tentative sketches without beginning or end pose as short stories here, and their creators are often over-praised as writers to be watched. Such sketches have ephemeral themes. They are often the precocious prattling of self-centred expressionists taught by psychoanalysts to dissect the mood of the moment, or they are the clever observations of reporters. The authors of these fragments have not the rare talent—to illuminate the passing mood and find significance in the trivial—of the late Katherine Mansfield, or the knowledge of human nature of Turgenev and Tchekov, whom the more pretentious of them unjustifiably profess to follow. Lacking such gifts their sketches cannot live. In rightly breaking away from the British Victorian tradition which regarded the short story as a novel cut down, they have erred in the opposite direction by regarding the short story as a medium for the trivial alone.

The Greeks, on the other hand, do not imagine that limitation of words necessarily imposes limitation of subject. They see no need to restrict themselves to the trivial. Their stories are based on the elemental; so they have life. Their writers shape and cut; so they have form, without which no short story can be satisfying.

A story concerned with the carefully written musings of an egoist who watches the hurrying of a fly across the window-pane may be entertaining upon a first reading, but one is more likely to remember a story based on the conflict of good and evil, man's battle with the elements and his own passions, or a boy's decision to forswear the religion of his fathers in romantic love for a daughter of Islam.

Powerful themes such as these form the basis of *Modern Tales of the Greek Islands*, by Argyris Eftaliotis, which lose little of their charm in Dr. W. H. D. Rouse's translation. Such tales will live when light sketches, like yesterday's newspaper, will be forgotten.

These Greek stories by an author who came from Crete deal with elemental themes. In *Aunt Yannoula* the writer simply describes the coming of two Turks for shelter from the storm to the home of a Greek woman; the Turks laugh cruelly when they find her alone; the woman is seized and carried out of the house; her husband, coming to her rescue, is mortally wounded in the struggle. Later the woman gets the Turks back into the house out of the pouring rain. She decides to use strategy to avenge her husband's death. She tells them there is no cause for fear now that her husband is out of the way. Why not wait till the rain is over? She gives these travellers food which they devour with relish and plenty of wine to which she has added spirit. When they have drunk well she kills both of them with a chopper: and after burying their bodies with her uncle's help, flees far from her own district.

The story is given poignance and truth by the woman's narration of the episode many years later to the youthful daughter of the master for whom she is servant, when the girl clamours to know about her youth. The drama is tense and stark; it is handled with superb simplicity. Fierceness and tenderness are shown. It is one of several tales by the

same author that bear witness to the Greeks' behaviour during the Turkish regime.

Their courage through history in fights against overwhelming odds and their fortitude under oppression are described by one of the characters in *Panayis Kaloyannis*. The Abbot says simply: "Our race has as many lives as a cat, and if there's only one drop of the blood left, it will grow to a deluge and overflow the land."

This tale, like that of *Aunt Yannoula*, is concise. All the stories of Argyris Eftaliotis have this quality and, like Somerset Maugham's English stories, they have the ring of truth, whether they describe the life of the Greeks in times of oppression or the normal happy days of light-hearted peasants.

Ibrahim, the story of a young Greek's love for the beautiful Turkish girl of whom he catches a glimpse at her window, has the ecstasy of first love. The mother's curse put upon her boy upon his renunciation of his religion for Islam brings tragedy upon himself and others. The superstition of peasants in some of the isles is symbolized here just as the reward for evil which brings judgment upon an individual in this mortal life is emphasized. *As a man sows, so shall he reap*.

It is only two or three stories that speak of life under the Turks. The majority picture the daily life of fishermen and other seafaring men, of village folk, of the fruit-farmer tending his grapevines on the hill-sides. There is the naturalism of many powerful American stories, but the realism, though none the less true, is certainly less cruel. These are no American stories of life in the raw with perhaps cruelty for cruelty's sake. The Greek stories depict realism and everyday life through the *poet's* eyes. The men may be wicked; they may be simple, but they are not coarse.

Depth of feeling is suggested as simply as the heightened emotions in the beautiful prose of the Bible. Mark the simplicity of this passage in *Panayis Kaloyannis*: "There were two things in the world that this man loved; his country and his daughter."

The return of a prodigal to his mother is gravely and charmingly described. "A sacrament it was to me, the holiest sacrament of my life, when one kiss wiped out the errors of a lifetime." In each story there is simple statement without artificial emphasis. The narrative is direct, the style lucid.

These stories show the geography of Greece as well as the day-to-day lives of the peasants, their hospitality, their intensity of feeling. The reader, even in translation, can smell the sea, watch the spray dash against the islands. He can picture men in the *caiques* and see the fish in their nets. He can observe men and their donkeys working long hours in the vineyards. He can smell the grapes. He can see the potter at his wheel and imagine the babel of city markets. He is reminded that the people of Greece with such a glorious heritage have retained their spirit.

Skilfully, with perfect balance, the writer has set the movement of the peasant's life against the natural background. Carefully the drama is shaped to its end. It is at once the story of the peasant and the story of Greece.

These stories are graphic in their presentation of a proud island people, of a race that has always given its highest and best to the world.

But they will not surpass two true stories of young Greek boys given us during this war and illustrative of the gallant stand made by a brave and suffering race. One boy dislodged the hated Germans from a building from which Allied troops after bitter fighting had failed to move them. This brave, ingenious boy climbed the roof and dropped a parcel down the chimney. It contained a beehive. The swarm of bees drove the startled Germans from the house out on to the Allied guns.

To quote Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the other boy, a child shoeblack, saw a German officer fire over the heads of a crowd of people who were throwing favours to British soldiers who had been taken prisoner. The boy dashed up to the German officer, opened his shirt and baring his chest, cried proudly: "If you must shoot, shoot *there!*"

Such courage caused the officer to put up his revolver and shake the Greek boy's hand.

Modern Greek short stories are good; these stories are immortal.



MEMORIES OF THESSALY

by

A. M. D.

THIS brief description of a little-known part of Thessaly dates back to nearly a generation ago. Thessaly is still, in many respects, untouched by modern conditions, although education has spread and communications improved.

The coming into general use of the motor vehicle throughout the Near East, and the accompanying necessity of roads, has revolutionized the lives of the people and brought to them many ideas and commodities formerly undreamed of before this link with the outside world became a feature of their country-side. Thus, in those days, very few outsiders or foreigners ever penetrated to the remote villages scattered about the slopes of the Pelion range. Mules and donkeys conveyed the peasants from one hamlet to another—the mountain tracks being unsuitable for less sure-footed horses—in fact, during the depth of winter when the snow lies in great drifts, many villages were entirely cut off from one another.

The views from the eastern parts of Pelion are exceedingly beautiful. Taken for granted by the inhabitants, who have never known anything different, they fill the stranger with delight. The lovely landlocked bay of Volo lies below with the island of Euboea beyond, and, in the blue distance, the peaks of Parnassus, often capped with snow or cloud. To the north, the plain of Larissa merges into the Vale of Tempe, and the dim shapes of Olympus and Ossa appear in ever-changing harmonies of purple and blue. In the foreground, lower spurs of the Pelion range jut out and frame this prospect. The hill-sides in spring are one vast rockery where crocus and cyclamen, aubretia, anemones of every hue, irises, muscari, primroses, violets and a thousand other flowers rejoice the sight and carpet the ground. In the autumn, too, there is a riot of colour, and then the cultivated land has its share. The vineyards are a mass of

crimson, purple and gold. The service trees take on gorgeous tints, and the Spanish chestnuts add their pure yellow foliage.

Climbing upwards towards the summit of Pelion, the scrub of ever-green oak, cistus, arbutus and myrtle gives way to forests of magnificent beeches. These, however, were ever receding further away in the nineteenth century owing to the demand for wood and charcoal in the villages—no other fuel being then available. Mule-loads of wood took as long as eight hours to come down from the mountains—so far had the muleteers to journey to supply their customers. There was in those days no afforestation policy to renew the timber, but I believe this has since changed for the better.

The sure-footed mules (colloquially called *pragmata*, "things", by their owners) can climb the most difficult tracks and thread their way through the worst torrent beds. Wandering parties of Vlachs (or Wallachians, said to be of Roumanian origin), nomad shepherds with their flocks of goats, frequent the mountains. They live in shelters made of boughs or stones, daubed with mud on the outside. Their women spin and weave goat's hair into the thick, black-hooded *kapotes* worn by the men, and other coverings and garments. The men carve such household utensils as cups and bowls out of the wood on the spot. There is no lack of ice-cold water gushing from a hollow trunk, or stone, placed to form a lip where they can quench their thirst. Bits of cloth torn from the clothes of grateful wayfarers are hung up as an offering to the Good Spirit of the spring, or the Water-Nymph, as their ancestors would have called her.

Game abounds on the Pelion range and every man can provide himself with partridge, woodcock, rock-pigeon, or smaller birds for his pot if he owns a gun. During severe winters, when the snow lies deep on the hills, hungry wolves come down to the villages and attack the sheepfolds, leaving footprints and mangled carcasses as evidence of their visit.

The inhabitants of the twenty-four villages in this region live a simple life; even today a motor-car could scarcely reach some of the more isolated places. The hamlets cling to the hill-sides, often divided from one another by a deep ravine filled with boulders, which come bounding down from the heights with a thundering noise when the snow melts in spring, and often break the primitive bridges which span the torrent beds.

Each peasant-proprietor (for there were no large landowners in this district above Volo at the time of which I am writing) owned a terraced plot on which he and his wife cultivated vegetables and tended their vines and olive trees. These last provided the indispensable items of olives, olive-oil and wine. Home-made bread, goat's milk cheese and fruit completed the daily diet. Meat was far too scarce to be indulged in except at Easter, when each family sacrificed its pascal lamb. The poorer peasant women gathered all kinds of plants of the dandelion family which we would designate as weeds. Boiled up with a little salt and oil, they made a savoury mess, or were eaten as a *peetta*, or pasty, baked in the oven with the bread. A mud oven is attached to every house. Heated with wood, the ashes are raked out and the monthly batch of large loaves put in. The bread is leavened with a piece of sour dough saved from the last baking.

Charcoal is used in braziers for cooking and heating. Each living-room has as well a fireplace with a wide chimney. At the beginning of

winter a large tree-trunk is placed upright in this, a fire lit at the base, and the trunk burns gradually away for weeks standing in the hot ashes. On either side of the fireplace a low wooden platform is covered with quilts. The members of the family sleep on this with their feet towards the hearth; the men on one side headed by the master of the house, and the women opposite headed by the mistress.

The winter, though severe, is short, and the people return to their chief business of tilling the soil early in February. The livestock does not include cattle for lack of pasture, but goats and sheep feed on the scrub growing on the hill-sides. A few pigs and fowls pick up what they can find; a mule or donkey is a necessity for transport, and these are generally ridden sideways by the women.

The Greeks are a religious race, and the *Panagia*, or Virgin, is the special object of their veneration. Women nevertheless are not admitted into the Holy of Holies in the churches, nor may they worship in the same part of the church as the men during the services. There are monasteries scattered about the mountains which were at one time large communities but now have become greatly reduced in numbers. There are no nunneries such as the Pantanassa at Mistra. Solitary monks living close to a tiny chapel where wayfarers pray are numerous. They may have chosen this peaceful ending after a turbulent life, perhaps "in the bracken", a euphemistic term for a brigand in former times. An aged nun often tends the *goumenos*, and both depend to a large extent on the charity of the nearest village. Should the people neglect them, they slowly starve to death if ill and unable to work. Gratitude for any help is shown by the monk visiting his patron with a holy ikon, asperging and blessing both house and land. The village priest or *papas*, who officiates in the local church, unlike the monk, may be a married man.

The great festival of the Church is Easter. After the long and severe fast, elaborate preparations for the feast take place. Eggs are dyed red; sweetmeats of honey and crushed walnuts between thin leaves of pastry, special Easter bread spiced and decorated with almonds, are in addition to the lamb roasted by every family. The Easter ceremonies have often been described. The effigy of Christ is placed in a coffin and mourned all Good Friday and Saturday. Then at midnight the priest announces "Christ is risen". The cry is taken up by the congregation, who embrace one another repeating the words. Guns are fired into the air, and the priest leaves the church in procession, blessing the people. Then everyone returns home to prepare for the joys of Easter Sunday. The hanging of Judas Iscariot in effigy, and the blessing of the animals led in procession round the outside of the church, add to the crowded interest of Easter week in country districts.

There are many saints' days in the Greek calendar—in fact saints are more numerous than the days of the year. The most important of these are occasions for festivities near some church whose patron is celebrated. All assemble in their best clothes, the elders drinking and gossiping or watching the younger people dancing the *koro* with the village band in the centre. Alternate men and women, each holding the corner of a handkerchief, which links them to their partners, form a circle and sway to and fro, taking short steps and gradually coming back to the place they started from. It is not an exciting dance but a picturesque one.

Bands of mummers wearing masks, and leading a bear, and perhaps a monkey, used to tour the villages and expect a gratuity for their entertainment and a drink of wine or *raki*.

In those days superstition went hand in hand with religion. The evil eye was firmly believed in, and the aversion of evil spirits by certain rites with oil and water practised. The power of the Devil was great, as witnessed by the dreadful pictures of the Last Judgment often painted (like our mediaeval "dooms") on the walls of the churches. Such a frequent curse, however, as "may the Devil take your father!", expressed to an erring offspring, was uttered in oblivion of its possible repercussion!

The grape-gathering is a delightful event in Greek village life. It is the most important harvest of the year, and men, women and children are out all day helping to carry the baskets of blue and pink bunches from the vineyards to some shady spot where the wine-trough is set up. The grapes are emptied out in great heaps on to a mat and later transferred to the pierced wooden boards in the trough where the men hold on to upright posts at the corners while they tread out the juice with a dancing motion. It runs through the holes into the bottom of the trough and out through a spout, whence it is carried off to the large vats. When the wine begins to ferment, a watcher has to sit on top of the vat night and day to stir the pungent-smelling liquid with a long forked stick and thus prevent it spilling out of the round hole in the centre of the vat. When the fermentation has subsided the wine is drawn off into casks. The lees are taken out and distilled; the colourless liquid obtained is flavoured with a variety of things, especially aniseed. It is then a potent drink called *raki*, and is offered as a liqueur to visitors, who are also invited to partake of a spoonful of jam and a drink of water placed on the same tray.

Weddings are great social occasions. A spinster is almost unknown, and a girl is betrothed and begins to prepare her trousseau from very early years. As well as her dowry, the peasant bride is expected to have as many clothes and as much household linen and pots and pans as will last her for the course of her married life. When one sees the mules in the wedding procession, laden with all the brass and copper utensils and bundles of clothing, one gets the impression that the bridegroom has the best of the bargain. It is, however, a point of honour that an elder brother must provide dowries for his sisters before he himself marries. Thus a man in the village of Portaria, wishing to marry and become a *papas*, had to wait many years since one of his three sisters had an impediment in her speech and her portion had to be largely increased in consequence.

Modern ideas have now changed many local customs, but at the time of which I write when the babies arrived they were tightly wrapped up and not even their arms left free. Only their little heads, covered with a cap, showed above the swaddling clothes, and the whole effect was like a sort of human chrysalis. They could, however, be carried on their mother's back, or laid down while she worked in the fields.

At the other end of life some curious burial customs were practised. When a member of a well-to-do family died, not only the relatives were clothed in black, but the mourning was extended to all the hangings and upholstery. After three years the dead were disinterred by their families, who assembled by the grave and had a picnic. If decomposition was

complete it was regarded as a sign of grace, and the bones were placed in a large earthen jar which stood in the precincts of the church.

The English have been popular in Greece since Byron's time, and Gladstone's portrait used to be seen in many a house—in the towns at any rate. It was natural, therefore, that an English household established between two villages on the slopes of Pelion should arouse both keen interest and intense curiosity, but no hostility. Such foreigners were, of course, a source of profit, both as employers of labour and as consumers of goods, for which they were naturally asked to pay higher prices than prevailed in the local market. The Greeks are a very democratic race with no aristocracy. Hence every man is as good as his neighbour, and their proverb, "nine captains and one sailor", is an apt one. Statements expressed by these English were often received sceptically and their knowledge called in question even if the argument concerned England.

A certain Scottish professor of Greek, who was at one time visiting his friends, could not reconcile such names as Zeus (borne by the gardener), and Calliope (borne by the housemaid) with a complete ignorance of ancient Greek language and history. Of course Thessaly is on the Macedonian frontier and Turkish words were frequently met with in the peasant dialect and the men dressed like Turks, except that they wore a *tarboush* instead of a turban.

Many came from the neighbouring villages to inspect and marvel at the strange foreign domestic arrangements, and not all of these met with approval. An old abbot, offered hospitality for the night, thought a bed a dangerously high place to sleep in after the low wooden bench he was used to, and spent the night on a rug on the floor. Then why, when total immersion at baptism was enough to last a Greek for a lifetime, did these queer people bathe so often? With so much to spare in the way of household goods, there was no reason why Evangelio, the housemaid, and Canio, the cook, should not let down parcels by a string from their bedroom window at night, or have a cache of desirable things like toilet soap in the charcoal cellar. When they swore by the *Panagia* and all the saints that no human agency had caused those things to happen, it was hard to be disbelieved.

There was little to vary existence except what the changing seasons brought round. Snow piled high outside the house in winter; a marvellous spring; very often months of drought in summer, when there were constant quarrels as to what land should have priority irrigation rights to the water-channels flowing from the mountain springs. Summer also brought earthquakes. Some were slight, others heralded by a strange oppressive stillness, and then the sickening feeling that the earth was giving way and a titan was swaying its foundations. The long hot days were made more trying by the myriads of cicadas on the tree-trunks who filled the air with their ear-splitting noise; everyone heaved a sigh of relief when a sudden peace fell at sunset. The children used to watch them emerge, green and wingless, from the ground. Soon they split down the back, leaving a perfect transparent mould. After drying their folded wings, and gradually getting darker in colour, the insects were ready to join the excruciating concert from sunrise to sunset. Autumn brought the exciting grape-gathering; the fig-harvest, when platforms covered with bracken were laden with the fruit spread out to dry, the chestnut harvest,

when the trees were lashed by long poles and the fallen burrs opened by women and children. The chestnuts, stored in sand or in bins, helped out the winter diet, and, when ground, could be mixed with flour for bread. There were also expeditions into the mountains to a place where, at one time of the year, the anemones and black irises were especially fine, and to another where scarlet martagon lilies grew in masses.

The villages were not very often visited, for it was embarrassing to walk surrounded by a curious crowd. One might also find oneself an unwilling spectator of the slaughter of an animal in the public square—a gruesome proceeding not considered suitable for English children, although a rather pleasurable excitement for Greek youth.

There comes a time when an exile must necessarily come to an end, even if spent in idyllic surroundings, which, after all, do not satisfy the whole of man's being. The house above Volo, after standing empty many years, became a sanatorium when a road up the hills made this possible. After the first Great War it was used to house the refugees flooding Greece from Turkey; so even the memory of its builders must have faded by the time the World War began. Recently the whole of Greece has been a nation of "refugees" trying to escape from the famine and misery her invaders brought to her beautiful land, and she again looked to the English to help her as in her War of Independence at the beginning of the nineteenth century.



THE GREEKS ARE HUMAN BEINGS

by

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

(With acknowledgments to Mr. John Lehmann and *Daylight*)

I HAVE heard many impressive things about the Parthenon from Greeks and foreigners, but nothing was as painful to me as the words a young professor of philosophy in the University of Athens used to repeat in his lectures: "We are interested in the Parthenon, not in the workmen who built it. What matters is the work of art, not human beings." His voice was fiery, his gestures prophetic. It sounded overwhelming, but I was revolted. It was so inhuman that it could not be true. I was very young then, but I was feeling in some obscure way that the Parthenon must be so interesting because it speaks of the interesting people who needed it and made it, and because it can still be mirrored in the eyes of people and affect their lives. What matters is human beings and what becomes of them. That is why, although I want to write something about the modern Greek mind, I am anxious to discuss the people rather than their work. Only if one knows the people can one understand their works. And in this country modern Greeks are little known.

We can even say that the more educated an Englishman is, the more difficult it is for him to see Greece of today as she really is. He has done classics at school, perhaps also at the university, and Greece means for him a world of unreal perfection, of suggestive sounds, of fascinating

verses and beautiful but intangible forms. Virginia Woolf called one of her essays "On Not Knowing Greek" because she realized that the Greek of the classical studies had little to do with any Greek historical reality. In this essay she described in a charming way what Greece means to the most cultivated circles in England: "It is vain and foolish to talk of knowing Greek, since in our ignorance we should be at the bottom of any class of schoolboys, since we do not know how the words sounded, or where precisely we ought to laugh, or how the actors acted. . . . When we read a stanza in a chorus, the end or the opening of a dialogue of Plato's, a fragment of Sappho, when we bruise our minds upon some tremendous metaphor in the Agamemnon instead of stripping the branch of its flowers instantly, as we do in reading Lear—are we not reading wrongly, losing our sharp sight in the haze of associations? Reading into Greek poetry not what they have but what we lack? Does not the whole of Greece heap itself behind every line of its literature? They admit us to a vision of the earth unravaged, the sea unpoluted, the maturity, tried but unbroken, of mankind. . . . Back and back we are drawn to steep ourselves in what, perhaps, is only an image of the reality, not the reality itself, a summer's day imagined in the heart of a northern winter."

Such dreams can have a tremendous importance in the forming of a civilization—and among them the dream of Greece has been the most effective—but their interference with everyday life can be sometimes misleading. A Greek in England feels often embarrassed when he is introduced to classical scholars. Their eyes, accustomed to read Greek texts, do not see clearer for that; instead of seeing the Greek who stands before them as he really is, they fold him in so many verses they know by heart, in so many names of heroes, poets, philosophers or artists they admire, in so many memories from their school or college life, that the poor Greek, who feels himself decked with so much that has but little to do with himself, is overwhelmed. It is still worse when he feels that he is not only associated with the classical studies of the other, but is also compared to the ideal of a Greek the other holds. He feels that the proportions of his body are mentally compared to the proportions of a Greek statue representing a god, a hero or an athlete, and that his nose puzzles the other because it is not straight as the famous "Greek nose". The modern Greek is very proud of his ancestors, of course, but he does not much like to be considered only in relation to them. He is more or less conscious of being the product of a much longer history than the few centuries of ancient Greece—he also is conscious of belonging to his own age. He is a reality here and now, and he may feel uneasy when his questioner tries to place him by transposing him to a world of dream. Imagine a Greek seeing the person to whom he is introduced receiving the formal words: "This is X from Greece", as if they were the lines by which Marlowe's Faust is introducing the ghost of Helen of Troy to his guests.

Gentlemen,

For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
You shall behold this peerless dame of Greece,
No other ways for pomp and majesty,
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.

Such scenes are not rare in the circles of the highly educated. But the opposite extreme, perhaps more misleading, is also frequent in them. Some others who do not want to be deceived by their classical associations refuse to associate modern Greece with any of the great periods of her history and they insist on seeing in her only her less attractive aspect. More than a hundred years ago, at the time of the great enthusiasm for Greece, Maria Edgeworth, the Irish novelist, described this attitude in one of her characters. "Greece is a dangerous field for a political speculator," she made him say; "the imagination produces an illusion . . .; the reflected images of ancient Grecian glory pass in a rapid succession before the mental eye; and delighted with the captivating forms of greatness and splendour we forget for a moment that the scene is in reality a naked waste." Mrs. Edgeworth's character was wrong; what was happening in Greece at that time was more fascinating and more significant than anything that the imagination could produce. In the two Greek poets of the time, Solomos and Kalvos, one could hardly find any "naked waste". But Mrs. Edgeworth's character preferred not to know anything; it is so much easier and so much more effective to be the man who does not want to be deceived. It is not surprising that today many people have adopted this same attitude towards Greece. By doing so they think they show realistic, sober minds. They forget that this attitude obscures the view as much as enthusiasm, besides being less noble. If they happen to be admirers of T. S. Eliot, for instance, their representation of a modern Greek is the M. Eugenides of the lines:

Under the brown fog of a winter noon
M. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant,
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel,
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

Many business men in London must have met T. S. Eliot's M. Eugenides, the rich vulgar Greek merchant, and they no doubt think of him when they hear of Greece. This is very misleading, as misleading as to think of the age of Pericles when one hears of Greek history. The Greeks of today are neither lingering specimens of a race that worked wonders 2,000 years ago, nor a Balkan people without any past and without any roots in the history of their land. If one wants to understand them, one must connect them to the whole rather than to some periods of their history, and see them at the same time as modern Europeans. It would be a great pity if the Greeks were still what they were at the time of Pericles. The history of their sensibility would be much too poor.

A history of the Greek sensibility through the ages—analogueous to Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, that delightful history of the English sensibility from the Elizabethan age to our days—would be an extremely rich and thrilling work. The Greek *Orlando* would be among other things a hero of the Homeric age, divine in his manly strength and weakness; a youth of the Academy of Plato with a mind burning with love; a soldier conquering

Asia and the world of wonders under Alexander the Great; a fastidious poet in Alexandria handling words as if they were pearls; the man of taste under the Romans who preferred the peaceful and limited happiness of life in his own country to the "crowd" of Rome; a plotting courtier in Constantinople or a Byzantine monk painting emaciated saints in a background of gold; a scholar refugee teaching Greek to the Italians of the Renaissance; a brigand under the Turks, living on the mountains "in the company of the woods and the wild beasts" and winning his freedom by his sword; a "great interpreter" at the Sultan's court, a refined European in an oriental country ignoring Europe; a hero of the war of the Greek independence believing that "one hour's freedom is better than a long life of slavery"; an enthusiastic democrat of the nineteenth century, and finally a twentieth-century man full of vitality, who only a short while ago proved, in the way he fought the invaders of his country, that "he still has a soul in his breast".¹

The Greek through his history has had so many experiences, so many ups and downs—nothing human, neither the lowest nor the highest, was refused to him. The only thing that never changed in Greek civilization was its male character. There were times when the Greek could be called effeminate, as during the Hellenistic and Roman periods, but Greece never lost its manliness. In no time of Greek history do we find women setting the tone—as in the France of Louis XIV, for instance—unless we go back to prehistoric times in Crete. Historians said that it was a feminine civilization—but it is too long ago, no one can know anything certain about it; besides, we are not interested in history whose traces cannot be found in the present.

What matters is not history as history, but human beings. What matters is the Greeks of today and what will become of them. What now matters is humanity and what will become of it.



LAND OF THE LIVING

by

MILES VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

THE classics die hard. Even at this hour, when our swift twentieth century climbs to its mid-point in a blaze of battles, which no one would deny were the biggest, best and most bloody man has staged, there still sit, in corners far removed from the rectangular thought of science, many, many small boys cursing the name of Thucydides. *Ἡ Κόρυμνα ἔστι πόλις . . . εἰσπλέοντι . . .* Whether their occupation is that best suited to their size and years, whether it will widen their range of interest and make firm their intellects, or even will fill their minds with learning and their pockets with cash, I personally would not venture to decide. There is, however, a probability that some at least will find within their adolescent breasts a fire of understanding of the ways of Ancient Greeks, and

See P. Prevelakis "Poem" in *Folios of New Writing*, Spring 1941, p. 70.

a consciousness of subscribing to their values, which not even the cold disillusion of our great modern cities will easily extinguish.

And these will gaze, as I once gazed, towards the East, as keenly as any son of Islam, and will long some day to make the Pilgrimage; to tread the streams that Plato trod, to listen to the cicadas which sang to Sappho's ears, and stroke the Parian marble with fingers full of love. Those who belittle the utility of the classics cannot deny its joys. What uninitiate could understand the feelings of a boy, as he stood on deck at five in the morning, having risen in his eagerness an hour too early, waiting for his first glimpse of Corfu. Syntax was suddenly justified. Corcyra is *indeed* "a city on the right as one sails into the Adriatic".

My first visit to Greece was conducted. It was very well organized. Under the auspices of the Anglo-Hellenic League a party of English schoolboys was shown the sights of Greece, being themselves considered a living embodiment of Anglo-Hellenic friendship. Our guides and guardians, two masters from Eton, did their best to remove all savour of a Cook's tour. True our photographs appeared in Athenian newspapers; true we spent our last evening being wined and dined at the British Embassy, while then, and at various other points in our journey, speeches were made to emphasize the deep understanding the British had of the Greeks, and vice versa. Nevertheless it would be a weak spirit which allowed such accessories to conceal the beauty and richness of Greece herself; and even in a pilgrimage there is some joy to be found in remembering the countless others who have walked the same road. Many of those who read these lines will recollect Mycenae and the omelettes at La Belle Hélène, will have jumbled in the little train from Olympia to Patras, and will have gazed at the Aegean, silent upon Pentelikon, and pretended they could see the mountains of Euboea.

My happiest recollections of this visit were the Ts. We were to find that proverbial Greek hospitality was very much alive. Every one of us was invited to stay the whole of our time in Athens with a Greek family. I could not have been more charmingly entertained; they were all proud of their city and eager to show me its delights. Even the emptiness of the Parthenon pediments was not allowed to sadden me; and the one poor horse's head which escaped the acquisitive Elgin hand seemed to wink and say "I dodged them. I can tell you more than all those unhappy creatures in the British Museum." We bathed at Phaleron, admired exquisite little Byzantine churches tucked away in corners, and dined in splendour under the stars. One incident at dinner serves to illustrate their kindness. I was clumsy enough to catch my glass in my sleeve. The wine went swimming over the table. Overcome with shame at my gaucherie, I looked up to find five beaming smiles. "Do not worry," said Mrs. T., nodding sympathetically. "It is a legend in Greece that it is good luck to spill wine. It is a libation to the gods."

Their son John was my special guide during the day, and intelligent and patient he proved; I could hardly credit his fourteen years. After a day of complying with my demands, he asked, very politely, if I would permit him to show me something of his own choosing. I was not to be told what it was, but it was to be seen after dark. However, his sister, hearing we were going out, insisted upon knowing what it was we were to see. Johnny, rather shyly, said he'd wanted to show me the

new street lighting in La Rue Képhissia. We both stared, and I laughed with his sister when she said, "Good gracious! He doesn't want to see that. Why, even the smallest villages have street lights in England. He's come to see the ruins."

As we steamed out of Piraeus, filled with British Embassy food, I thought of Johnny's wish once more. I had not even begun to understand. What had I learned of Greece? I determined that I would return, and soon.

The very next year I was back. This time with a tent and no guides. And precious little money, for that matter, but my friend and I soon found that poverty was no handicap. As soon as we pitched our tent each night and lit our fire, the shepherds would come and sit with us, appearing suddenly out of the night, and we would exchange cigarettes and converse with the aid of much gesticulation and my Modern Greek grammar. When introductions were complete one of them would slip away, and return with potatoes, huge tomatoes, melons, sweet corn and ruby plums. Even though they came from his neighbour's field and not his own, the spirit of hospitality was there: and the neighbour would have been the first to recognize the shepherd's right to give his produce to a guest. A gift from Greece.

There were no limits. One night we were roused at two in the morning by a youth who had only just heard of our arrival and had come to greet the strangers. Nothing would dissuade him from his determination to buy us a drink. Suddenly alive to the joy of absurdity, we started up our old car and rumbled along an appalling road to a tavern "just a little way off", with the youth and another shepherd clinging for dear life to the back of our two-seater and howling for speed. The "little distance" proved to be over five miles, but no matter. The innkeeper was soon knocked out of bed, "Oozo" and resinated wine crowded the table, and an old horn gramophone played Greek music to the cold morning air. The two shepherds sang with clear resonant voices, and danced a very complicated folk-dance in which, helpless with laughter, we attempted to join. Even this was not enough. The young shepherd whispered in the innkeeper's ear, who at once nodded, and brought down his two daughters in case we should feel the evening incomplete without feminine company.

Even in the summer, when the grass is gone and the river-beds are dry, the Greek mountains have their own special beauty. Not grandiose, like the Alps, or soft and misty like the Scottish hills, but ragged and homely, their hot, hard faces always concealing somewhere a shady re-entrant or a brave little stream. How well her poets have described her no one who has not been to Greece can know. Dawn is truly rosy-fingered as she steals down the vale of Delphi, touching here and there a cloud and setting it at once afire. And in her valleys dwell a lively, good-humoured people; proud, but proud of their generosity and independence, not of wealth or social position; and even that pride will soon collapse if pricked with humour. It has been said that the men sit in the cafés while the women do the work, and that the Greek national industry is reading the newspapers. But that is a story which comes out of Greece, and shows her capacity to laugh at herself.

While we wandered in this wild and happy land, I thought once more

of Johnny T., and quite suddenly imagined I understood the meaning of his wish. Greece is not a land of ruins, but of living people. Gay, warm-hearted, with a range of values quite their own. Their ancestors built the Parthenon; but *they* put up the street lights in La Rue Kephissia, and they're not bad either. Enough of sightseers wrapping their heads in a cloud of sentimental worship of the past, and failing to see the vivid originality and vitality of the living. It was not ghosts who stopped Italian bullets in Albania; the hungry Athenians were aware that they had bodies still. True, Greece's past was great; that is but evidence that her future has a power for greatness too. And perhaps some day I shall stand on a Greek Acropolis once more, and turning see the quiet faces of her long-exiled Gods, back where they belong.



THE WOMEN OF MODERN GREECE

by

NADINE PILCHER

SILENCE is an adornment to women! This is an ancient Greek saying under which, presumably, the Hellenic feminine race has been brought up, but it can be said as truthfully of the Greek women of today as of their ancestresses that it has never been put into practice, for, throughout the ages, they have always played a prominent part in the Greek community and have completely ignored this maxim in refusing steadfastly to be put in the background.

It is, however, true, to judge from his turn of speech, that the Greek peasant has no doubt in his mind that the female is an immensely inferior being. If you ask a Greek peasant how many children he has, he will reply: "I have — children and, please forgive me, so many girls." (The Greek peasant, it may be noted in passing, always uses the words "please forgive me" before referring to pigs or donkeys.) Nevertheless in the Greek peasant's home the part played by the women to whom the men refer in such discourteous language is tremendously important. Nothing really is done unless the "materfamilias" has approved of it, and there is a Quixotic quality in the Greek proletarian's attitude to his sisters that, so far as I know, does not occur in any other country: it is regarded as a matter of honour for the brother to refrain from marrying until he has married off all his sisters, apart from the fact that if he is a man of any substance at all he is expected to provide a small dowry. It will be obvious in some cases that the lack of physical charm in the sisters must compel him to show very great patience.

The Greek peasant-woman works, of course, in the house, cooking, washing, sewing and bringing up the children, and she also frequently works in the field with the menfolk. The regional peasant costumes show a great variety and some of them are extremely picturesque and richly embroidered by the women themselves. In some parts a favourite head ornament for a marriageable girl consists of—or at any

rate consisted of before the gold standard was out of fashion—a string of gold coins which represented her dowry.

The Greek woman who lives in Athens and other urban centres is a much more sophisticated person. However, you will still find there the Oriental type of woman—a relic of the long ages of Turkish occupation—who seems hardly ever to go outside her own house and who thinks of nothing but cooking the food and eating it, with cards, maybe, as an alternative distraction, but this type is fortunately rapidly disappearing. The modern Greek woman, especially the Athenian, is thoroughly sociable—a born socialist, in fact—and keeps or tries to keep abreast of all contemporary developments. She takes great pains over her dress and, broadly speaking, succeeds in being very elegant on very limited means. Her intellectual accomplishments are in general more modest than she believes them to be, but she has a general respect for culture and for things of the spirit. It is, I think, true to say that she is definitely intellectual rather than artistic. She is also quite a good business woman. Greek secretaries and typists will stand comparison with those of most other European countries. A great many of them are good linguists, though this is perhaps very largely due simply to the fact that, in a small country like Greece, to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages is practically essential for most purposes. Until recently Greek girls, even in the towns, enjoyed little or no liberty; it was supposed to be improper for them to go a few yards along the street to post a letter unless they were accompanied, and twenty years ago mixed bathing was most sternly frowned upon by the police, but in recent years there has been a tremendous change in this respect and the young of the two sexes mix quite freely. This change is partly, at any rate, due to the influx into Greece of refugees from Turkey after the 1919-22 War, for the Greek women of Smyrna and Constantinople at that time were certainly much more emancipated than their Athenian sisters.

A considerable number of Greek women in recent years have gone into the professions—notably law, medicine, architecture—however, it cannot yet be said that they have achieved any outstanding distinction, although there have been a number of very talented actresses and some women writers. There is also a considerable feminist movement and some prominent Greek politicians have expressed themselves in favour of woman suffrage, but so far, unfortunately, women have only had the municipal electors' vote, but have not been eligible for election. This may be considered a mistake (which will most likely be rectified after the war, when normal conditions take their turn once more), as the presence of women on a municipal committee should be a great asset for the advancement and improvement of schools, child welfare, maternity homes, nursing establishments, and so forth. But all the same there is no doubt that women play a very important role in politics—behind the scenes! The body of nurses called the Sisters of Charity, which was established in Greece by Queen Olga, the wife of George I, in the late '80's, has been very much developed.

Games and sports have only played an important part in a Greek woman's life since the last war. The only kind of exercise before then, apart from long walks in their glorious mountainous countryside, was dancing: the modern form in the towns and the classical and peasant

dances in the country villages. But today most women, especially the widely travelled women, have adopted the usual games and sports, such as tennis, golf, riding and sailing, with energy and success. They have proved to be more than adept at them, displaying much skill and achieving a standard well above the average.

It is a well-known fact that the Greek women are fundamentally, and with reason, proud of their nationality and of the achievement of their country in the course of centuries and they are quite as staunchly patriotic and brave as their menfolk. In the recent Italian campaign in Albania, the wives, sisters and womenfolk of Epirus and other neighbouring districts stood side by side with the fighting men, bringing with them rations and military arms to help them continue the struggle. These twentieth-century soldier-women were merely carrying on the tradition handed down to them by their sisters, for when, in the early part of the last century, their menfolk were fighting the enemy and their homes were threatened, rather than surrender they preferred to precipitate themselves with their children in their arms over the heights of Zalongho.

It would be unfair not to give to cooking a few brief words, as it occupies in the daily life of every Greek woman an important part. Whether she lives in a large home and has many servants, or in a modest cottage run by herself, she will always take an active interest in it. The food is invariably palatable and at the same time economical, and some recipes could with advantage be popularized in this country in present conditions. Soups made of fish, dried beans, lentils and other similar ingredients are very good. Meat is sparingly used and is combined with a great variety of vegetables. Rice and macaroni are great favourites.

It is difficult after this picture of modern Greece to remember that occupied Greece gave no such picture of plenty. Few details seeped through, but every indication was that the heroic resistance of the Greek women was unsurpassed in any other occupied country, and I am now more than ever proud to recognize my close relationship to so fine a people.



WHAT I OWE TO A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

by

BARBARA E. GWYER, M.A.

It is perhaps not inappropriate that one whose professional career has been devoted to administration in various forms has been asked to say what she owes to a classical education. Plato would certainly have been astonished at the complex machinery and the tribes of personnel involved in purveying Ideas to the rising generation, and not less perhaps at the hesitation or opposition encountered by those who follow his own great master in holding that the "Adult" has not become impervious to growth in knowledge. Those of us who have been involved in the machine know perhaps best of all how easy it may become to lose sight of the true aim of education. In Athens, granted a little shade, truth could be pursued in the open air; in England, especially in

the industrial towns of the North, "buildings" always intervene, and buildings mean Education Committees, contractors, town halls. . . .

My first teacher was Miss C. M. Ridding, the Cambridge Classical and Sanskrit scholar, who was a visiting mistress at my school. Memroy is still vivid of our first introduction through her to Virgil and Euripides. Not even the prospect of a University Entrance Examination can spoil for the early teens the Choruses of *Alcestis* or the description of the volcanic isle and Vulcan's anvil in the *Aeneid*. Years after, my father took me to sail past Stromboli and to visit Greece. It was perhaps the excursion to that sweet place of shrubs and green waving grasses where the Games were once held that most revived, fresh and new, those first ecstatic steps into the Old World. We sailed away from the Piraeus as the sun was setting, and while, seated on deck as the ship moved farther and farther from the coast, I looked back at Athens, the whole experience of past and present was fused in one passion of reverence for the scene before me, and the gift of Greece to the world.

But before that came an Oxford training. There, in addition to classical literature, some little ancient history and philosophy, those great "wideners", were included in my store. Women were not then members of the University, but such scholars and historians as Arthur Sidgwick, Henry Pelham and other famous men still living, some of whose names appear in this book, gave of their wealth to the neophyte on the doorstep. My first tutor, an excellent scholar and a woman of unusual force of mind and character, cast in distinctly political mould, found Livy the best field in which to deploy her gifts. She would urge her pupil to observe what "Rome" expected of a public servant, of constitutional assemblies and of leaders of men—points not without value for the future administrator in humbler spheres. At this stage, too, came the happiness of access to a library. The modest room at Lady Margaret Hall then dignified by that name is clear in my memory, and so is the very shelf on which stood two volumes of J. A. Symonds' *Greek Poets*, my constant and inexhaustible delight as a girl. There is little evidence that the ancients took much interest in children, but in the phrase *τοῖς ἀκμαίοις ἡ ὥρα* has always lain for me an intimation of the undergraduate's intensity of happiness in the revelation of beauty at that pre-disenchanted age. Oxford gives much; for the humblest classical student it knows how to confer on that experience a bloom nothing can take away.

The serious business of existence, however, soon began, and in a particularly squalid part of South London. A modest appointment became mine in a thriving educational establishment which was largely devoted to technical subjects and in which Latin and Greek were unknown. The Underground Railway, often late at night, became a regular habit; on those journeys certain poetry offered equally regular companionship, blotting out as nothing else could do daily fatigue and din. It was Matthew Arnold who said that Milton must supply for most moderns their only door into the classical tradition. Certainly one worker found in his epic, in turn with its great forerunners, an alchemy unrivalled. For instance,

"Pursued the Arinespian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold"—

who could muse on such lines between Notting Hill Gate and the British Museum without losing all awareness of less fascinating things? "Escapism"? But that is what all poetry is for. Not philosophy, not even the majesty and tragedy of the history of Mansoul, but the vision of Beauty—that is its lasting gift, amid whatever surroundings to be recaptured at will. (Nor need it be at the expense of that other truth confided to our age: that "Romance brings up the nine-fifteen"!)

It is perhaps since returning to Oxford after several years of work in Wakefield, Manchester and Leeds that my featherweight of learning has after all stood me in most stead. As Mr. Ernest Newman has lately put it, Shakespeare's dialogue between Lorenzo and Jessica cannot yield "the same suggestiveness, the same beauty to the man who has never heard of Troilus and Cressida and Dido and Medea as it does to the man in whom the merest mention of the names at once floods the imagination with memories . . . kindled in him by other great poems and dramas". To every educationalist this is, of course, a platitude; but it has fallen out that during a period of office not now far from its end I have seen in my Society an expending interest in theological as well as literary, historical and scientific studies; and some understanding of Hellenic ideas and aspirations has been a background to my own reading in Divinity and Biblical subjects, and my converse with undergraduates on the same themes, which has added incomparably to the happiness derived from such intercourse. Though overborne for the time by the terrible and urgent *κρίσις* of our day, which tempts men to see in all Idealism the great enemy, the Platonist tradition (among many others) is not likely to die out for ever from English religion; and that sort of scepticism which Continental Christians have regretfully observed in us, but which is in contrast less to faith than to credulity, derives—whence? Perhaps from the English temperament, but perhaps also from our classical tradition. Be that as it may, some awareness of preceding ages lights up again and again for the mind the times and places among which Christianity first received its name. To know, for instance, that "silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon" can be proved from the subsoil of Greek lands, that "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" could have been heard by any spectator of such noisy processions as were satirized by the Athenian orator to bring his antagonist's religiosity into contempt, and that to and from Mars' Hill the footprints go not in one direction but a thousand, is to find the highest studies of all fertilized and enriched. Long may the continuity as well as the catastrophes of history be emphasized in our Universities, and long may the civilization of Greece and Rome supply guidance to us even in the gigantic struggles of tomorrow and today. That "Eternal changelessness" which lies beyond all our experiences of change was a belief precious to Jew as well as to Greek, and to those of my own faith the *ἐνέργεια ἀκινήσιας* is no longer imagined but revealed in the untiring *ἀγάπη* of God in Christ.

From first to last, then, a classical education has mingled itself with all that I have known of aesthetic delight, of intellectual interest and of mature faith. Not less has it played its part in the fulfilment of professional duty. "Know thyself" was very early impressed on me as the first requisite of one in or under authority; and one of the most useful aids to the administrator, awareness of limitations, has accompanied me

through life. Socratic thoroughness in the analysis of prejudice, one's own as well as other people's, is a habit by no means injurious to intercourse with undergraduates, and for self and contemporaries not without "entertainment value" (if no more). The approach of old age leaves me little less thankful for a classical education than for the "dear, dear land" and the Christian home in which I was born.



RETROSPECT

by

MARCUS N. TOD

HELLAS—what magic and what music there is in the name! What a wealth of associations enriches it! How immeasurable is the debt which our civilization owes to the scientists and statesmen, the philosophers and physicists, the poets and prose writers, the artists and architects, the doctors and theologians, the sailors and soldiers of ancient Hellas! Pliny was surely right when he urged his friend Maximus, appointed by the Emperor Trajan to administer Athens, Sparta and the other "free cities" of Greece, to undertake with fitting reverence his responsible task. "Reflect," he writes, "that it is to the province of Achaea that you have been sent, that true and unalloyed Greece where civilization, literature and even the fruits of the field are believed to have been first discovered . . . to men who are supremely men, to the free who are supremely free. . . . Revere their divine founders and the sanctity of their gods, revere their ancient renown and their old age itself, which, venerable in the case of men, is sacred in that of cities. Pay honour to their antiquity, to their stupendous deeds, and even to their legends. . . . Keep in view the fact that this is the land which sent us codes of right, which gave laws not to the conquered but to those who sought them, that it is Athens which you approach, Lacedaemon which you govern." Today we owe to Greece all that Rome then owed, and more besides. Never must we forget the varied achievements of the Byzantine Age, the services rendered to culture and to Christianity by Constantinople and Trebizond and Salonica, the heroism of the Greek War of Independence, a heroism fully matched by that displayed by the Hellenes in their epic stand—nay, not stand alone, but triumphant advance—in face of Italian aggression, in their tenacious resistance to the German invaders of their land, and in their proud, dauntless and unwavering acceptance of cruelty and oppression, want and even starvation itself for the sake of their own freedom and the liberation of the world. That debt may be, indeed, it must be, recognized, even though it can never be fully repaid. Never fully—yet this should not be allowed to blind our eyes or dull our response to such opportunities as present themselves for expressing our gratitude and sense of obligation in concrete forms. True, something has been done. The devotion of Byron, Gordon, Finlay and other Philhellenes in the struggle for the

liberation of Greece, the share taken by the British Navy in the Battle of Navarino, the restoration of the Ionian Islands to the Hellenic Kingdom eighty years ago, the friendship shown in various ways by so many Britons, the attempt made to succour Greece in 1941—these are among the facts we must not overlook, as assuredly they are neither forgotten nor minimized by the Greeks themselves. Recently the condition of Greece, where gaunt famine stalked through towns and villages, plains and hills, taking his toll, like some relentless Minotaur, of the nation's life and strength, has constituted a new and no less urgent call for assistance. The aftermath will need the help, not only of our Government, but of our people, who surely will respond with alacrity and generosity. For we, heirs of the rich spiritual legacy of the Greeks, cannot but acknowledge the cogency of the Pauline assertion, "Their debtors they are; for if the nations have shared in their spiritual things, they ought also to minister to them in carnal things."

It is now more than forty years since first I looked out on the Greek mountains and trod the soil of Hellas, yet the memory of that day still remains as vivid as it is delightful. I came by sea—surely the ideal approach to a land in whose geography and history the sea plays, and has always played, so vital a role, a land of which so great a part is either literally or for all practical purposes insular. Suda Bay had been our first and only port of call on that memorable journey from Marseilles; there we had found the town and the ships anchored in the harbour gaily decorated in honour of Christmas Day, and that although I had spent New Year's Day in London. What mattered it that the steamer on which I travelled was small and uncomfortable? What mattered the Aegean swell, constantly lifting the propeller above the water and causing the whole ship to shudder and rattle? A cherished dream was coming true. These were the waters of the Greeks' own sea, their "countless rippling smile" flashing in the winter sunshine; yonder rugged coast was that of Laconia, with the long mass of Mount Parnon rising behind it, and beyond and above that, reflecting the sunlight from its snowy crest, the giant Taygetus. How many gallant argosies in days long gone had flecked these waters with their sails or churned them with their oars! How many a voyager had passed this way upon his lawful, or unlawful, errands—invaders and refugees, travellers and traders, pirates intent on booty and athletes in quest of success and fame, colonists and crusaders; Paris hieing him home to Troy from Cranaë, bearing with him Helen, Menelaüs' wife, and so bringing upon his fortress city long and bitter strife and eventual destruction; Sappho seeking a refuge in the West from the political disorders of her native Mytilene; Plato going out to Sicily with high hopes of realizing there his vision of the ideal state, in which power should be used and controlled by wisdom; Pompey sweeping the pirate-ridden sea; Paul tirelessly moving to and fro on his missionary journeys!

Our boat moves slowly—well that it should be so, allowing more leisure for reflection and imagination and bringing us nearer to the conditions of the ancient and mediaeval world, in which the speed of the modern liner was still undreamed of. Slowly the panorama unfolds and alters, though its essential features of sunshine and blue sky, tossing sea, islands and mountains, remain unchanged. We pass the entrance

to the Argolic Gulf and the islands of Spetsai and Hydra, whose intrepid mariners won deathless fame in Greece's fight for independence, skirt the eastern coast of Argolis and enter the charmed waters of the Saronic Gulf, dominated by the island of Aegina, long a rival of Athens and Corinth in seamanship and trade. To the East rises Cape Colonna, the ancient Sunium, holding aloft the columns of dazzling marble which survive from its famed temple of Poseidon. Ahead lies Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, and already a glimpse may be had of the city itself a few miles inland; close by, to the west, we see the island of Salamis, between which and the mainland the combined Greek Fleet, led and inspired by the navy of Athens and the genius of its admiral, Themistocles, won the memorable victory which saved Greece and Europe from the threat of Oriental despotism and ushered in that Golden Age of Greece in which art and literature, philosophy and politics reached heights previously unattained and in some respects still unsurpassed. Ignorant or insensitive must he indeed be who fails to experience a thrill in response to such an environment, charged with such memories and associations!

In due course we cast anchor and went ashore in a rowing-boat, to be met by new excitements. The less attractive features which Piraeus shares with almost every seaport were soon forgotten in the fascination of reading Greek legends over shops or offices, in the Customs House or at the railway station, or in the ubiquitous advertisements of Sunlight Soap and Singer's Sewing Machines, of hearing dark-eyed, swarthy urchins address each other as Epaminondas or Plutarch or Themistocles, or, more commonly, Athanasios or some other saint's name (for the Greek celebrates the day of the saint whose name he bears rather than the anniversary of his own birth), and of listening to the Greek language spoken on every side. True, this at first is apt to baffle the visitor, even if he has received a classical education, not so much because of the differences of vocabulary between the ancient and the modern speech, which is rather its continuation and development than its "descendant" (Greek is not, and never has been, a "dead" language), as by reason of the unfamiliar pronunciation and the rapidity of its utterance. That difficulty is, however, soon and easily surmounted; in a very few weeks the understanding of ordinary conversation presents no obstacle, and the expression of at least the simpler wants and thoughts becomes easy and natural.

But if the first impression made by Hellas was so thrilling, it was deepened and intensified by the residence of more than three years which at that time it was my privilege to enjoy. The warm welcome extended to a newcomer by the small British and American colonies in Athens, the cordial comradeship uniting the members of the archaeological schools—French, German, American and British—engaged in research, exploration and excavation, the inspiration of personal contact with great scholars and teachers such as Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld and Dr. Adolf Wilhelm, and, not least, the friendships formed with Greeks in many places and various walks of life—these have proved a prized and permanent enrichment of life. Athens, a very much smaller city than it has since become, was full of fascination, with its fine broad streets linking the great squares named respectively "Constitution" and "Concord", its narrow lanes, especially those which were the scene of the

busy industry of smiths or cobblers or embroiderers, its multifarious activities and amusements, its museums, in which are treasured some of the supreme achievements of the human genius, and, above all, its ancient monuments culminating in the indescribable beauty and majesty of the Acropolis. Fascinating too were the walks and excursions for which Athens was an ideal centre—to Cape Sunium, the Land's End of Attica, with its wide outlook on sea and islands; to the summit of honeyed Hymettus or of the massive marble pediment of Pentelicon, with their still broader panoramas; amid hills and woods to the remote fastness of Phyle, whose ruins still attest the enthusiasm and the valour of Thrasybulus and his companions, who, challenging the might of a foreign oppressor and of the quislings who supported, and were supported by, his power, restored to Athens freedom and democracy; to Marathon, where the Persian invader was hurled back by the armies of Athens and Plataea and the burial-mound still marks the grave of the fallen champions of Greek liberty; or along the Sacred Way to Eleusis, centre of that mystery-cult whose initiates, Isocrates claimed, "have sweeter hopes regarding the end of life and the whole of eternity".

But even Attica, with all its wealth of history and tradition, of literature and art and philosophy, is but a small portion of Hellas, and journeys to other parts of the mainland, or to some of the countless islands which stud the blue waters of the Ionian and Aegean seas, introduced me to many scenes of rare beauty and captivating interest. Travel in those days was a leisurely affair and, to me at least, all the more enjoyable for that reason. The steamers which plied to and among the islands were small, sluggish and invariably late. The railway system, not yet linked up with that of the rest of Europe, was much more restricted then than now, and the trains, though usually punctual, were few and, judged by British standards, very slow. No motor-car violated the roads of Greece; in the larger towns carriages or light springless carts (*soustas*) might be hired, while on certain routes ramshackle vehicles, dignified by the name of "diligences", "ran" (a misleading term to describe so staid a progress). But as a rule I travelled on the back of a mule or donkey, the owner of which strode behind or alongside, serving as companion and guide and stimulating the flagging energies of his beast, or, best of all, on shanks' mare, my own master, free to hasten or to dally at will, to pursue the road or track, if such there was, or to wander where I pleased, lured by the loveliness of the wild flowers, the charm of the landscape, or the excitement of the possible discovery of some ancient inscription or fragment of sculpture built into some wayside chapel.

What a wealth of pictures adorns memory's gallery! How hard it is to select a mere half-dozen for notice when one would linger over each in turn! Here is Megaspoleon, the historic monastery, approached by a magnificent gorge and nestling in the shelter of an immense natural grotto, where first, in 1821, the banner was unfurled which led the Greeks to victory and independence. There is Delphi, perched high upon the lower slopes of Mount Parnassus, at the foot of the towering Phaedriad cliffs in whose crevices nest the eagles which still wheel and circle and hover above the site and the ruins of the most august temple, the most revered oracle, of the Hellenic world, chief meeting-place of all its

scattered communities and the scene, every four years, of a national "eisteddfod", in which divine worship was combined with social intercourse, trade with musical and athletic competitions. There is Olympia, less majestic than Delphi, restful and charming, overlooked by the Hill of Cronos (in reality scarcely more than a mound), carpeted with asphodel and wild cyclamens and many-hued anemones, a centre of cult and of art and a much-frequented gathering ground of the whole Greek people, scene from time immemorial of the Olympic Games. Yonder hang the companion pictures of Mycenae and Tiryns, whose stupendous Cyclopean walls bear witness even today to their power and wealth in the dim twilight of Greek pre-history. Yonder is Bassae, where amid the wild and lonely Arcadian mountains the traveller suddenly confronts a temple, roofless indeed but otherwise almost entire, erected well-nigh twenty-four centuries ago as a thankoffering to Apollo for his succour in a time of plague. Here, again, is Cnossus, once capital of "hundred-cited Crete", centre of Minos' empire and focus of the art and commerce of the Eastern Mediterranean, whose annals are reckoned in millennia rather than in centuries and whose excavation by Sir Arthur Evans opened up a new chapter of European history. There, finally, is Sparta, world-famous home of a narrow military aristocracy, with its haughty pride of race, its relentless discipline and its ruthless oppression of its subjects, lying at the head of its fertile plain shut in between the rolling heights of Parnon and the massive rampart of Taygetus rising to 8,000 feet, on whose summit, alone and in unbroken silence, looking down on the vast expanse of the surrounding land and sea and up to the moonlit vault of heaven, I spent the most memorable night of my sojourn in Greece.

But I cannot turn away without at least one brief glance at another vignette. A peasant and his wife are standing in their tiny vineyard, standing disconsolate, for the dreaded phylloxera had begun its fell work and all their vines are blighted save three or four in one corner. A stranger approaches along the white, dusty road, tired by his long tramp, hot and parched by the burning summer sun. He stops and asks them for a few grapes. They go to the best of their few surviving vines, carefully select the finest bunch and present it to the wayfarer. He presses on them a trifling sum of money, but they are adamant in their refusal: "You are an Englishman, and we gladly give you the best we have; we only wish it were better." In that picture, I get a glimpse into the heart of Hellas.

Need I apologize for this indulgence in reminiscences? Is it not the acknowledged prerogative of old age? And if these random recollections evoke similar memories in any reader who already knows the spell of Hellas, he at least, I am confident, will not upbraid me; while if anyone who is still a stranger to that fascinating land is stimulated by what I have written to resolve that, when at length the heroic resistance and steadfast endurance of the Greeks is crowned by victory, freedom and peace, he too will make a pilgrimage thither, to him I shall have rendered an inestimable service.



THE GREEK TRADITION IN MODERN ART

by

CHARLES SELTMAN

PARIS in the ancient legend made a choice among three goddesses, each of whom had something to offer. It was a charming story such as the Greeks loved, without a forced moral tacked on to the tale, yet within it there lies a subtle understanding of the human mind. What shall a man choose? Power and dominion over others such as Hera offered, or a life spent in science and learning which Athena would give, or the loveliness of human affections that Aphrodite promised? Paris chose the third and was rewarded with happiness, and sorrow, in the companionship of the most perfect creature the gods had made—Helen.

Human understanding, sensibility, individuality, affection—in short the Humanities—this is what the Greeks always desired. They did not fight a ten-year Trojan war for a dogma, a creed or a god, but, so Homer said, for a human being. They did not resist Persians at Marathon and Thermopylae, Italians at Yannina and Germans in Crete because they feared organized might, but because they hated soulless power. They were the discoverers of science and philosophy, but they were also the leaders in poetry and art; and they must forever be our preceptors in these things because their concern is Humanity.

That way sanity lies.

The art of the Greeks was in all its phases occupied with sane humanity; and for this reason all European art, except perhaps where it deals in *cauchemar* or *bizarrie*, owes a total debt to the art of ancient Greece. For the mass of European art this is a commonplace because, looking back, we can see the track of that art; the track which became first a path, then a road, then a highway. But that which may still give us some cause for surprise is the fact that in our own day the highway has led into the boulevards of the city of Paris.

There is no need to repeat in detail what is known to all, or to survey the line which ancient art pursued, for every student of history knows how the arts of Cycladic islanders and Minoan Cretans combined with those of mainland Greeks and iron-using Dorians to build something which, after accepting fresh ideas from Oriental Greeks of Ionia and Cyprus, blossomed into the splendour of archaic art. And he knows how this archaic art changed into the full classical art of Greece which was welcomed and adopted by the ancient civilized world whose capital was Rome. He is not unmindful of the fact that renaissance Italy rediscovered this Graeco-Roman classical art, recreated it and passed it on to Western Europe, where it has prevailed as one of the main art-fashions of our own time.

The historian knows too of another and narrower route which Greek art pursued. By the sixth century of our era, religion, organized, established and endowed as never before, was inspired by an enduring hate, not only of the older faith, but of its associates, balance, individualism, tolerance and beauty—especially human beauty. Mani

tainted ascetics, holding the god-created human body a vile thing, blasphemed their Creator, and by the eighth century art had to fight for its life against the iconoclast creed and the thunders of Sinai. But so well-rooted was the Greek spirit in the Byzantine Empire that, despite all handicaps and hatreds, it would not be denied. A mode, in quality more like the ancient archaic than the full classical, forced its way through to produce in Western Europe the strong elegance of Romanesque sculpture, and in the East the subtle power of painting seen in the schools of Constantinople and Crete.

Greek art came safely down this narrow lane which widened under the light of the Renaissance into a broad highway, until the Cretan painter El Greco, reared in the archaic strength of Byzantium, schooled in the humanism of classical Venice, gathered together the whole power of Greek art and flung it forward as a challenge to ourselves.

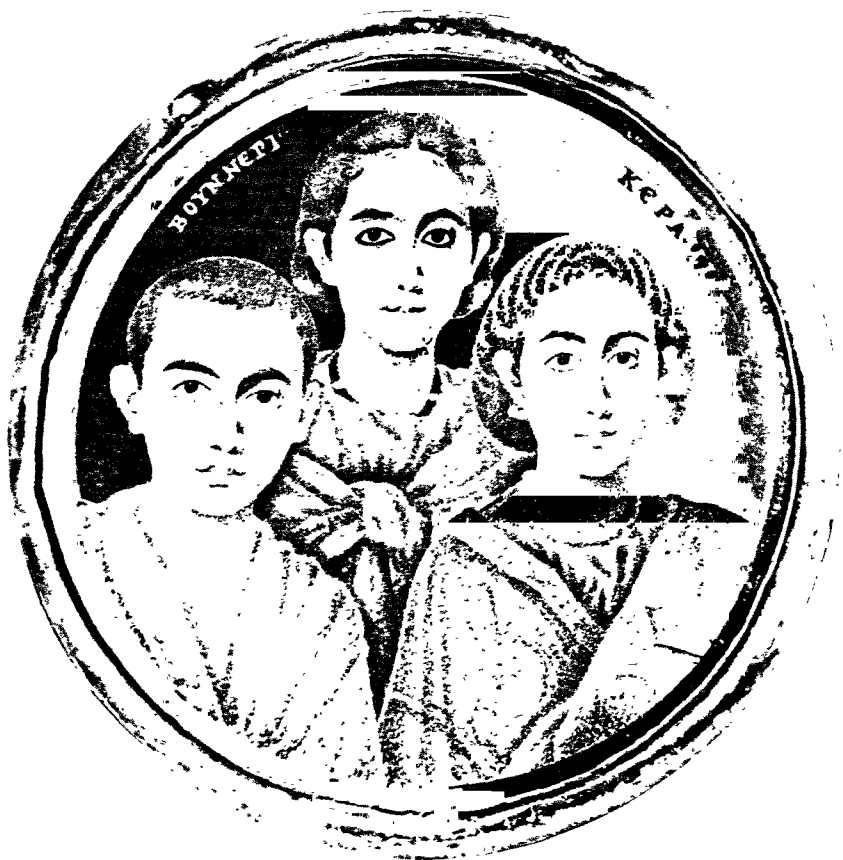
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Observe the traditional Greek power in the greatest of all El Greco's works, the *Burial of Count Orgaz*, in Toledo, painted in 1586 (Frontispiece). It has to be compared with another remarkable picture made in Moscow nearly two centuries earlier. About 1380 a Greek painter named Theophanes was sent from Constantinople to Novgorod to teach the Russians. His greatest pupil—he proved better than his master—was Andrei Rublev, to whose brush a now famous panel (Fig. 15) is attributed. The subject is the *Dormition of the Virgin*, who lies upon a bier. Christ descends in glory surrounded by angels and seraphs to carry her soul to heaven. There are groups of Apostles and Fathers of the Church, while in front is the small figure of the Jew Athonius, with severed hands which St. Peter stoops to heal. This was painted about 1420 on a pattern familiar to all Byzantine artists and therefore still familiar to El Greco about 1560 when he was a young man living in Crete. And so, when, about twenty-six years later, he was instructed to paint a large picture in memory of the burial of Count Orgaz, he deliberately used the "Dormition" scheme of composition. We see the prone figure in the centre below; close to it a little boy, like the little Jew-figure in Rublev's panel; around, bearded figures inclining inwards; above, Christ in majesty, the Virgin, and arching curves of angels. Here is the vital power of Greek art shining through.

This Cretan, El Greco, was the inventor of modern landscape painting, a subject on which we cannot dilate here except to note in passing that his elegant landscape manner was admired by Goya, who in his turn profoundly influenced Cézanne, and through Cézanne the whole splendid nineteenth-century tradition of French landscape art. Thus the long road of Greek art led to Paris; and the trail was apparent not in landscape alone. There is, it will be admitted, a peculiar unity of feeling about French portraiture which we can clearly perceive whether the work be from the brush of Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, van Gogh or Gauguin. It is something quite different from any Italian, Flemish, German, English, Scottish or Dutch manner in portrait painting. It is nearest to the Greek. Look now at the paintings of four artists (Figs. 16, 17, 18, 19). First, the mysterious work of a certain Pouneris, a Greek miniaturist who signed his name on the group of a mother and two children, produced



FIG. 15. THE DORMITION OF THE VIRGIN (SELTMAN COLLECTION). ATTRIBUTED TO ANDREI RUBLEV; ABOUT A.D. 1420



11C 16. PAINTING ON GLASS BY BOUNNERIS. IN ERESCIA; ABOUT A.D. 230



FIG. 17. PORTRAIT (DETAIL) BY EL GRECO, IN
PHILADELPHIA; ABOUT A.D. 1600



FIG. 18. PORTRAIT (DETAIL) BY GOYA, IN
WORCESTER, MASS.; ABOUT A.D. 1815



FIG. 19. PORTRAIT (DETAIL) BY DEGAS, IN
BOSTON, MASS.; ABOUT A.D. 1870



FIG. 20. DRAWING ON VASE BY THE LYCAON PAINTER,
IN POLAND; ABOUT 440 B.C.



FIG. 21. DRAWING ON VASE BY THE TRIGLYPH
PAINTER, IN SYDNEY; ABOUT 410 B.C.



FIG. 22. DRAWING BY PICASSO,
IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; A.D. 1904

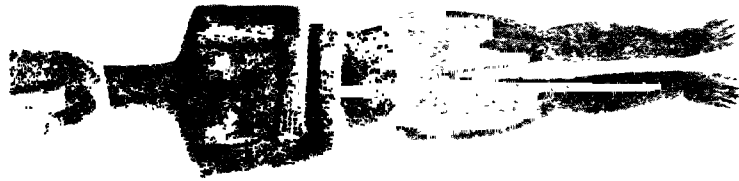


FIG. 23. MARBLE GIRL FROM NAXOS, IN ATHENS; ABOUT 3000 B.C.



FIG. 24. HEAD BY MODIGLIANI, 20TH CENTURY; VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

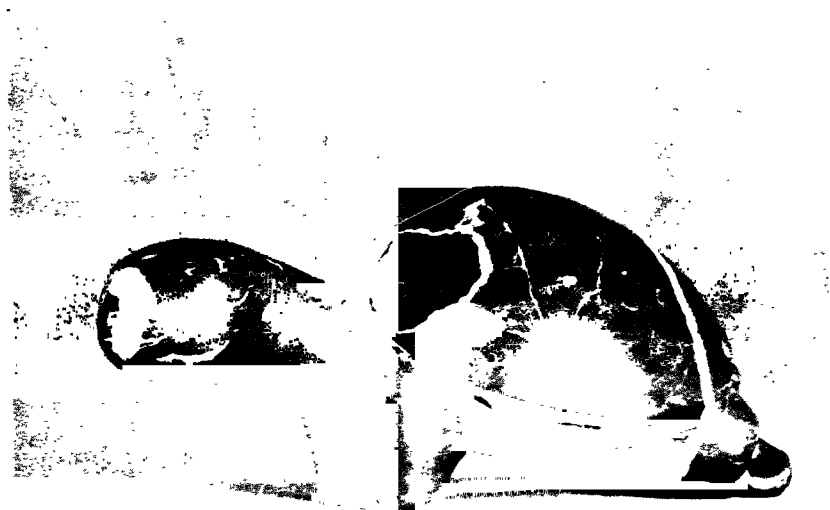


Woman in Honiton Stone by Mr. Moore

FIG. 25. WOMAN IN HONITON STONE BY HENRY MOORE (PETER WATSON COLLECTION); 20TH CENTURY



FIG. 26. MARBLE HARPIST FROM KEROS, IN ATHENS, ABOUT 3000 B.C.



W. G. L. N. 1000 (M. P. 11)

FIG. 27. TORTOISE IN STONE BY RICHARD BEDFORD, IN LONDON (UNPUBLISHED);
A.D. 1942



FIG. 28. HIPPOPOTAMUS IN MARBLE (SELTMAN COLLECTION), ABOUT A.D. 100



FIG. 29. LAPIPI GIRL, MARBLE, BY THE MASTER OF OLYMPIA; IN OLYMPIA, ABOUT 460 B.C.



FIG. 30. MAENAD IN STONE BY MESTROVIC; 20TH CENTURY

about A.D. 230; second, El Greco's portrait of a woman, painted about 1600; third, a Goya canvas of 1815 with the Bishop of Marcopolis; and last, the Duchess de Morbilli by Dégas. Of these the two first are by Greeks, the third by a Spaniard, the fourth by a Frenchman; and more than sixteen centuries lie between the first and last.

* * * * *

Pass from painting to drawing. Of living draughtsmen, the most Greek in spirit is perhaps Pablo Picasso, who, Spaniard though he be, has lived most of his life in Paris, and artistically is always classed as a Parisian. In the eyes of most men he has achieved notoriety as a cubist, especially so because art critics, always hungering for novelty, long ago picked on cubism for its shock and sensation value. This way of painting can be interesting in the hands of great painters, like Leonardo, who also played with it, mainly because it is a kind of doodling, and because the doodle of a master is bound to be more amusing than the doodle of a tyro. This is not said to disparage cubism, but rather to praise good doodling as a kind of poetic expression of day-dreaming. Picasso, however, is a draughtsman of the highest rank, which means that he may be classed with Greek draughtsmen of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. There was Epiktetos, about 520 B.C., of whom J. D. Beazley wrote, "You cannot draw better, you can only draw differently"; there was an Unknown—we call him the Panaitios painter—near 500 B.C., about whom Beazley said that "his hands make most other hands seem gloved". We may look (Figs. 20, 21) at details from the brushes of two other Athenians known to us as the Lykaon painter, about 440 B.C., and the Triglyph painter, about 410 B.C., to see what Greeks who made drawings upon vases could achieve. Having studied the masterly combination of elegance, skill and power in these drawings, we may turn to a sketch by the master, Picasso (Fig. 22), and observe with no small delight the same feeling. He is doing the very kind of thing which those Greeks did.

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The art critic, poor man, is often hard put to it for new things to say, accordingly any wide deviations from the artistic norm, like cubism, vorticism and other -isms, afford him pleasure. Now, it is common knowledge that all architecture, sculpture and painting which are normally described as "classical" derive ultimately from the Greek, while classical normality is often not very attractive to the critic. Let us therefore consider some works of art which appear to deviate from the standard "classical" manner, which critics find exciting, and which they claim to be either un-Greek or superior to anything Greeks ever made. Some modern sculpture may be our example.

At the very beginning of the present century there appeared in certain Parisian art-dealers' shops a number of those figures of island marble which were made in the Greek Cyclades some 5,000 years ago (Figs. 23, 26). The original appearance of these things, startling in their difference from conventional Greek sculpture, pleased certain artists in Paris just as they were later to please modern British sculptors. The

discovery was made in art circles that in the eighteen-eighties many others had been found and placed in the National Museum in Athens, and these island marble figures turned the attention of some persons to examples of African carving, which, being the more easily obtainable, soared into sudden popularity and fame. The growing science of ethnology helped, and the "primitive" became the vogue in art. "Disciples" of long dead craftsmen of Benin, Gabon, Congo and Fiji began to appear, but all this was something of a passing phase. The more thoughtful French and British sculptors used an idiom which was related to Cycladic Greek more than to African forms. At first it was not the fashion to admit Greek influence, because we were supposed to be in open revolt against the classical manner.

What actually occurred was that the artist was still practising something akin to Greek art. The little flat girl (Fig. 23) was not an "Aphrodite of Melos", nor was the harpist (Fig. 26) an "Apollo Kitharoidos", but they were still both Greek. An Italian painter, Modigliani, domiciled and working in Paris, took to sculpture and produced (Fig. 24) a very Greek Cycladic-like head, while Henry Moore, in London, carved an interesting figure (Fig. 25), all angles, bumps and unexpected shapes, which proclaims a relationship, deep in the subconscious perhaps, with the Ancient of Keros who made a Parian marble harpist (Fig. 26) 5,000 years ago.

Yet we are not to think that only this most remote Greek art can find its echo in our own day, for a little search will soon find other things as well. Here, for example, are a modern and an ancient animal side by side—fat animals both of them. The former (Fig. 27) a tortoise carved by Richard Bedford in London a few years ago, the latter (Fig. 28) a marble hippopotamus carved by an unknown Greek in Alexandria in the first century of our era.

In the long run you will probably find, however much you postpone decision on a matter of taste, that you will end by preferring the old island figures and the fat Greek hippopotamus to any of their modern relations.

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What of the future? The prophet's is an ungrateful task because he is so rarely right except when his theme is "woe". For the present we cannot know what art exists in Paris since her liberation. Four years of servitude are unhealthy for any art. In England we still have our ultra-moderns and Epstein, who, like a lone prophet in the wilderness, may seem more of a protester than a creator. Apart from the products of Paris and London, the best works of sculpture in our day come from the artists of two separate regions, Scandinavia and Yugoslavia.

The Scandinavians, like Carl Milles and Kai Nielsen, seem often close to Greek Hellenistic artists in feeling; the great Yugoslavs, Mestrović and Rosandić, are intensely Greek and deeply inspired by the archaic, the early classical, and the Byzantine modes. They adapt; they do not borrow or copy. Mestrović betrays his admiration for the splendour of the Master of Olympia whose Lapith girl (Fig. 29), made about 460 B.C., may be compared with a maenad carved by the Yugoslav

in the earlier part of the present century (Fig. 30). He has certain younger compatriots like Nemon and Studin, sculptors whose Greekness is marked.

Where will the future home of the best sculpture and painting be? The answer is, in some place where a strong spirit of Greek humanism reigns—where balance, tolerance, curiosity and individualism are Values.

London or Paris, Athens or Moscow, New York or San Francisco, any or all are possible—if the conditions be fulfilled. In art, as in all other walks of life, nothing in the world really matters which is not somehow bound up with Greek humanism.



SOCRATES, ATHENS AND US

by

NAOMI MITCHISON

HISTORY holds up the mirror to us. We see ourselves startlingly well in the Athens of the latter half of the fifth century B.C.—the Athens of the later dramatists, the Athens of the Parthenon, the Erectheum and the lovely defiant little Nike temple, above all the Athens of Socrates. Perhaps it will help us to understand ourselves if we look closely at this Athens.

It was, like London, a city of rich and poor. A baby born of a citizen father and mother might grow up to music and poetry, carefully watched athletics on sand-strewn wrestling-grounds, and military training that could be the most wonderful showing-off in the world, when the young aristocrats, with the cloaks blown back from their brown shoulders, rode their tossing high-bred ponies in the procession through the Athenian streets and up to the Acropolis. Or else—and these were the majority of the citizen babies—they would grow up to a life of hard work; their fathers would be potters or armourers or shoemakers or hard-working farmers, and the children must help as soon as they grew old enough. For these children there would be the learning of a craft or the day-long herding of sheep or goats, with a piece of cheese and black bread to eat at dusty mid-day; when they grew up, their military service would be as sailors, rowing in the long, narrow, unstable war galleys which held the Athenian Empire together. There was not much glory and showing-off in this, and much danger; a sea battle with its holing and ramming of galleys would drown hundreds of citizen rowers, the plain working folk of Athens.

Yet even the rowers and potters and charcoal-burners and tanners had certain rights, and in some ways these were more substantial if less high-sounding rights than those which the same kind of citizens have in London today. In the Greek democracies it was really possible for anyone who was interested to have a voice in the government of his State. There were various quite effective kinds of machinery for doing this. The Athenians could and did get their laws altered; they could

get new officials, generals and admirals; they could have taxes and market dues changed; they could—and did—abolish their "House of Lords". They could even choose which play was to get the first prize, instead of having it done for them by a committee of publishers or producers or actor-managers. And if they couldn't afford to pay for their own seats at the theatre, they made the State pay for them. So democracy was a lively and genuine thing in fifth-century Athens, even though they didn't make nearly as many speeches about it as we do.

But there were other people who didn't have any rights at all: the slaves. Ordinary, domestic slavery wasn't too bad; your slave was a "boy", not just a "hand", as so many millions in this country are now. But industrial slavery, which began about this time, was horrible. Unskilled slaves cost little more than £5 apiece, and at that price it was good economics to wear them out in five years or less. That was what happened in the silver mines, on which so much of the commercial greatness of Athens rested. Probably the accident rate was no higher than it is in the average British coal-mine or metalliferous mine today, but the disease rate was probably higher. They must have suffered horribly from ankylostomiasis, the parasitic disease which used to cause such havoc among Cornish tin-miners a generation ago. And they had no defence against the most ruthless over-working and under-feeding.

If a community depends on slave labour, it doesn't develop machinery. In a sense we should compare slave labour with the work of machines; a civilization like that of Athens could be built up on the intelligent use of machinery, if machines were only designed and made, as they might be, not just to increase profits, but so as to give the lovely, frugal Athenian leisure to all. A pity, isn't it, that we haven't learnt to think of machines that way!

Another reason why there weren't vacuum cleaners and sewing-machines in Athens is that there were always plenty of women to do the household work, so a man didn't even need slaves in order to live a leisured life. . . . The women didn't have any rights; they had no property; they had no education; most of them were probably very boring. To escape from the boringness of the respectable women—forced on them by their fathers and husbands—men who wanted intelligent female companionship had to look to foreigners, women from the Ionian islands at the far side of the Aegean, where there was an old tradition of music and beauty-loving women, free to lead their own lives, a tradition dating from the times of Sappho and her fellow poetesses. By this time their islands were poor and ravaged by war; they came for adventure and beauty to Athens, the city of riches and ideas.

But what were these ideas? What was happening to people's minds then? Why were they so like ours? Let us see first how things had been in the beginning and middle of the fifth century.

Generation after generation, any Athenian with even the beginnings of an education—and most of them had *some*—learnt quantities of poetry by heart, especially Homer. They didn't write down much, but everyone was used to tucking things away in his memory; that was how the farmers knew about crops and the sailors about stars and seasons. Anything learnt like that sinks in very deeply, and Homer was to them what the Bible was to most people in this country in Victorian times

and what it still is to many old folk in the country. It was the model for the whole of their lives. Things which the Homeric heroes had said to one another long ago were there to help the Athenian when he was afraid or hurt or jealous or discouraged or near death. And they believed in the kind of Gods that were to be found in Homer, the powers of sun and darkness, giving life or death, happiness or unhappiness, and behind them all, the concept of justice and destiny, for Gods as well as for men, waiting at the farthest end of action.

It was all very unscientific. The other values which they believed in, besides these ethical-poetic values of Homer and his like, were soldierly ideas. Or rather, what were considered as such before the days of long-range death, of bomber 'planes and poison gas. These were partly tied up with the idea of fitness, the training of the body for war. And they developed their personal relationships, and knew a great deal about people's characters, perhaps much more than we do now. At least they had a very large vocabulary for fine shades of character and relationship. We tend to stereotype such things, to have certain categories of relationships, easily written about and filmed, and a limited range of words to describe different kinds of people. This is not quite so marked in the country and in Scotland, where certain values are surprisingly Hellenic. Gaelic, for instance, has a number of words, mostly to do with character, which are more nearly translatable into Greek than into English.

These Greek values were good enough to live with in the ordinary way. You didn't want science much if you were a traditional farmer or craftsman or a sailor dodging between ports in summer. You didn't want history if you weren't worrying about what was to come next—but instead were developing new ways of life which would make nonsense of much earlier history. Perhaps we may come to that yet: but not at the moment. And you didn't want geography if your own town was good enough for ever and everything.

You didn't even want to invent new ways of making war—and that means science—so long as you and the people you were fighting with had more or less the same ideas. So long as war was still part of a man's normal life and one of the finest parts of it.

But that didn't last, any more than the satisfied, comfortable Victorian ideas lasted. And the break-up was just as thrilling for the young and just as uncomfortable for the old as the break-up of our own traditional ideas has been for the last couple of generations. And, equally, it ended in a devastating war—which destroyed ideas along with young men's bodies and brains. Which made people feel tired and old and infinitely discouraged. But there was all the marvellous beginning of the fifth century before the Peloponnesian War.

What happened was that Athens became successful. It was partly that she took the leadership after the Persian wars, when no other State was willing to take the responsibility and the risk. It was partly a few intelligent politicians, the right men for the times. One thing acted on another. Athens ate up some of her smaller allies, and lo and behold, there was an Empire. Ships went sailing in all directions, out for conquest and trade—trade following the soldier, as it has done since. And certain other consequences followed, then as now. The successful

Empire was suspected and hated, and had to build up a strong fighting force and, above all, a great navy—and that made matters worse still. At first the navy was supposed to belong to the confederation of states led by Athens, but somehow it didn't turn out quite like that. In fact, it was the Athenian fleet, paid for, to be sure, by the small allies—who *had* to—but manned by Athenians and used for Athenian purposes.

Then science did begin to become necessary, and geography and history. And when things are necessary, especially when they can be paid for, they will usually turn up. And after all, there *were* scientific ideas about in the Hellenic world, mostly among the Ionian islands on the far side of the Aegean, with their old contact with Egypt and Asia Minor. Samos, for instance, was a nest of early mathematicians. Most of this knowledge was still not written down, but in people's heads, and those who had it came wherever they were best paid and sold their knowledge in lectures and to pupils. They were rather like Oxford and Cambridge lecturers going off to the Middle West of America, but they lectured not to ladies' lunch clubs, but to earnest and intellectually impressionable young men. One of the young men who was lectured to in this way was called Socrates. He went to all the lectures, gobbling up the new knowledge—only, after a few years, he began to do what no nice American ever does to an English lecturer, and started asking questions—unfair kind of questions that the lecturer didn't know the answer to beforehand.

What had all these new ideas that the Sophists were bringing into Athens done to the old world that was still like Homer's? It worried some of our great-grandfathers very much when the geologists proved that the earth had existed many millions of years before their whole-swallowed myth of Genesis, and when the biologists proved the descent of man through ape-like creatures into the main animal family tree. It worried them to realize that the earth was not the centre of everything, with the sun for its main lamp and the stars for decoration, a heaven above and a hell underneath. This kind of new knowledge broke through the main props and struts of the framework of thought and belief and manners; it destroyed the big fears which had been the sanctions behind obedience—obedience of children to parents or workers to employers; all sorts of little things went at the same time. Anything might be questioned. Anything might be true.

To get the full effect of a break-up like that, one must wait for a few years. We can see that the progress in biology that gave us the Origin of Species could also increase the world's food supply beyond all imagination, or produce equally unimagined methods of population restriction. The physics which gave us the new astronomy could also give us immensely powerful means of destroying one another. Now, going into a tank battle, or even waiting after the sirens go, we are in the grip of the ideas which Lord Kelvin merely saw as advancers of commercial prosperity. We are half drowned in the cataclysm of knowledge that began and broke over our Western civilization during the last century.

Perhaps something else happened. There were old fixed forms, logical enough given their theological premises. There were other logical forms based on sociological premises such as the *contrat social*; on these you could build up an age of reason—at least among the pros-

perous and secure. Both these forms broke down under the pressure of new facts and new ideas. From that there was a swing into unreason, made all the stronger perhaps by a reaction against science itself—or maybe against the scientists with their own laying down of laws, fully as strictly and firmly as the bishops. This swing into unreason has taken us into the hideous mysticisms of race and blood and cruelty, or, perhaps less evilly, into peculiar religious revivals. There is at least some correspondence here with the rise of the mystery religions in Hellas.

For the same kind of thing happened in Athens. The new knowledge broke up the whole system of values and the beliefs in right and wrong which had hardly changed for hundreds of gradually evolving years. When Anaxagoras proved that the sun was a great red-hot thing like a stone, how could anyone go on believing it was a God? When they proved that the sky was infinite ether, how could anyone go on believing that it was a lid clamped down by the Gods? When they began to investigate the causes of disease, no one could even believe that such things were sent by the Gods as a punishment! None of the Sophists said in so many words that the Gods were a myth; they were probably as religious as our own Victorian scientists. Their own theories had not overlapped into that part of their minds. But who was to blame the young men when they began to prove that there were no Gods?

Take away the Gods and what was left? The moral sanctions crumbled as they have done here. All the old stories and moralities were superstitions, and when anyone asked what was to go in their place, the answer was, why—nothing. Why should there be? What our parents believed was utter nonsense, so why should we pay any attention to them or their laws? It all seemed not only good sense, but delightfully thrilling as well.

Most of the Sophists, the teachers of the new knowledge, were foreigners. But Socrates was an Athenian, and he was more upsetting than all the rest put together. That was because he took the whole thing a stage further, by asking the *Why* questions that are at the bottom of all *How* questions. When the rest of the young men questioned their parents and the obvious superstitions Socrates asked the politicians and the poets and even the craftsmen really difficult questions, like: "What is the good of what you are doing?" Or even: "What are you really doing?" And that was quite extraordinarily upsetting, especially to the politicians.

Socrates didn't ask these kind of questions because he was trying to be clever, or to get power or fame or anything like that; he asked them because he thought he ought to; he thought it was the only way of getting people to wonder and question themselves—and then realize how little they did know and start afresh. Probably it *is* the only way, but it is a very uncomfortable way, and very few people can stand having it done to them, least of all those who have settled down to a life of achievement and pride and glory. They simply won't begin to face what they are doing—it would be *too* upsetting to discover that it is all nonsense and perhaps harmful as well. So people disliked Socrates quite a lot.

That kind of thing happens nowadays too. When such questions are asked they are very upsetting, because they may go so deep and hit

one in such tender places that one never quite recovers one's old confidence. In the good old days, a British business man knew he was *quite right* to make as much money as he could, without bothering about the consequences to his workers or to his customers, let alone such tricky little things as foreign markets. But nowadays quite a lot of business men feel rather wobbly about all that. The questions have been put, their confidence has been destroyed. They try to answer, and in answering are apt to make a mess of things; they find themselves forced to adopt standards which interfere with business efficiency. Once you start arguing with these kind of questioners you are done. Better to shut them up as rapidly as possible. It appears as though in America the questions have not yet been piercing enough. But those who are due to be questioned are well aware that the thing may happen and are armouring themselves against them. Perhaps they are wise.

If the questioner, the follower of Socrates, aims his questions at the powerful he has to be very brave, very difficult to silence. If he aims them at the State, which has complete power to silence him, he must be prepared. Democratic states are also elastic; they very often have no very clear idea about themselves, so that almost any criticism can be accepted and even worked into the fabric of things. But totalitarian countries are not elastic. In Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy the questioners were shoved as rapidly as possible into concentration camps and starved and beaten until they were unlikely to do any more questioning. Less thorough-going countries do what they can.

What is so odd is that the Athenians let Socrates go on annoying them until he was seventy, and then they only killed him because he wouldn't let himself be driven into exile like a sensible man, and really there was nothing else for it. And they killed him in a dignified and humane way, with his friends round him and the prison warder asking for forgiveness.

Remember, that was after a very severe war—and defeat, and then a period of civil war. If we had gone through such an intense period of national shame and suffering, would we be so careful to give our questioner a thoroughly fair and legal trial, with no persecution afterwards of his friends? Will the European countries to which such things have happened be able to live up to Athenian standards?

Socrates was no quisling; he served as a soldier. But he publicly admired certain things about the enemy, and some of his pupils had been the leaders on the wrong side in the civil war. We can only admire the tolerance and reasonableness of the Athenians. We can only hope that we ourselves will be able to live up, not only to Socrates, but to his judges.



IF ARISTOTLE WERE ALIVE TODAY

by

FRANK PAKENHAM

It was with the joy of Columbus finding a new world that the mediaevalists discovered Aristotelian philosophy, a complete system worked out with a scientific thoroughness as neat and compact as a Dutch interior yet with a breadth of view that seemed to them amazing. There seemed to them to be scarcely any subject that had not been refined in the alembic of that cautious yet energetic mind. It was true that there were repellent features also, a tendency to disputatiousness, a failure to appreciate the merits of his predecessors, particularly Plato, perhaps, and of course there was no trace of the mystical enthusiasm which tinged Plato's style. Yet they would have agreed, and rightly so, I think, with Dante's tribute to Aristotle—"Master of those who know".

It is doubtful whether we can recapture their rapture for the very good reason that he has become, as it were, thoroughly integrated into the European consciousness. It is an ineluctable fact that the form and the direction of European thought have been fixed in the Aristotelian mould so that verbal homage at least has always been paid to ratiocination rather than to the fluctuating testimony of the emotions, and the touchstone of fact is constantly employed to check the vagaries of errant fancy. This is not to say that his philosophy is in any sense mere Hegelian rationalization of the existent, a mere empirical generalization. But in the sphere of politics, for example, Aristotle is not content merely with expounding the virtues of the ideal state in vacuo. Again and again he asks himself the question, "What kind of a state is man, a fallible mortal at the best of times and subject to impulse, best likely to attain to? The rule of the philosopher-king has an attractive sound, but can we find an individual pre-eminently wise and good who is also willing to rule?"

But this is just a specific example of his general cautiousness of attitude. We shall return to his politics later, but before we attempt this extremely risky game of expounding the views of our twentieth-century Aristotle perhaps we had better remind ourselves once again that Aristotelianism is a *system* and to quote isolated dicta of his without the qualifications he made is both misleading and mischievous. Thus certain conservative thinkers of the last century stressed the undeniable fact that Aristotle was wont to insist on the necessity of stability in the State, or they pointed to his eulogy of the middle classes and quoted him as declaring them best fitted to rule. They chose to ignore Aristotle's shrewd and oft-repeated assertions that wealth and breeding, though valuable in themselves, were no substitute for virtue and political sagacity. (He drily observed that Nature sometimes makes mistakes.) The particular state he was interested in trying to conserve was one in which on the whole each man felt he had a definite part to play and might therefore well feel a glow of civic pride. But I feel certain that if Aristotle were alive today he would denounce in no uncertain terms any

system of government which did nothing to solve the problem of mass unemployment and the depression and misery which must accompany the feeling that there is no definite orientation in one's life, no function which one is specifically fitted to perform.

Nevertheless Aristotle has frequently been called a conservative, and I think he would have subscribed to the principle that where it is not necessary to alter it is necessary not to alter, for he has no patience with mere iconoclasm. Any institution or polity that has stood the test of time must have served some original purpose, and before it is abolished it must be decided whether or not it still serves its original purpose and also (and this is important) whether it is desirable that that purpose should still be served. He certainly had a veneration for custom, which to him represented the embodied experience and knowledge of most men, though he would never have subscribed to the view that a collective body of men was pervaded by a mysterious metaphysical entity that transcended the opinions even of the best and wisest and to which all should conform. He would have given no quarter to such nebulous abstractions. But he did feel, to quote his own words, "in the multitude of years these things if they were good would certainly not have been unknown, for almost everything has been found out although sometimes all things are not put together; in other cases men do not use the knowledge which they have."

But we are not getting to grips with our subject if we present our twentieth-century Aristotle as a politician of slightly more than average ability delivering pious homilies on government. It is something much more fundamental than that. For him, the only function of the State was to enable men to lead the best kind of life, and he would bitterly deplore our artificial dichotomy of ethics and politics and the twin heresies that the State may have amoral ends and that private vices make public virtues.

For Aristotle the intellect is what constitutes man's essence, since it is his especial characteristic that he is capable of thinking. Aristotle does not attempt to *prove* the superiority of the intellect over the emotions, but since he himself was a man of cool temperament he might well have regarded it as a self-evident proposition. Our conduct is checked, guided and controlled by the intellect. It is the arbiter of truth and falsity. Emotions, as it were, are the raw material. The intellect supplies their form and moral excellence results when the two work harmoniously together. For Aristotle the purely intellectual life, undisturbed in the serenity of its contemplation by the strife and tumult of passion, is the highest possible form of existence.

To us this may seem a little irritating. Aristotle might well talk about the pure life of the intellect, but few of us have a chance of experiencing it, and in any case it sounds something like Huxley's doctrine of non-attachment, valuable for those who are too old to care greatly for anything any longer and whose hold on life is but tenuous. But is not Aristotle's exaltation of the intellect a valuable corrective to those whose mental processes one might say are almost entirely visceral, who can be convinced of the truth of an argument because it gives them a comfortable feeling of security, or because they suffer from a mild form of *paranoia* and enjoy being assured that it is really the other fellow

who is wrong all the time? This is applicable not merely to Germany, but also to ourselves, for Aristotle would have pointed out that one of the weaknesses of democracy must always be that there is a tendency for a parliamentary candidate to state only one side of the case, to represent a particular interest so that what originated as a legitimate point of view may break down into mere contentious faction.

There is a tendency among certain politicians to regard man as an animal. They may do this in two ways. Firstly, they may deliberately appeal to and encourage his baser instincts by a revival of the old policy of offering the citizens "bread and games", the brute necessities of existence, together with sufficient amusement to keep them quiet. The citizen sacrifices his capacity for expansion, his critical faculties and his individualism and in return he can be certain of a livelihood and a cheap and ready-made political critique, a superficial rationalization of the universe which provides facile answers to the few questions he cares to ask and rids him of the tedious necessity of thinking. Or else some politicians tend to make a mechanical computation of man, regarding all men as identical atoms, all conforming to rigidly defined laws of behaviour and all capable of a kind of quantitative analysis. Man might be regarded by them as the focus of certain causal laws. Given certain conditions, apply the requisite amount of pressure, and Smith will do as he is told. All men without a single exception, if placed in these identical circumstances, would react in a similar way. The task of the politician is greatly simplified if he can regard all men as satisfied with nothing more than meat and drink and a little superficial distraction, a set of automata with no innate capacities for self-realization. Yet Aristotle said that the greatest of all sophistries was this delusive species of geometrical accuracy in moral affairs, thus ruling out all those politicians who would confine the body politic in a straitjacket, to use a rather violent metaphor. Since for Aristotle a state was only valuable if it allowed its citizens opportunities for "unimpeded activity in accordance with virtue", Fascism for him would be an intolerable form of government.

This leads us on to the question, "How would Aristotle deal with post-war Germany?"

For Aristotle human nature was a mere undetermined capability for virtue and vice, until it received a bias in the one direction or the other by training from without and by the higher element asserting its supremacy within. So far as what seems praiseworthy in a man is merely a gift of nature, an inherited aptitude, it is not, strictly speaking, to be called virtue, but only when matured into a normal or habitual principle of conduct, intelligently adopted and after due deliberation.

Therefore I do not think he would have accepted the Vansittart view that there is an innate propensity for evil in the German people that can never be eradicated. Virtue, as he never ceased to assert, is largely a matter of habit. A child brought up viciously cannot be expected to be capable of performing the legitimate function of a man. Aristotle would have held the Germans morally responsible, perhaps, for adopting National Socialism as a form of government, but he certainly would not have held them incapable of regeneration.

It is a considerably easier task to apply Aristotle's ethical teaching to modern circumstances than to guess what his precise evaluation of

modern political systems would be. We can at least be mindful of his maxim, that no matter what its nature, a constitution must be rooted and grounded in the heart and will of the people; if this fails no mechanical rule will save it in the long run. This may well sound a mere truism, but the point of it is particularly applicable in present circumstances. Every nation has a right to choose its own form of government provided that it makes no attempt to interfere with the affairs of another nation.

A true form of government was, for Aristotle, one which had due regard to the common interest and was constituted in accordance with strict principles of justice. In such a state the law is supreme, authority does not rest on force, and the end of the state is public interest. The ideal form of government is a mixture of democracy and oligarchy, and the two elements of rich and poor, where the interests of both are taken into consideration and neither class is predominant.

We know that Aristotle regarded democracy as a perverted form of government, although it was more tolerable than oligarchy or tyranny, since it was inimical only to the interests of the few. Would he have accepted that view now, I wonder. His objections to democracy are based on the old cry, "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough?" Firstly, said Aristotle, with that lofty contempt for the generality of mankind displayed by so many philosophers, "the many are plainly quite slavish, choosing a life like that of brute animals". He then adds the more concrete arguments that the poor have not sufficient leisure to rule, nor are they sufficiently virtuous (since virtue demands a modicum of wealth). But these arguments are largely vitiated by the fact that public servants are now paid and the connection between political ability and property no longer exists, if indeed it ever existed. It would be ridiculous today to suggest that virtue is the monopoly of any one class.

I suppose a few words had better be said about Aristotle's defence of slavery. Slavery was an accepted part of Athenian life and Aristotle did not regard it as unnatural, beyond stipulating that the slaves should be treated kindly. There is a repellent, icy indifference in his assertion that "since a slave is useful only in providing the necessities of life, he need have no high degree of virtue, but only just so much as will prevent him failing in his duties from licentiousness or timidity". I regard his defence of slavery as anomalous, a direct contravention of the principle contained implicitly in his writings, that a human being is to be regarded as an end in himself, not as a means.

Needless to say, any attempt to decide what Aristotle's views on any current problem would be must be modified by a constant reference to his writings. It is the scientific Aristotelian temperament, the complete emotional detachment, that is too noticeably absent in our modern life. We might well say—"Aristotle, would that thou wert living at this hour!"



THE GREEK CHURCH AT JERUSALEM

by

CAPTAIN A. R. BURN, M.A., AND MRS. BURN, B.A.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Many of those who, under stress of war, have left the mountains and seas of Greece for the flat lands and great rivers of the "Middle East" must have sympathized, with a quite peculiar poignancy, with the Hebrews by the waters of Babylon who "hanged up their harps upon the trees that are therein". But the Greek soldiers, many of them veterans of Albania, who now on leave make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, are at least, thanks to their own courage, exiles indeed but not captives; and in the hill-country of Palestine, as almost nowhere else in the "browned-off" countries of the Middle East, there is much that could make the Hellene or the Philhellene almost fancy that he is in his spiritual home. Here, at least, there is the same sea visible in the distance from any hill-top; hills of grey limestone and red earth, their terraced sides clothed with olives, green and grey when the wind blows over; the spring flowers that gave Christ a simile; and here too, round the holy places of Christendom, is probably the most charming of all the Greek "colonies" scattered over the world.

To the English-speaking pilgrim who would escape the feeling that modern Jerusalem is merely a place of tourists and paid guides, the best advice that can be given is "Meet the Greeks". Not a few of them speak English. The Patriarch, His Beatitude Timotheos I, by the way, was at Christ Church, Oxford. But of course it is better if one knows at least enough Greek to appreciate meeting, here also, the everyday greeting of the Greek countryside, "Chaere", the "Hail" (or "Farewell") of the New Testament itself.

The Greek Church is tolerant. It has not lost, through all its fierce defensive struggles, its sense of the oecumenical (or Catholic) mission of Christendom. It was a young Greek monk of attractive and impressive character—on duty as guardian, one war-time Christmas, at the site of the Sepulchre—who remarked, unasked, on the pity of it, that even the great Crusader Church itself should not be one place of worship, but a place divided into jealously guarded territories. Here at least was someone—and an official, too—for whom intolerance and indifference were not two all-embracing alternatives.

The Greek Church in Jerusalem is centred in the Holy Sepulchre. Inside the Crusader Church it owns both the widest territories and the holiest ground—the central nave (the Catholicon) and both the chapel of Calvary and the building of the Sepulchre.

The Greek Monastery, entered off a narrow street five minutes away, spreads out over the roof of the church, where amongst the white-washed buildings, flowers and plants in petrol tins, and an occasional vine-trellis among the stairways and arches, the Philhellene rejoices in an atmosphere of Hellas.

A black-robed monk crosses the white courtyard with a friendly greeting and the invitation to take a "wee coffee" in his cell. There are the same pictures and faded photos as those we had seen so often in monasteries of Greece. Another monk drops in, and a Greek soldier; coffee is brought in small assorted cups, and we discuss the news. When shall we go back to Greece? we all ask each other. When indeed? One day we call and two refugee children are there, their tiny jackets hanging up on the end of the bed, giving a homely air to the room. On leaving we go across to the little chapel beside the belfry to light a candle beside the ikon of Our Lady of the Eternal Rose. The chapel is full of ikons of different ages and quality. Almost all the hierarchy of heaven seems to be represented within its small space.

A bridge across the narrow cobbled street leads from the monastery to the Patriarchate, where hang the portraits of the Patriarchs in full pontificals. In the throne-room on a feast day the priests of the Holy Sepulchre gather to hear the Patriarch's address from the throne and drink a coffee and file up to kiss his hand. On the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross each holds a sweet-smelling Victorian bouquet of brightly coloured flowers glowing against their black cassocks, sweet basil, myrtle, marigolds and zinnias. Bunches are pressed upon the only two strangers present and the Patriarch's address is spoken very slowly and clearly, presumably for their ears.

To be present in the Holy Sepulchre for the Liturgy on one of the great feasts is to step back in time through the ages. Crowds surge in and out and all round the complicated building; priests come and go, putting on and taking off their vestments, taking up and putting down their flowers; all is movement during the long four hours' service. Finally, as the climax, comes the procession; a blaze of candles (the Westerner has never realized candles could be so bright); censers swinging, banners raised high above the bearded faces. The congregation is pressed back against the walls of the dim passages and the famous relic of the True Cross, set in crystal, rescued by Heraclius from the Persians in the days when Mahomet was brooding unknown in Arabia, is borne past on the head-dress of a priest. The Chapel of Calvary is a golden glow of candles and is so packed with people that it seems impossible for the procession to fight its way through to the altar. Slowly a passage is made and the four corners of the chapel are blessed. Greeks next to me whisper with admiration, "There is one of yours—an Englishman," as a figure in surplice and hood passes amongst the brightly coloured copes, holding his bunch of flowers. How much they appreciate our participation in their feast! Looking back at the continuity of worship and becoming conscious of the faith and fervour that has centred in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre since Constantine, one can forget for a while the sorry questions of rights and territories that have caused such bitterness, hatred and bloodshed between Christians there.

Just as moving as the age-old religious feast was the patriotic festival of Greece's modern history: the solemn *Te Deum* on the anniversary of Greece's entry into the war on 28th October. The bells of the Holy Sepulchre ring out to all the Old City of Jerusalem; one deep note from the big bell followed by the cadence of the small ones. The monks assemble in the narrow cobbled street outside the Patriarchate; a few

Greek officers and a handful of Philhellene British are absorbed into the middle of the procession, and walk under the arched street of the bazaars, down the steps past Saladin's mosque to the church. Outside in the sunny courtyard a small crowd has gathered and by the doorway, by the tomb of the English crusader knight D'Aubigny, stand the descendants of the Roman centurions, two Palestinian policemen, the guardians of the peace in this ever turbulent religious city. A temporary altar has been set up in the middle of the Catholicon near the vase which represents the Christian centre of the world; a conception which calls up vividly the memory of the Omphalos and the rugged beauty of Delphi. The candles are tied up with blue and white bows, the national colours, and after the Doxology a young priest reads with much fervour a sermon, which is largely an evocation of the memories of the Greek campaign. A picture is called up of the Aghia Lavra in the Peloponnese and the little church in the monastery below the wooded hill, where the Bishop Germanos sang the Liturgy on Lady Day, 1821, and then taking the old church banner embroidered with the scene of the Dormition of Our Lady, went out to the great plane tree and swore in the "palikaria" for the War of Independence. The tradition of militant patriotism is not dead amongst the Greek clergy and the people have found in the present war in their church a rallying point in their fight for freedom.

In the country outside Jerusalem, too, Greece has its "colonies". Outside the city, away from its bustle and chatter, its fervours and exaltations, and bitterness, on the Mount of Olives, now as in old time, rests a blessing of peace; and here, in a place traditionally called Galilee, the Greek Church has a sanctuary. The tradition has it that the name Galilee dates from the time of Christ; that there was, near by, an Inn of the Galileans where the Northern pilgrims resorted; and that it was here, near to the traditional site of the Ascension, that the risen Christ met the Apostles, after telling them, "When I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee." This text is inscribed on the gateposts of the enclosure, where, amongst those characteristic trees of the Greek landscape, olive, cypress and pine, the Greek Patriarch has his home. On the other side, away from the city where the road disappears past Bethany and Bethphage, you may catch a glimpse of the salty Wilderness of Judaea and a corner of the Dead Sea. But here, on the hill whose sides are still clothed with olives, is fertile ground, the quietness only broken by the wind in the trees; a place, at one and the same time, full of memories of a crisis in universal history and a place where every Philhellene cannot but, unfaillingly, remember Greece.

Another scene also: on the western outskirts of the modern city stands a square grey monastery with immense buttresses supporting its high fortress walls. For the place was, indeed, a fortress; it had need to be. This is the twelfth-century Monastery of the Cross. The only entrance is low and very small, like that of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, built so that all have to stoop on entering. The door is immensely thick and heavily barred.

Inside, all is cheerful and merry, full of the sound of children's footsteps and play, for the monastery is full of refugee families from Greece. On a visit early in spring great scarlet amaryllis flowers bloomed from their whitewashed tins on a little balcony high above the door. Later,

the grapes hung down from the trellis of vines in a small courtyard. Right in the middle of the buildings grow two tall cypress trees, higher even than the walls. The church is a basilica with fragments of seventh-century mosaic and sixteenth-century frescoes, now largely repainted. Off the broad nave, in a dim little chapel, is preserved the sacred place of the church's legend: the spot where the tree of the Cross grew. A modern set of pictures illustrates the strange story of a composite tree, made up of cypress, cedar and pine, whose shoots, given by Abraham, were planted there by Lot and watered with Jordan water. In one version it was cut down by Solomon and made into a bridge over the Jordan, until the Queen of Sheba came and recognized "in the spirit" that this wood was holy and fated for some greater historic destiny . . . then Solomon took it up and placed it in the Temple, where it remained, once more forgotten, until the time of Christ.

Outside on the terraces the refugee children play, quarrel, and sing songs of Hellas in a strange land. . . .

One of the very few men in the place comes up, shows us a photograph of his son in the Air Force, and talks of experiences at Salonika in the last war. The children come and stand by in a silent row, too shy to dance. Down below, outside, an Arab is reaping the corn between the olives with a small sickle, and Ruth follows, gleanng. One or two Greek soldiers on leave come in to greet their relations and friends. The abbot greets us with a smile before we leave and hands us a brightly coloured card with the legend of the Cross printed in Russian. Yes, he tells us sadly, they are all refugees.

A great day for these children was the christening of two Samian babies at which the Patriarch presided and Prince and Princess Peter of Greece were present. After the service the traditional packets of sugared almonds were distributed, and there was a party, with national dances and singing, on the flat roof-terraces under the stars.

Near the Holy Sepulchre is an eleventh-century church entered by a narrow doorway off the *souk* (the Arab bazaar street, with its Gothic arched roof). It is small and whitewashed like any church in the little white islands of the Cyclades, and with flowering shrubs growing on a small patch of earth among the houses in the courtyard. There, off a first-floor balcony, live a few more refugees. A poor rheumatic old man unlocks the door. Inside, in front of a large nineteenth-century ikonostasis brought from Greece, is a stand with the relic of part of the skull of St. John the Baptist—or, as Greeks say, the Forerunner. Above it hang the little tin votives stamped with parts of the ailing human body and a figure or so of a child. The old man looks up while we talk of Asklepios. Perhaps some touch of Western superiority slipped into our voices. He suddenly remarks: "When my arm hurts, I sometimes come and light a candle here and then the pain goes. But you must do it"—with great emphasis—"with the heart." We Westerners stand rebuked.

This is the church which the Knights Hospitallers took as their Jerusalem headquarters in their first crusading days, with St. John the Forerunner as their patron; and still in this "Hospital Quarter" the modern English Order holds a yearly service on the feast day of St. John, and the Greeks hang their votives and light their candles for healing.

But the clergy and the buildings do not alone make up the Church. There is the congregation also, and here, as always in Palestine, it is largely composed of pilgrims. On our first visit to Bethlehem at Christmas, 1941, we set out, in pouring rain, in a bus, old and overcrowded like those which went from Athens to Daphni or Kaisariani. It was full of young Greek soldiers who had taken their leave specially to go to Bethlehem at Christmas and brought their pappas with them; the usual lively and cheerful throng, probably all with some John Buchan tale of adventure behind them. Greeks are by nature travellers; many of them, by nature, pilgrims. Many among them, even the sophisticated, go down to Jordan to be baptized there again. Would not Herodotos have appreciated that spirit?

As in the Holy Sepulchre, the Orthodox Greek Church possesses, by right of continuous presence there from the earliest days, the greatest part in the spacious and lovely basilica of the Church of the Nativity. Here, too, the Greeks lend us a chapel for English services for Christmas and christenings.

As the climax of the year for all the Churches are the ceremonies of Easter week. For the Greek Church there is the miracle play of the Washing of the Feet on the roof of the Holy Sepulchre on Maundy Thursday. The Patriarch takes the part of Christ and twelve priests that of the Apostles, whose feet he washes. Most famous of all is the service of the Holy Fire, to which pilgrims have flocked through the ages—a service enacted in every church throughout Greece—but whose prototype and most sacred observance is at the Sepulchre itself. Here once more the Greek Patriarch is the central figure in this most dramatic of all Christian services, and by the Tomb stand the dignitaries of Jerusalem waiting to light their candles from the Holy Fire. Until the revolution this was borne by runners to the coast, and thence by ship to Russia.

In spite of the chilling influence of formalism which Jerusalem, through the ages, has exerted so strongly upon all the religions which have flourished there, the Greek Church preserves today a vitality and charm for all who are willing to recognize it. It makes no attempt to proselytize and the general attitude seems to be "We are all Christians, so why worry about differences?", an attitude it is well to remember not only in Jerusalem, but in the world at large.

One leaves Jerusalem, in these days especially, with great regret; having learned much; having heard the legends in the expressive spoken tongue that is still so near to the language of the New Testament; having also, and more conspicuously, sampled something of the purposeful (if international and thoroughly untr tranquil) atmosphere of a mediaeval crusade. One has met again, also typically, the Greek philoxenia, the welcome to the stranger. "And so you know Greece. My home is in Athens" (or Arcadia, or Thessaly, or Achaia, or wherever it may be). "You must come and visit us when we are over there again. God be with us all. Good-bye, *Chaerete*."



THE UNDYING INFLUENCE

by

CANON L. W. GRENSTED, D.D., M.A.

I, too, have been asked to join in this little volume of tribute and acknowledgment to the undying spirit of Greece, and find myself in the company of those who have far more right to speak than I. For here are classical scholars, experts in Greek antiquities, in Greek art and architecture, in Greek philosophy, and here too are those who have known Greece today, who have loved Greece as visitors, or can claim it as their home. What word have I to add? I am not sure that I know. And yet, even as I hesitate, I am aware of a conviction, somewhere deep in my mind, that there is something relevant to be said by what I may perhaps call the ordinary scholar, one who has never visited Greece in his life, and who is no expert in anything especially Greek, ancient or modern. For indeed, when I come to count up my riches, that wide heritage of modern knowledge and culture which Oxford has given me for my own, I realize again how much of that heritage is of Greece. Not only Greek achievement, great as that was in almost every field, but the free spirit of Greece, lives on for our admiration and our inspiration. We owe much to Rome and her spirit of ordered culture, and we owe much to the native genius of our own race, but our debt to Greece is of a different kind. For it was Greece, the Greek mind with its surging spirit of free enquiry, which broke through the elemental bondage of man's primitive state, bade man know himself, made history conscious and art creative, and founded our modern world.

Let me count up my debt. I suppose that it began a long time before I could begin to keep a reckoning, in the broad basis of an education which always had Oxford as its goal. But very early I was reading my first bit of Thucydides, and Euripides, and Homer. And when for a few years fate tried to turn me into a mathematician, it was from Euclid, with his firmly drawn system of rigid proof, that I learned most of all, though, as I know now, what I learned was less mathematics than the power to think clearly, and to distinguish proof from opinion. I still believe that there has been loss as well as gain in the modernizing of the teaching of geometry, in which the accuracy of ruler and compass has gone far to oust accuracy of thought. And all the time that this was going on I was reading my Greek Testament, and discovering that our English versions, rich as they are, are very far from catching the whole spirit of the writers of the Gospels, of St. Paul, St. Peter, and the rest.

Then I came to Oxford and found there a whole culture, of which the roots were in the Middle Ages, but which drew its sap, its life-force, through those roots from Aristotle and Plato. It has taken me a whole lifetime to realize how immense that influence has been, and how in the recent impetus given to modern studies of all kinds, modern schools of philosophy, modern languages, modern history and economics, and above all modern science, the free spirit of the great Greeks is still our inspiration. The channels by which the stream has reached us have

often been indirect. The spirit of Hippocrates still directs the course of medical science, but it journeyed with Nestorian Christians, with the schools of Persia, and with the Arabs, before it came to our Western hospitals and Faculties. The modern outbreak (for indeed such a word seems necessary to express the developments of the last forty years) of psychology had some of its discoveries anticipated and its main lines firmly drawn by Plato in the *Republic*, and, even more, by Aristotle in his *Nicomachean Ethics*. One of the most recent and most authoritative accounts of the subject, Spearman's *Psychology Down the Ages*, makes no fewer than seventy-four references to Aristotle, and the masterly descriptions of human behaviour in the *Ethics* remain, in their accuracy, their incisiveness, and their wit, unrivalled today.

It is, of course, hardly more than a platitude to say that the great Greek writers laid down the lines upon which philosophy, the *philosophia perennis*, has proceeded today. If the modern empirical philosophers, the so-called behaviourists and their kind, or the modern logical analysts, criticize this great philosophical tradition, it is from Aristotle that they draw the weapons with which to do so. And the spirit of Plato still fires the philosopher with the faith that, when the mists of his analysis clear, there will be the vision. We shall not always remain in the cave, trying to interpret the flickering and unsteady shadows on the wall.

Perhaps most striking of all, and least often recognized, is the debt of modern science. For though there were Dark Ages indeed, Aristotle had already laid down, and the Arabs had not wholly forgotten, the fundamental truth that to understand Nature we must question Nature. Considering the smallness of his resources, Aristotle's observations on animals of every kind are a miracle of accuracy and of scientific restraint. He knew perfectly well the difference between fact and fancy, and his insistence on fact is now bearing fruit in our laboratories, our museums, and our endless scientific reports. It is sometimes said that we owe all this to Bacon and the *Novum Organum*, but without Aristotle there would have been no Bacon.

The statement of the debt could be drawn out indefinitely, but there is one special item, mentioned already in passing, on which I should like to dwell. The Greek language, with its immense wealth and flexibility, was in itself one of the great cultural achievements of the human race. It made possible a literature of amazing quality and variety, but it did something more than that. Four hundred years after its prime had passed, or so the scholars say, it provided the medium in which the records of Christianity could be preserved and given not only to a nation but to all.

By the time of Christ the philosophies had faded and the art was debased. None of the Greek states was in any political sense a power to be heeded. But the Greek language, in a free and vital vernacular, had become the common speech of half the known world. From Marseilles to India men did their business, discussed their religious problems, and corresponded with their friends in this rough speech, a *lingua franca* nearly as widespread, and far richer, than the pidgin English of today. It was capable of use by cultured people, and at Alexandria, in Egypt, it became a literary language in its own right, very largely through the translations of the Old Testament made in the time of the Ptolemies,

which have come down to us as the Septuagint. It is to this later development of a kind of popular culture, with its philosopher in Philo and its historian in Josephus, that I owe my Greek Testament.

There may, it is true, have been some early Aramaic documents in circulation among the primitive Christian communities. I myself am fairly sure that there were. But St. Paul wrote in Greek and St. Luke wrote in Greek, and whatever lies behind the other Gospels they were very speedily put into a Greek dress too, and so went on their way to evangelize a world. As befitted the Gospel which they proclaimed, the speech which they used was the common speech of common folk, rich enough, with all the history of Greece behind it, to contain and to express the message, and free enough to convey that message with a rough and invigorating vitality, a vitality all too often lost in the smoothness of our English versions.

Since by that means the Gospel came to me, I can only here record the debt, more than can be stated and beyond all repaying.



"OF COURSE WE BEGAN WITH PLATO"

by

BASIL A. YEAXLEE, O.B.E., M.A., B.LITT., PH.D.

THE romance of war in ancient Greece has still for us a glamour with which the grim ugliness and stark horror of a modern battlefield affords a sombre contrast. We think of the shields and spears at Thermopylae, the sailing ships at Salamis, and then of mines and booby-traps, barbed wire and bomb craters. Even the waiting for thrilling encounter is often dull, drab and boring. Little pockets of men live on gun-sites or balloon and searchlight posts in our own country as much isolated from the common life as those who did the same job in the deserts of Tunisia or the Middle East. The interior of a submarine, able to surface only for an hour or two at night, is hardly an elysium.

Yet our citizen soldiers and seamen have discovered for themselves the very well-spring of vitality that made heroes of the Greeks, who fought in conditions which, after all, may have been far less idyllic than we are apt to imagine. Thus a letter from a young anti-aircraft officer in North Africa said: "I have been reading Herodotus, and comparing the strategy and tactics of the campaigns which he describes with our own." Still more typical is the remark made by the leader of a discussion group in a small unit at home. He was telling some friends how keenly interested these men had become in the development of political ideas—so much so that they had been studying the subject systematically for a considerable number of weeks. Then he added: "Of course we began with Plato."

That little phrase, "of course", might not have been surprising if the speaker had been one of a group of Oxford undergraduates, carrying on one of the innumerable societies which are the spice of intellectual life in universities. But the "we" stands for a handful of soldiers thrown

together by the chance that they belong to the same platoon. They are a tiny cross-section of the “all sorts and conditions of men” who make up the crowd at a cup-tie football match in peace-time, or make holiday by the sea. Most of them had never read a serious book on politics and would scarcely understand such terms as “the philosophy of government” or “the evolution of democracy”. It would never have occurred to them to begin with Plato if their leader, or some other reasonably well-read member of the group, had not suggested doing so, for few of them had ever heard his name. The significant fact is that as soon as they made acquaintance with the *Republic*, even at second hand, they were at home, while Socrates, with his perpetual question, “What do you mean by that?”, was welcomed as a familiar friend. From the scholar’s standpoint it was necessary and right to begin at the point in history where the creative spirit of the Greeks in their golden age set new visions of freedom and self-government before the world. Considerations of logic and historical method, however, would have made little appeal to these men, whose chief concern was how the world can be made different after the war, and what kind of new world will justify the sacrifice that the common people everywhere are making for it. Plato was introduced not as among the greatest of the classics, but as a man who knew how to begin at the beginning, and taught us how, in simple conversation, to make the real issues clear. And so, “of course we began with Plato”.

That little group is not unique or peculiar. It represents hundreds of thousands of men and women in the British Forces, at home and in the various theatres of war, who are doing likewise. They are learning as never before to think for themselves and to express themselves, not merely for the sake of acquiring culture or improving their efficiency, but because their eyes are upon the outcome of the war, for themselves and for their children, for their own people and for other peoples—especially those in countries which the enemy has occupied and devastated. Their interests are not narrowly political and economic. It is natural enough that “current affairs” and “reconstruction” should be favourite topics. But these young men and women, who may at any moment be called upon to risk their lives in attack or defence, are responsive to those great elemental things in human experience which stirred the Greeks and which animate the classics. Active Service conditions have lent fresh attractiveness to strength and beauty of body, the home and the upbringing of children, the meaning of citizenship, the storied past, and the shape of things to come. There is a new enthusiasm for simple arts and crafts, for music and drama, indeed for all that evokes creative capacity, just because the tides of life run so much more deeply and swiftly than in peace-time. There is a new readiness to think and talk about the whence and whither of life itself. But all these themes are brought into the market-place as Socrates brought them.

Students of education in the universities may read the *Republic* because it stands out among all the great books of the ages. Citizen soldiers take easily to discussion in the form in which the *Republic* was written because, as Socrates was the first to perceive, that is the way in which friends educate one another. A well-known university tutor recently remarked with pensive humour that he thought Greek would

soon survive only in a few girls' schools. Compulsory Greek has practically vanished from the requirements for a degree in even the ancient universities. But at this very moment, and at the height of a world-conflict which might appear to arrest all cultural activities as incompatible with total war, and has, alas, resulted in the destruction of so many of the world's cultural treasures, ancient Greece is coming to her own again in the daily lives of fighting men.

This need not astonish us if we ask ourselves what Greece, in the time of Pericles and Plato, Aristotle and Pheidias, Euripides and Sophocles, really was. The Greeks were a people clustered in little city-states, finding their way to the good life possible only in a democracy. They had known other forms of government and community life. They had successfully fought the imperialist and totalitarian empires of their day. It is true that they still exploited a slave class, the helots who had no rights or liberties, and were regarded as mere instruments of their masters' well-being. But despite so dark a blot, from our modern point of view, upon their social order, they accounted life scarcely worth having without liberty, and, above all, liberty of the mind and the spirit. They sought constantly to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, to understand the purpose of life, to infuse grace into all form and movement. Their poets, dramatists, historians and philosophers expressed their ideals and their endeavours in a literature which has remained the delight and inspiration of civilized men ever since. But it is more than literature. Their thought has a practical bearing upon the solution of our most pressing problems still. A recent Government report upon an important aspect of reconstruction—a "blue book"—bore upon its title-page a quotation from Plato which, as the most philistine of readers must surely perceive, contains the heart of the whole matter. We could not escape the influence of Greek wisdom upon the conduct of what Mr. Churchill calls "our affairs", in peace as in war, even if we would. It is a light that never dies out, just as the heroic devotion of the Greeks to the liberation of our world from tyranny and brutality is a rekindling for us of the authentic fire which their forefathers set ablaze so many centuries ago.

All this wealth of understanding and adventure was, as we have said, wrought out in the life of the people before it was cast in the choice mould of Greek literature. Socrates did not give lectures or write books, after the manner of the conventional professor. He mixed with the young men and made them ask questions about everything they had taken for granted. In apparently casual discussion he set them exploring popular ideas and catchwords, so teaching them to be healthily critical, to get to the bottom of every controversy, and to build up for themselves a reasoned philosophy of life. Plato, the supreme thinker of that age, not only conserved much of Socrates' conversation in the *Republic* and elsewhere, but gave similar form to all his own teaching. That is why we begin with him when we want to study the principles of clear thinking and the development of democratic idealism, and why the Greek classics are a living heritage not merely of the learned, but of the man in the street, who is now the man in the Forces or in the factories.

It was the same with drama as with discussion of politics and philosophy. In the heyday of old Greece plays were not just spectacles

for the multitude or light-hearted amusements for the frivolous. Theatres were so arranged, and plays so presented, that the audience felt themselves to be sharing with the players in acting out some tragic or comic aspect of universal human experience. The themes were not marginal, but central to the significance of life and the art of living. Triviality would have been resented, because here were portrayed the great simplicities of love and fear, courage and humour, fate and victory over it, which every man and woman knows to be the essential stuff of daily life. Our own early Elizabethan theatre was of the same type and quality, and today our repertory theatres, in their emphasis on intimacy between actors and audience, cherish that same community sense in drama. Twenty years ago a government committee on adult education spent two years investigating amateur drama, and found thousands of little societies at work all over the country, acting for the sake of understanding and giving fresh expression to plays of real worth, however simple, rather than performing for the delectation of an admiring audience. Often they chose the old Greek plays. A notable instance was that of a group of factory girls who set out to study their own language. They lighted upon Professor Gilbert Murray's translations of the Greek dramatists, chose a tragedy, and within a few months staged, costumed, produced and acted that play with genuine insight and feeling. Among the Forces now there is a widespread revival of interest in drama, and in a surprisingly large number of cases it is this kind of interest. Here again the spirit of Greece animates plain folk who perhaps are unaware of their kinship with actors and audiences in Athens or Corinth nearly twenty-five centuries ago, but who, because that kinship is so real, respond with eagerness to leadership inspired by knowledge and love of Greek drama.

This is what is meant by that adult education in the Forces which has grown to such great proportions during the five years of the present war. There is much besides—much that is more practical, some would say, because it is technical or vocational. But the literally vital thing is this quest at first hand of truth, beauty and goodness by young men and women who have set all else aside to fight for freedom, justice and humanity. They would not themselves put it in that way, for they hate pretentiousness as they loathe hypocrisy. Nevertheless at heart they care deeply for the famous trinity, goodness not excepted, for in the “Padre's Hour”, also conducted on the Socratic model, there is the same frank, simple discussion of the meaning and purpose of life, call it religion, morality, social questions, or what you will. In it all there is the demand that facts should be known and related to values, genuine knowledge harnessed to high purpose, both in waging the war and in the reconstruction without which victory would bring but passing exultation.

The nation is, in fact, engaged in an immense enterprise of self-education—or re-education—as part and parcel of the war effort. The Government fosters it. The heads of the Fighting Services attach great importance to it for reasons more far-reaching than the maintenance of morale, and each of the Services has its Educational Directorate and Staff. The universities and other educational bodies have united to give of their best to it, providing thousands of lecturers, tutors and leaders of discussion groups, hundreds of short residential courses in

their colleges and halls, informal week-ends for all ranks who care to spend a couple of days' leave in the enjoyment of music, drama and literature—in brief, placing themselves and their resources freely at the disposal of the men and women who are on Active Service. Here, surely, are the beginnings of another Renaissance. For this cannot stop with the war.

What then do we of reawakened Britain share now with martyred Greece, who nobly faced three enemy nations? What is the essence of our debt, not only to her splendid self-sacrifice, her faith and her courage in those days, but equally to her inspiring tradition of democratic culture, coming down from the fourth century before Christ? Something more than partnership in a costly but liberating political and military crusade: something more unifying than even the bond of suffering: something that bears within itself creative energy and constructive purpose: something distinctive of the spirit of man. "Ye shall know the truth," said Jesus, "and the truth shall make you free." He was not talking of science or philosophy, history or ethics. His concern was always with persons and community—what the Russians call *sobornost*. How men may together find fullness of life was what he taught, in vivid parable or homespun talk—but with authority and not as the Scribes. The common people became aware, as he answered their questions and put his own to them in turn, of a way, a purpose, and a power. These are what men and women, and especially young men and women, are seeking now that their lives have been turned upside down so that it is hard to tell what are the things that will endure. In Greece and Britain, as in all the Allied lands, they are adventuring all they have and are for a new and nobler order. Blind devotion would avail little. A patriotic fervour for the *status quo* would be futile, if only because no nation can ever be the same again after these apocalyptic years. Youth rarely wants to go back to anything. It wants to go on. Its questions are, "Whither?" and "How?" It is unwilling to have them answered for it by an older generation which seems to it to have played for safety—and lost. Yet, faced by the task of rebuilding nations and refashioning civilized life, it does not lack reverence for experience and it rejoices to be led by those who have done great things. Nor is it otherwise between the younger nations and the older, of the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, the Pacific or the Indian Ocean. Each has something to give without which victory cannot be achieved. But more than victory is at stake. Nothing less than a new way of life for mankind is now the quest of those who began by fighting for an old. The possibility of attaining it is bound up with willingness to seek it, as Mr. Roosevelt said in his address to the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa after the Quebec Conference, by "sitting around the tables, which is a good custom, talking things over, discussing ways and means in the manner of friends, and may I even say in the manner of members of the same family". We can go further and say, with F. W. H. Myers in his *St. Paul*, friends in the family of God. For only so may we discover the way, the purpose and the power which the youth of Greece and the youth of Britain are at once seeking and revealing in the fellowship of heart and mind begotten of community in service and sacrifice.

To begin with Plato, in the *Republic*, is to ask, "What is justice?"

To go on with him is to see that no man liveth unto himself. The good life can be lived only in the true community. The making of men and women capable of creating and sustaining such a community is, he says, the purpose of education. But education does not stop with childhood or even with youth. It demands a full experience of life and reflection upon all that devotion to the common good, in peace and in war, demands. "Then," he says, "when they are fifty, those who have come safely through and proved the best at all points in action and study must be brought at last to the goal. They must lift up the eye of the soul to gaze on that which sheds light on all things: and when they have seen the Good itself, take it as a pattern for the right ordering of the state and the individual, themselves included."

Well may we honour the Greece of our own time, for by proving herself worthy of her immortal traditions she has taught us anew some of the great secrets of democracy, and of the way in which to understand and practise it. But beyond politics and patriotism, the spirit of enquiry, the love of the beautiful, and the pursuit of the good, there is something which even Socrates, put to death on the charge of corrupting the youth, only dimly saw. For the heritage of Greece, which has kept her loyal to the truth about God and man in the hour of supreme agony, is enshrined not only in the lives and words of her philosophers and poets, but in that Holy Orthodox Church which for centuries has offered this prayer: "O Lord our God, who hast bidden the light to shine out of darkness . . . make us to be children of the light and of the day, and heirs of Thy everlasting inheritance. Remember Thy whole Church; all who join with us in prayer; all our brethren by land or sea, or wherever they may be in Thy vast kingdom, who stand in need of Thy succour. Pour out upon them the riches of Thy mercy, so that we, redeemed in soul and body, and steadfast in faith, may ever praise Thy wonderful and holy name."



POST-WAR GREECE: A SKETCH

by

H.E. DEMETRIUS CACLAMANOS

THE modern Greek is generally the combination of the practical and the idealist. He loves an easy-going life; he enjoys with delight its comforts and amenities, when available; he believes that all possibilities are open to him, as they are, even independently of social rank or laborious preparation, because he thinks that intelligence and natural intrinsic abilities will enable him to reach any summit. That is the practical side of the Greek character. The idealistic one is represented by a double and quite fanatical attachment to the Motherland and to liberty. The Greek people are ready for any hardship and sacrifice for defending the independence of their country; I think they have proved it—they revolt against imposition, from whatever it derives, and if the revolt

does not burst at the first sign of pressure, the embers of anger accumulate gradually into such a strong fire that its flames may involve what may have been originally considered as wiser to spare from destruction. I cannot deny that this spirit of freedom burning in Greek hearts, as an inheritance bequeathed to the race by a secular tradition, fringes sometimes upon indiscipline. But discipline for the Greek, as for the Briton, has, I think, not to be enforced; it has to be adopted through free will. "The holy spirit of discipline," Solomon said. Yes, but the Ecclesiast remarked, too: "I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart." This understanding is lighted in the hearts of free peoples; but the candle must be held by the hands of men who have convinced people of their unselfishness, worked for the benefit of the many, and have been invested with the regalia of leadership by a measure of common consent. These are general and philosophical considerations which I expound only to make clear my interpretation of the Greek character.

Greek patriotism and devotion to the ideal of an independent country, master of her own destinies, has assured to her people a fame imperishable in the annals of her recent history, and a place of honour and affection among those peoples struggling now for the same cause in battlefields or within the walls of vast prisons of agony and death into which the tyranny of brutal force has transformed their countries.

It is of one, similar to these prisons, the prison of Chillon, that Byron wrote immortal verses.

How, speaking of Greece, can the name of Byron be omitted? He said in his "Prisoner of Chillon":

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place;
 And thy sad floor an altar,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod
 . . . May none these marks efface
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Now the Greek people may make their appeal to God, and to the men who can be truly considered as interpreting the eternal will of His clemency and grace for the mortal.

To say that the Greek people expect full restoration to the pre-war conditions of their country swept in the immense tornado of havoc and destruction now raging in the world would be a commonplace. I may add that the materiality of territories has no attraction for the Greek people. When they think of any territory, they think upon it merely as the home of brethren separated from the Motherland. Who may accuse them of Imperialism because they do not abandon the hope that all those who not only speak the same language—and have the same creed, but profess also the same national allegiance—may be gathered under the shadow of the same flag?

Such a purpose could not be called either imperialism, or still less a "territorial claim". Its fulfilment, if realized, would be the accomplishment of a noble ideal, and the "territorial claims", to use this crude expression, are of a sentimental, not a material, character.

Once Greece has been restored to her pre-war geographical conditions

and frontiers, and gathered her sorely tried populations under the roof of a free home, the problem, or rather the multiple problems, of reconstruction will appear in all their magnitude and with all their difficulties. The enemy did not refrain from any cruelty or elaboration of barbarism in the treatment of this heroic people, who dared to face him and oppose him with the courage and the determination of David standing up to Goliath. The devastation of fields, towns and ports, the destruction of ways of communications, public buildings, and even of individual houses, present a lamentable spectacle of a hitherto flourishing country, and Greece had but recently recovered from the inrush of 1,300,000 refugees in 1923, hardly established through sacrifices which had heavily taxed all the resources of her people who had never been rich. They had already passed through exhausting hardships between 1912-23, fighting continually for a whole decade in the Balkan Wars, the First World War, and thereafter in the present war for three whole years. This effort has drained the strength and the vitality itself of the race. The enemy, taking a lion's share in the scarce foodstuffs of the country, which has never been self-supporting, enacted the tragedy of the winter of 1941-42, culminated especially in Athens and Piraeus, where the famine and inconceivable privations swelled the death-roll to a dreadful height. Prompt measures were taken through public and private charities to alleviate the ravages caused: an improvement in the situation was achieved during the following winter. The aftermath of the calamity which swept the country and especially the larger towns and the isolated Aegean islands, however, remains as a lamentable sequel of the tremendous crisis. Malnutrition and under-nourishment, the evils of which it has not been possible to eradicate, have left in the population, as I heard from the most authentic non-Greek source, a million pre-tuberculous persons, and two million individuals hit by the malaria scourge. On the other hand, owing to the ruthless measures of persecution and enforced denationalization applied by the Bulgarians in Macedonia and Western Thrace, a new refugee problem has been created.

A large part of the land there and tens of thousands of dwellings, especially those belonging to the refugees from Asia Minor, were taken from their owners and distributed among Bulgarian immigrants. I heard that 250,000 of them greedily rushed upon the spoils and we learned lately that the Bulgarian Government invoked the clauses of the Atlantic Charter as the means to decide the fate of these regions. One hundred and sixty thousand homeless and destitute refugees fled from these barbarians into old Greece, adding to the hardships and taxing heavily the resources of the population. Others have wandered in distress and despair along the roads and among the mountains, decimated in the hard Macedonian winter by snowstorms and cold. If I mention the figure of 26,000 persons massacred in Greek Macedonia alone, I do that not to strike a last note of horror and pity, but to complete the picture of a downtrodden, devastated and trampled Greece, to whom the helpful hand of her great Allies must be extended and is vitally needed, otherwise a dead country would be handed to the new generations which are to succeed this one, which witnessed and suffered the horrors of a terror unprecedented in these regions since the invasion of Alaric and his Goths.

In what form will the help of the great Allies, regarding the reconstruction of Greece, be given? On this point Greek expectations and aspirations can be examined. I do not think that huge State loans, and the heavy obligations derived from such loans, are to be expected or even desired. As I want to be frank, I doubt if Greece would be able to meet the obligations associated with former external loans. How would this be possible for a country in the state of prostration and exhaustion in which Greece will most certainly be found? Her reserves in gold and foreign exchange are thoroughly depleted and the fiduciary circulation has been manipulated by the enemy in a catastrophic way.

It was comforting to hear that the "Unrra", when formulating its decisions at Atlantic City, and recognizing factually the situation in Greece, decided that all foodstuffs and other goods to be taken to Greece during the first six months after the liberation of the national territory should be granted without payment on her part.

It is to be hoped that the relief to be achieved by such assistance, will permit the Greek people to start the main work of reconstruction with minds free from the memories of past nightmare and with the requisite energy. Here, the assistance coming from abroad must take the form of technical co-operation and guidance, such as to redress gradually the damage caused by the war and develop the productive capacity of the country. The natural resources of Greece are still unexploited in a large measure. The electrification of the country may create a source of wealth and raise the standard of living of the people. It will be necessary to find a way to increase the exports of the main Greek product, tobacco, on the basis of which Germany built her commercial relations with Greece, to the detriment of Greco-British and Greco-American trade transactions.

I have dealt at some length with the material aspect of post-war Greece because I think that small countries which are comparatively prosperous and but little discontented may bring a valuable contribution to the new world of unity, law and freedom—a world such as all of us look forward to.

"The small weak State is an international nuisance." This conception has lately been advanced by a writer of repute, Mr. S. Dark, in his book: *A Christian Basis for the Post-War World*.

Another writer, Mr. Carr, has recently written: "The welding of unlimited economic power by a multiplicity of small national units has become incompatible with the survival of civilization." And with much greater emphasis he adds: "We fight to restore the independence of nations, though we know that this independence is impracticable and disastrous." (The "*we*" in the sentence is a great pleonasm, I believe, and it would have been more correct for Mr. Carr to have said: "Though I know", or rather, "I think".)

The implacable writer continues: "We must begin by creating the framework of an international (economic) order and then as a necessary corollary, encourage national independence to develop and maintain itself within the limitation of the framework."

A more cautious and, in my opinion, much more realistic author, Sir John Marriott, made this shrewd comment on pronouncements such as those just mentioned:

"But those limitations would, if Mr. Carr has his way, be so stringent as to deprive the small States, or indeed any States, of making those experiments which are the absolute condition of progress. We are to call into existence at the end of hostilities a 'European Planning Authority,' a 'European Reconstruction and Public Works Corporation'; not to mention several other European Commissions, whose business it will be to work out the details of the New Order to which the whole of Europe must conform.

"The planners of the New Order ought, however," continues Sir John "in prudence to remember that in this respect there is a competitor in the field; that if the New Order is to be imposed upon the smaller States as a condition of revival, some of the 'enslaved' units may be indifferent whether it be imposed upon them from Berlin, or by a committee representative of London, Washington, and Moscow." So Sir John Marriott.

There is a tendency to adopt theories which are too radical and solutions which differ from those applied from the other side, merely because these are imposed by violence and constraint, whilst the others may be admitted by reason and teaching. Yet the reaction may be such as to create unpleasant comparisons and leave among the "small nations" the impression that, after all, both sides work for the same end, if not through the same methods.

The small nations, restored to their independent life in conformity with resounding promises and solemn oaths, would not be of any reality if they did not acknowledge in peace as they do in war the leadership of the Great Powers such as the British Commonwealth, the United States of America and the Soviet Union. The small nations must be, however, admitted as partners of some equality, as independent and voluntary partners into the world community. Economic bonds and strong ties may be created by a coincidence of wills; they cannot be enforced except to the detriment of concord and of co-operation in world affairs.

This short, modest survey would be incomplete if I did not touch upon the question of a restricted Union among what we call the Balkan States. Among them, Turkey is an Asiatic country too, Greece a Mediterranean as well as a Balkan country, Rumania a Central European and scarcely a Balkan country at all, and Yugoslavia a Central European as well as a Balkan and an Adriatic country, whilst only Bulgaria is purely a Balkan country. The incurable propensities of the latter, to extend her tentacles by any means she can around the whole of the Black Sea, the Aegean—including Constantinople, and going so far as to reach the Adriatic—all far from any ethnological consideration or respect for the rights of anybody, is well known.

In any renaissance of the Balkans, Greece is destined to play an important role. Her geographical situation as a Balkan as well as a Mediterranean country, her high degree of civilization, the lofty ideals inspiring her people, a long cultural tradition, and, last but not least, her guardianship of the immortal monuments and masterpieces of antiquity, gives to her the right to lead in a peaceful and progressive South-Eastern Europe. Nobody, however, can conceive that Greece may claim a political hegemony, or that she wants to encroach upon the legitimate rights of others. Jealous of her own rights, she knows how to respect

the rights of others—if such rights are not contrary to her own and are confined to the frame of Reason and the abstention from imposing unacceptable preponderance of and insistence on vain dreams of the past.



POST SCRIPTUM

THIS chapter was written months before the liberation of Greece by the great victories of the Allies on the various fronts, and by the activities of the Greek forces of internal resistance (some excesses by the latter may be deplored). I do not have to change a word of the main features.

The situation created by the long oppression of two cruel enemies, through starvation and in the hell of an unprecedented destruction, leaves Greece a wreck and the Greek race an undernourished and weakened one which will take a whole generation and a peace of many years to revert to the normal standards of a prosperous life.

The Greek people were deeply disappointed by the Bulgarian Armistice. Apart from the Bulgarian armies and the Bulgarian immigrants questions, there is the fact that, to date, Bulgaria remains intact and virtually unpunished, and units of the Bulgarian army are fighting with some of the Allied armies in the Balkans. In spite of the knowledge of 50,000 Greeks massacred and of innumerable atrocities committed by the Bulgarians in Macedonia and Western Thrace, no mention of Bulgarian war criminals (so strongly denounced in the House of Commons by Mr. Winston Churchill) is made. Nor even is a provision for a disarmament of Bulgaria stipulated—this at a moment when it would take a long time for Greece to constitute and equip an army worthy of that which won with such glory the battles of Albania against the Italians. Instead, a kind of Serbo-Bulgarian federation, which would place Greece in the position of a shrinking minority in the Balkans, is discussed in some quarters. But I may end with higher hopes. Reasonable optimism and hard work are a great stimulus in the way of life of individuals as well as of nations. Unilateral and party allegiances must be put aside by the ruling classes in order to understand better the needs of the masses and lead and help them along the steep road of recovery. Any other policy and indulgence in the errors of the past will take all classes, rich or poor, to disaster.

D. C.

THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FUTURE OF GREECE

by

COMPTON MACKENZIE

THE combination of personal charm, diplomatic adroitness and statesman-like sagacity by which Venizelos swayed the Peace Conference at Versailles secured for Greece what seemed to some of her rivals material advantages far beyond anything to which she was entitled. Perhaps "rivals" is not the word to use, because Great Powers like France and Italy were included among those who resented Mr. Lloyd George's support of Hellenic claims, which was attributed to the fascination Venizelos exercised over the British Prime Minister. Then in 1920 Venizelos suffered at the hands of his compatriots what amounted to ostracism and King Constantine was summoned back to the throne by popular acclamation. The people of Great Britain were bewildered by what seemed to them a display of ingratitude. King Constantine was associated in their minds with an obstinate pro-Germanism, with the result that many began to wonder if the majority of Greeks were themselves at heart pro-German. Those who really knew Greece were perfectly aware that there was no connection whatever between the recall of King Constantine and pro-Germanism; but those who really knew Greece were a very small minority, and quite powerless to affect public opinion, poisoned as public opinion was by the popular press. Italy and France had rightly suspected Mr. Lloyd George of aiming to build up a strong Greece as a first line of defence to the British Empire east of Suez; but, ironically, nobody in Britain itself suspected his philhellenism of being anything except a tribute to the personal magnetism of Venizelos; and those in Britain who did have any ideas for a constructive foreign policy were obsessed by the time-honoured prejudice in favour of a Turkish alliance. Consequently when Mustapha Kemal, encouraged by Italian and French secret diplomacy and aided by Italian and French munitions of war, struck back at the Greek forces in Asia Minor, Great Britain abandoned Greece to her fate with a pusillanimity which set an ignominious standard for the years of Safety First, and was therefore one of the fundamental causes of the Second World War. Mr. Lloyd George's devotion to Greece was held up against him as one more reason why he was no longer fit to lead his country, and it is significant that Mussolini's outrage against Corfu was perpetrated soon after the first Baldwin Government came to power.

The political desertion of Greece by Britain was followed by a gradual economic desertion, with the result that when at long weary last the Second World War began Greece, entangled in the Nazi double currency, was in the German economic sphere and her two main exports of currants and tobacco were all going to Germany. There is no doubt that when Hitler and Mussolini discussed the project of an Italian occupation of Greece in order to cripple British sea-power in the Eastern Mediterranean and attack the Suez Canal from both sides Hitler and Mussolini were convinced that Greece would not offer even a token resistance.

So in the small hours of 28th October, 1940, the infamous Italian

ultimatum was delivered, and another immortal moment in the history of human courage and human dignity was born when that ultimatum was rejected by Metaxás. The people of Britain were profoundly moved by that superb defiance; but they were not less profoundly surprised, which only shows how utterly the people of Britain had failed to appreciate the spirit of Hellas. To anybody who knew Greece the notion of an Italian ultimatum's being accepted was unimaginable, but the people of Great Britain as a whole did not know Greece. The surprise soon turned to amazement when, on top of defying the hitherto victorious Axis, the Greeks began to knock spokes off it in every direction. Within a month there was not an Italian except the prisoners left on Greek soil. The present writer believes that the historians of the future will declare that month of November 1940 was decisive for the ultimate issue of the Second World War because if Hellas had collapsed a train of contingencies might have been set in motion which would have led to an Axis triumph. This is not to underrate the crucial importance of the Battle of Britain; but if Greece had not disorganized the enemy's strategy the Battle of Britain might have been fought in vain.

It was the present writer's privilege to salute that achievement as decisive at a time when the ultimate issue of the war was far more obscure than it is today, and it is a source of inexpressible gratification to him that his countrymen are now appreciating more and more every day how decisive that achievement was. It is less gratifying to observe an ever increasing hesitation in Government circles, as final victory draws nearer, to voice an unequivocal recognition of what will be owing to Greece when that victory is an accomplished fact. It was disquieting to read the following paragraph in the very well-informed *Review of World Affairs*:

"Bulgaria slips in and out of the world picture in an odd irregular fashion. The Greeks and Yugoslavs are pouring out propaganda threatening her with dire retribution and revenge. . . . Obviously the threats of Greece and Yugoslavia make the Bulgars feel that at any cost the resurrection of those two countries must be averted. As the Bulgars possess about twenty-five excellent divisions, it would be regrettable if the Germans could induce them more actively to intervene in the war. One would have thought it would be worth averting. Some very powerful influences have worked otherwise. It must be a form of madness, one supposes."

That is what could be written and published in November 1943.¹ It was the same kind of stuff that was being written and published in September 1915, and never did an accusation of madness deserve so harsh and so immediate a *tu quoque*. Such fawning upon the Bulgar makes it seem a waste of time to attempt a picture of the prospect before Greece after the war because one is filled with apprehension about the forces already at work to make impossible a satisfactory and, it might have been hoped, a permanent settlement of the Eastern Mediterranean. Moreover, propaganda on behalf of Bulgaria does not rest content with extolling the military strength of the Bulgars: it loses no opportunity of publicizing internal dissension in Greece, with the object of persuading the people of Britain and America that Greek politics are still so radically unstable

¹ And in August 1944 when the unspeakable Bulgars are trying to get out of the war the same kind of stuff is being written.

as to make it inadvisable to entrust the country with greater territorial responsibility after the war. Whatever domestic differences of political opinion may exist in Greece they are certainly no sharper there than in almost every other country in Europe today, and it would be a damnably illogical ingratitude if such differences were allowed to influence the recognition of Hellenic claims when the time comes to tint afresh the map of Europe. There will be no Venizelos at the next peace conference; but there will be a figure greater than Venizelos. The mighty shape of Themis will speak for Hellas at that assembly, and in the background Nemesis will stand to mete out doom should her plea for justice to Hellas be disregarded.

In view of what Bulgaria has done to Greece during the Second World War it cannot be considered extortionate to demand the elimination of the Bulgars from Eastern Roumelia and its award to Greece. If Danubian Bulgaria feels constricted by such a loss of territory it can always apply for admission to the U.S.S.R. as one of many other Republics. The possession of Eastern Roumelia will not restore to life the thousands of Greeks massacred in Western Thrace, but it will render such massacres much more difficult for the Bulgars to perpetrate in the future.

The question of Northern Epirus has been complicated by the Italian protectorate over Albania followed by annexation, because thereby the balance of population has been seriously upset to the disadvantage of the Greeks during the years between the two wars. However, inasmuch as Albania has never been a cohesive whole it surely cannot be considered unreasonable to provide for the incorporation of Northern Epirus in Greece, with Home Rule guaranteed by, let us say, Great Britain and Russia. After all, some of the greatest names in modern Greek history are Albanian, and there is no natural antipathy, indeed there is a natural sympathy, between the kilted Albanians and the Greeks. It may be granted that the incorporation of Northern Epirus with Greece will demand skilful diplomacy, and what is more important imaginative goodwill, but what is the alternative?

Presumably the alliance between Britain and Turkey will endure, and if the corollary of such an alliance be granted, which is the inclusion of Greece in a triple alliance, the restoration of the Dodecanese to Greece will be an obvious strategic necessity apart from ethnical claims which are incontestable. There is a very small Turkish minority in Rhodes and a minute minority in Cos, but the age-long struggle between Greece and Turkey was finished by Venizelos and Atatürk.

The future of the Dodecanese brings us to the future of Cyprus. There is a general belief in Britain, fostered one can only suppose by financial interests, that the population of Cyprus is half Greek and half Turkish. In point of fact there are at least six times as many Greeks as there are Turks, and among these Greeks the desire for union with Hellas is unanimous. That the cession of Cyprus to Greece would involve certain strategic guarantees for Great Britain in the way of airfields and ports is obvious. Indeed, it is so obvious that if Britain did not demand them Greece would insist on their being demanded, for the future prosperity of Greece is inevitably bound up with the future prosperity of Britain for a long while to come. It is incredible that Turkey should offer any objection to the cession of Cyprus to Greece, and it is high time that the

British Government made an authoritative declaration of its intentions in the matter of the island's future.

Finally, may a hope be expressed that the Commonwealth of British Nations will recognize the debt owed to Hellas for that month of November in 1940 by according to Hellenic citizens all the privileges of trade and emigration enjoyed by the citizens of that mighty Commonwealth? What an expression it would be of statesmanlike foresight and national goodwill, what a glowing example to the rest of the world, if the warship that bore such a charter conferred on the Hellenes bore at the same time the Elgin Marbles back to their home as a token of our gratitude to that immortal little country which stood beside us in the darkest hour of liberty!



LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

by

THE RIGHT HON. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, P.C., M.P.

THE resistance of Greece in this war shows how much the past of the nation can influence its present conduct.

Looking to the future, it is obvious that Greece, depending for her commerce and her place in the world on sea-power, and situated as she is along the lines of our Imperial communications, must for the fulfilment of her material destiny be allied in sentiment, if not in actuality, with Britain.

Britain can supplement the armed strength of Greece. In return we shall feel a growing community with the source of her history and culture.

THE END

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

RIGHT HON. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, P.C., M.P.

The Right Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, formerly Minister of Transport and afterwards Secretary of State for War, was President of the Oxford Union Society in 1919, when he was up at St. John's College, Oxford, after distinguished service in the war of 1914-18, when he was mentioned in despatches.

DR. C. M. BOWRA

Dr. Cecil Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.

Joint translator of "Pindar's Pythian Odes" with H. T. Wade-Gery, co-Editor of the "Oxford Book of Greek Verse", author of "Tradition and Design in the Iliad", "Ancient Greek Literature" (Home Univ. Series), "Pindari Carmina" (Oxford Classical Texts), "Greek Lyric Poetry", co-Editor of the "Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation", etc.

E. MARTIN BROWNE

Christ Church, Oxford, 1919-23. History and Theology (second classes).

O.U.D.S., 1920-23.

Educational Settlements and tours of the Yorkshire mining villages, with plays by Euripides, Shaw, Shakespeare, etc., 1924-26.

Assistant to B. Iden Payne at the Drama Department, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, U.S.A., 1927-30.

Director of Religious Drama in the Diocese of Chichester—the first such appointment in the world—1930-34.

Produced T. S. Eliot's "The Rock" (1934), "Murder in the Cathedral" (1935), "The Family Reunion" (1938) and many other plays, mostly verse plays or on religious themes.

Founder and Director of the Pilgrim Players (Nov. 1939), pioneer C.E.M.A. company, which has now given over 1,300 performances in village halls and churches, camps, schools, air-raid shelters and theatres.

CAPTAIN A. R. BURN AND MRS. BURN

Captain A. R. Burn, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, assistant master at Uppingham School, is author of "Minoans, Philistines, and Greeks" and "The Age of Hesiod".

Mrs. Burn (Mary Wynn-Thomas), B.A., St. Hilda's College, Oxford, was Gilchrist Student at the British School of Archaeology at Athens, 1933-34.

Mrs. Burn is a member of the staff of the British Embassy to Greece at Cairo and has lived in Greece and Jerusalem.

H.E. DEMETRIUS CACLAMANOS

H.E. Demetrius Caclamanos was Greek Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, 1918-35. He was Delegate of Greece at the Council of the League of Nations, 1919-20; Second Greek Delegate at the First Session of the Assembly of League of Nations, Geneva, 1920; Second Greek Delegate at Lausanne Peace Conference, 1922-23; First Greek Delegate at Assembly of the League of Nations, 1926.

Granted on retirement by Greek Government the title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of First Class for Life; Grand Cross of the Order of George I of Greece; Grand Officer of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece; Officer of the Legion d'Honneur; Vice-President of Anglo-Hellenic League; Chairman of Greek Byron Committee; etc.

He is the author of a memoir (in Greek) on Venizelos; he edited Thucydides in Modern Greek and was responsible for a collection of essays, "Greece in Peace and War", etc.

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

Demetrios Capetanakis, a young Greek writer whose tragic death occurred recently, studied at the Universities of Athens, Heidelberg, and Cambridge (King's College). He was the author of several volumes of essays. He worked in the Greek Department of Information for two years in London, and died in March 1944. His death, which took place shortly after he gave this article, is a loss to literature in this country.

A. P. CAWADIAS, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P.

Member of the Academy of Athens, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

General studies at the Gymnasium, Athens.

Medical studies at Bonn, Heidelberg, Paris, London. Assistant Physician Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, 1910. Chief of Medical Clinic, Paris University, 1912. Head of the Medical Clinic Evangelismos Teaching Hospital, Athens, 1914.

Settled in London as consulting physician in 1927. Physician to the St. John Clinic and Institute of Physical Medicine, 1932.

President, Section of History, Royal Society of Medicine, 1937. Thomas Vicary Lecturer at Royal College of Surgeons, 1941.

Author of "Diseases of the Intestines" (1927), "Modern Therapeutics of Internal Diseases" (1932), "Hermaphroditos, The Human Intersex" (1943), and numerous papers on constitutional and glandular diseases.

Served with Greek Army Medical Corps, 1913-1918, with the rank of major; Greek M.C., and twice mentioned in dispatches. President of the Executive Committee of the Greek Red Cross in the present war.

H. E. COUNSELL, M.A., F.R.C.S.

H. E. Counsell, author of "37 The Broad", was associated with the Oxford University Dramatic Society from its beginning. From that time onwards his home was the centre of hospitality for undergraduates. He found respite from the demands of a big practice in foreign travel, and in a courageous outlook in the face of blindness found the intellectual delights of Oxford a solace for his active intellect after retirement.

LADY CROSFIELD

Lady Crosfield (Domini Crosfield) organized a Greek Choral and Dance Society after the outbreak of war, and has been successful in introducing Greek folk-dance and song to British audiences.

PROFESSOR RICHARD MACGILLIVRAY DAWKINS

Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens 1906-1914. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, 1922; Hon. Ph.D. University of Athens, 1937; Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language in the University of Oxford from 1920 to 1939. Author of "Modern Greek in Asia Minor", "The Cypriot Chronicle of Makhairas", "The Monks of Athos", etc.

EILEEN ELIAS

Eileen Elias was educated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where she read Greats, taking her M.A. in 1936. She afterwards became a free-lance journalist and author.

ETHEL M. FISON

Mrs. E. M. Fison is an Oxford contributor to "Poetry of Today".

HELLE GEORGIADIS

Helle Elpiniki Georgiadis: Born on 7th November, 1916, in Syra, Greece, one of the small islands of the Cyclades in the Aegean Sea. The younger daughter of a Greek Army officer. Mother's family from the island of Chios.

Came to England as a child and was educated in this country, but has been back to Greece many times. Studied science and was engaged in scientific research at the outbreak of war, but is now teaching.

STRICKLAND GIBSON

Strickland Gibson, Keeper of the Oxford University Archives; Sub-Librarian, Bodleian Library; Lecturer in Bibliography (English School). Author of "Some Oxford Libraries," Editor of "Statuta antiqua Univ. Oxon.," joint author of "Oxford University Ceremonies", etc.

RUBY GINNER

Ruby Ginner is well known as a dancer who has re-created the Greek Dance for the modern world, and also as the author of "The Revived Greek Dance".

Her particular art is the result of lengthy research in the museums of Europe, and her visits to Greece have steeped her in the atmosphere of Hellenic thought and art.

Miss Ginner does not claim to have revived the actual dances of ancient Greece, but to have created an art-form for the dance

today, inspired by Greek drama, poetry, philosophy, sculpture and painting. She has worked for some years in partnership with Irene Mawer, and together they have founded a school of Dance and Drama which has, as the basis of its work, the Hellenic ideal that the perfect artist of the theatre must be actor, dancer and mime.

In 1930, at the invitation of the organizers of the Delphic Festival, Ruby Ginner and Irene Mawer took a company of forty-five of their students to Greece, and had the honour of giving performances of their art to enthusiastic audiences in the ancient theatre of Athens.

LOUIS GOLDING

Novelist, traveller, lecturer and essayist, educated Manchester Grammar School and the Queen's College, Oxford. Began his travels in Macedonia during the last war; since then has spent a large part of each year tramping and writing on the European, African and Asian shores of the Mediterranean.

Author of "Forward from Babylon", "Day of Atonement", "The Miracle Boy", "Those Ancient Lands", "James Joyce", "Magnolia Street", "Five Silver Daughters", "Mr. Emmanuel", "No News from Helen", etc.; and translations from various tongues.

CANON L. W. GRENSTED

Canon Laurence W. Grensted, who was educated at University College, Oxford, where he was a Mathematical Scholar, is Nolloth Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion in the University of Oxford and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester. He has served as a Member of the Archbishops' Commission on Doctrine, the Archbishops' Committee on Spiritual Healing, and the Archbishops' Committee on the Ministry of Women.

His most widely read books are, "Psychology and God", "The Person of Christ", and "This Business of Living".

BARBARA E. GWYER

Miss Gwyer, Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, was at one time Vice-Warden of Ashburne Hall, Manchester University, and later Warden of University Hall, Leeds.

She was a scholar of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MICHAEL HOLROYD

Michael Holroyd, Fellow and Lecturer in Ancient History, Brasenose College, Oxford, is a son of the late Sir Charles Holroyd, painter-etcher (pupil of A. Legros at the Slade; First Keeper of Tate Gallery; Director of the National Gallery, London).

Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. 2nd class Hon. Class. Moderations 1913; for Lit. Hum. was offering Greek Sculpture as special subject, but course of study was broken off by the war of 1914-18.

Served with Hampshire Regt. on Western Front 1914-15; later at War Office (Intelligence).

In 1919 became Lecturer in Ancient History at Brasenose; continued interest in archaeology and history of art, delivering lectures, chiefly on Mediaeval Architecture and History under the auspices of the Committee for the Fine Arts.

HILDA HUGHES

Hilda Hughes has contributed short stories to numerous anthologies. One of her stories was dramatized and broadcast in this country and relayed to the Empire. It was twice broadcast from Durban. She has also published a novel, and is the compiler of an anthology of short stories, "The Toc H. Gift Book."

DR. HELLE LAMBRIDIS

Dr. Helle Lambridis is well known in Greece as a critic and lecturer on philosophical subjects. She has taught in many schools and colleges in Greece. She has worked with the Greek Ministry of Information in London for over two and a half years, and during that time has given over two hundred lectures on various aspects of modern Greece.

COMPTON MACKENZIE

Compton Mackenzie, the well-known author, who was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, was Military Control Officer at Athens in 1916 and Director of the Aegean Intelligence Service, Syra, in 1917. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and of the Redeemer, Fourth Class of the White Eagle, with Swords. His admiration for the Greeks is striking in his history of Greek resistance, "Wind of Freedom".

H. M. MARGOLIOUTH

H. M. Margoliouth, Secretary of Faculties in the University of Oxford since 1925, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University College of Southampton 1921-25, Editor of "Marvell's Poems and Letters".

PROFESSOR J. N. MAVROGORDATO

Professor J. N. Mavrogordato was born in London, educated at Eton, where he was a King's Scholar, and afterwards at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was a scholar. He was correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" during the Balkan War (1912) and has written a number of books.

In 1939 he was appointed to succeed Professor Dawkins as Bywater and Sotheby Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language and Literature at Oxford; he is also a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Naomi Mitchison, educated Dragon School, Oxford, Home Student, Oxford. Officier de l'Académie Française, 1924. Labour Candidate for Scottish Universities Constituency, 1935.

Author of "The Conquered", "When the Bough Breaks", "Cloud Cuckoo Land", "Black Sparta", "The Corn King and the Spring Queen", "The Moral Basis of Politics", joint author of "Socrates", etc.

PROFESSOR SIR JOHN MYRES

Professor Sir John Myres, Wykeham Professor of Ancient History and Fellow and Librarian of New College, Oxford, Commander of the Royal Order of George I of Greece.

Sir John was at one time Professor of Greek and Lecturer in Ancient Geography in the University of Liverpool. In 1914 and in 1927 he was Sather Professor of Classical Literature in the University of California. He conducted excavations in Cyprus in 1913.

He is an Hon. D.Sc. of the University of Wales and the Victoria University of Manchester, an Hon. D.Litt. of Witwatersrand University and an Hon. Ph.D. of the University of Athens.

He has lectured and written widely on Mediterranean geography, archaeology and anthropology.

THE HON. FRANK PAKENHAM

The Hon. Frank Pakenham was Sir William Beveridge's assistant on the Beveridge Report.

Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, Mr. Pakenham has been a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, since 1934.

He is the Labour Candidate for Oxford City.

DILYS POWELL

Dilys Powell was in Greece for a number of years with her husband, the late Humfry Payne, who was from 1929 to 1936 Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. He was responsible for some important excavations in Greece and his wife took a keen interest in his work and in every aspect of Greek life. Before his work in Athens he was Assistant Keeper of Coins at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Miss Powell is the author of "Remember Greece" and "The Traveller's Journey is Done". She is a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford.

NADINE PILCHER

Nadine M. C. Pilcher is the daughter of Vice-Admiral C. H. Pilcher, D.S.O. She speaks five languages, including Modern Greek, and has an admiration for the people of her mother's country. Her great-grandfather was Aristide Moraitini, once Regent and Prime Minister of Greece.

CHARLES SELTMAN

Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, University Lecturer in Classics; Lecturer at the College de France and acting Professor in the Sorbonne, 1940; Director of the Exhibition of Greek Art, Royal Academy, 1942, and of an exhibition at Cambridge in May 1944.

MARCUS N. TOD

Marcus N. Tod, University Reader in Greek Epigraphy at Oxford since 1927 and Vice-Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, since 1934. Assistant Director and Librarian of the

British School of Archaeology at Athens, 1902-5. He published a catalogue of the Sparta Museum with Mr. A. J. B. Wace. His more recent works include "Sidelights on Greek History" and "A Selection of Greek Historical Inscriptions".

VIRYINIE TSOUDEROS

Viryinie Tsouderos, daughter of Monsieur E. Tsouderos, ex-Prime Minister of Greece, was until June 1944 a woman student at Somerville College, Oxford.

HELEN WADDELL

Helen Waddell, Hon. D.Litt., Durham, Belfast, Columbia. Hon. LL.D., St. Andrew's. Held Susette Taylor Fellowship from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, in Paris, 1923-25. Awarded A. C. Benson Silver Medal by the Royal Society of Literature in 1927; Member of the Irish Academy of Letters; Corresponding Fellow of Mediaeval Academy of America.

Author of "The Wandering Scholars", "Mediaeval Latin Lyrics", "Peter Abelard", "The Abbé Prévost", "The Desert Fathers," etc.

EMMY WELLESZ

Emmy Wellesz is the wife of Dr. Egon Wellesz. She is an authority on Byzantine art, and has specialized in the comparison of Oriental and Western art. Some of her writings have appeared in books by Strzygowski.

DR. EGON WELLESZ

Dr. Egon Wellesz, formerly Professor in the History of Music at the University of Vienna, has been a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, since 1939, and University Lecturer in the History of Music at Oxford since 1934.

A lecturer on Byzantine music at Oxford, Cambridge and London Universities, he has also written widely on music.

He is one of the Editors of the "Monumenta Musicae Byzantine" (published by the Royal Danish Academy of Science and by the Byzantine Institute, Boston, Mass., under the protectorate of the Union Académique Internationale.)

MILES VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Miles Vaughan Williams is a medical student at Oxford.

ARTHUR M. WOODWARD

Arthur M. Woodward, who was educated at Shrewsbury and Magdalen College, Oxford, is Lecturer in charge of the Department of Ancient History at the University of Sheffield. A student of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, he became its assistant director, a position he held from 1909-10 and again from 1922-23. From 1923-29 Mr. Woodward was Director of the School.

He served in Macedonia and Bulgaria with the British Salonika Force in the last war and was twice mentioned in dispatches. He has written numerous papers on Greek inscriptions and other archaeological subjects.

Mr. Woodward assisted in excavations at Sparta in 1907, 1908, 1909, and was in charge of these when resumed in 1924-29. He is an Officer of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece and an honorary member of the Athens Archaeological Society.

BASIL A. YEAXLEE, O.B.E., M.A., B.LITT., PH.D.

Reader in Educational Psychology in the University of Oxford; Secretary to the Central Advisory Council for Adult Education in H.M. Forces. Author of "Spiritual Values in Adult Education", "Lifelong Education", "The Approach to Religious Education", "Religion and the Growing Mind", etc.

INDEX

A

Acropolis, 66, 67, 68, 69, 85, 141, 149
 Adrianople, Treaty of, 35
 Aeneid, 144
 Agamemnon, 73, 136
 Agathinos, 92
 Alcestis, 144
 Alexander, 68, 79, 138
 Alexandria, 65, 79, 120
 Alexandroupolis, 55
 Anatolian Greeks, 24
 Appollo, 85
 Appollonius, 92
 Archaeological Society of Athens, 113
 Archaeology, British School of, at Athens 113
 Archaeology, French School of, at Athens, 113
 Archaeology, German Institute of, at Athens, 113
 Archilochus, 123
 Aretaios, 92
 Argos, 31, 77
 Arion, 88
 Aristophanes, 123
 Aristotle, 22, 72, 161, 162, 163, 164, 170, 171, 174
 Arkadi, 21
 Armatoli, 111
 Artemisia, 79
 Arundel, Earl of, 114
 Arundel Marbles, 115
 Asklepios, 89, 90, 168
 Astypalaia, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42
 Ataturk, 185
 Athenaios, 92
 Athena Parthenos, 69
 Athene, 65
 Athenian Players, 74
 Athens, 44, 62, 63, 64, 66, 69, 70, 77, 78, 85, 114, 115, 120, 143, 146, 148, 155, 150, 157, 158, 159, 179
 Athos, Mt., 82
 Attica, 149
 Aulos, 86
 Aurelius, Marcus, 92

B

Baghdad, 92
 Basileus, 81
 Bassae, Temple of, 117
 Beazley, J. D., 78, 153
 Bedford, Richard, 154
 Beethoven, 111
 Boetia, 34
 Brooke, Rupert, 19
 Brousa, 115
 Bruce, Thomas, Earl of Elgin, 117
 Bryaxis, 79
 Byron, Lord, 118, 146, 178
 Byzantine, 75, 94, 95, 97, 100, 101, 102
 Byzantium, 82

C

Cairo, 75, 112
 Cavalla, 53, 55
 Cawadias, P., 39
 Cecrops, Tomb of, 69
 Cefalonia, 120
 Ceos, 18
 Cephalonia, 113
 Cézanne, 152
 Chandler, Richard, 117
 Chios, 113
 Churchill, Winston, 67, 174
 Cimabue, 82
 Clement, John, 93
 Cnidos, 90
 Cockrell, Charles, 117
 Constantine Monomachus, 86
 Constantine V, 81
 Constantinople, 65, 79, 80, 81, 94, 113, 115, 120, 142, 146
 Cook, Capt. James, 116
 Corfu, 17, 19, 62, 113, 119, 120, 139
 Corinth, 63, 115, 117
 Corinth, Gulf of, 62
 Cos, 17, 185
 Crete, 17, 19, 20, 47, 83, 96, 113, 114, 116, 119, 120, 138, 150, 151, 152

D

Damascus, 75
 Damaskinos, Archbishop, 47
 Dalmatia, 17
 Daphni, 82
 Dark, S., 180
 Dégas, 152
 Delos, 115
 Delphi, 62, 63, 85, 115, 140, 149, 150
 Demaratus, 23
 Demeter, 84
 Demir-Hissar, 54
 Democedes, 90
 Digby, Admiral Sir Kenelm, 115
 Digenis Akritas, 94, 95
 Dionysos, theatre of, 84
 Dioscorides, 92
 Dodecanese, 185
 Drama, district of, 53, 54

E

Edgeworth, Maria, 137
 Eleus, 85, 115
 Elgin, Lord, 69
 Eliot, T. S., 73, 137
 Elyot, 88
 Enneads, 87
 Ephesus, 115
 Epidauros, 85, 89
 Epirus, 120, 185
 Erechtheion, 69

Erechtheum, 78, 115
 Erotokritos, 96
 Euclid, 170
 Eudokimos, Bishop of Kissamos, 47
 Euripedes, 85, 170, 174
 Evans, Sir Arthur, 150

F

Fauriel, 126
 Finlay, 146
 Foscolo, Ugo, 19
 Foxe, Bishop, 57

G

Galen, 92
 Galilei, Galileo, 86
 Galilei, Vincenzo, 86
 Gauguin, 152
 George I, 142
 George, Lloyd, 183
 Giotto, 82
 Glaucides, 92
 Gogh, van, 152
 Gordon, 146

H

Halliday, Sir Frederick, 23
 Hassapikos, 111
 Haws, Charles, 83
 Helen, 147, 151
 Helicon, 85
 Hera, 18
 Heraclides, 92
 Herculeaneum, 77
 Hesiod, 83
 Hippocrates, 91, 92
 Homer, 43, 84, 89, 96, 113, 156, 157, 158, 170

Ictinus, 69, 78
 Iliad, 96
 Independence, War of, 27
 Ionia, 77, 151
 Ionian Isles, 62, 96, 153
 Itea, 62

J

Janina, 120
 Johnson, Dr., 102
 Julian the Apostate, 92
 Justinian, 80

K

Kaisariani, 169
 Kalamatianos, 111
 Kalergi, Col., 28
 Kallinicos, Metropolitan of Ellassona, 47
 Kalomiris, 111
 Kavalla, 54
 Keys, John, 93
 Kithara, 86

Klephts, 111
 Koiné, 93, 94, 102
 Korais, 22
 Kos, 90, 91
 Kountouriotis, 32

L

Laconia, 147
 Larissa, 47, 130
 Lavrangas, 111
 Leake, Col. W. M., 117
 Lemnos, 17, 18, 19
 Leochares, 79
 Lesbos, 17, 18
 Liberty, Hymn of, 22, 23, 124, 126
 Linacre, Thomas, 93
 Liszt, 111
 Lithgow, William, 114
 Lyons, Sir Edmund, 27
 Lysippus, 76

M

Macedonia, 24, 34, 54, 55, 179
 Mackenzie, Compton, 126, 130
 MacNeice, Louis, 73
 Mahony, Father, 122
 Malta, 113
 Marriott, Sir John, 181
 Mars Hill, 145
 Martezana, 37, 40
 Meaule, Lefeuvere-, 33
 Medea, 73
 Megara, 115
 Megaspelaion, 21
 Mesolonghi, 126
 Metaxás, 12, 180
 Miltiades, 33
 Milton, 102
 Missiri, 112
 Mistra, 82, 132
 Mitropoulos, 112
 Montagu, John, Earl of Sandwich, 115
 Moore, Henry, 154
 Morea, 115
 Mure, William, 31
 Murray, Dr. Gilbert, 73
 Mustapha Kemal, 183
 Mycenae, 64
 Myres, F. W. H., 176
 Myron, 77

N

Navarino, Battle of, 147
 Naxos, 17, 48, 49, 51
 Nemon, 155

O

O'Brien, E. J., 127
 Odyssey, 96
 Olga, Queen, 142
 Olympia, 64, 76, 77, 139
 Olympus, 66, 130
 O'Neill, Eugene, 73
 Oracle, 63
 Orestes, 73, 85

Oribasius, 92
 Otho, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 127
 Othlo, 88
 Ovid, 113

P

Palmerston, 28, 32
 Paris, 147, 151
 Parnassus, 62, 63, 64, 149
 Parnon, Mt., 147
 Paros, 17, 19
 Pars, William, 117
 Parthenon, 63, 64, 68, 69, 76, 115, 141, 155
 Parthenos, Athena, 69
 Patmos, 19, 21
 Patras, 139
 Paulos, 92
 Pelion, 131, 134
 Pentelikon, 139
 Pergamon, 92
 Pericles, 63, 69, 83
 Perry, Charles, 116
 Petrides, 111, 112
 Petty, William, 114
 Phanariots, 97
 Pheidias, 69, 174
 Phidias, 78
 Philippi, 54
 Phocis, 81, 82
 Picasso, 153
 Pilgrim Players, 74
 Piræus, 66, 101, 148, 179
 Plato, 84, 87, 88, 94, 101, 161, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 176
 Plotinus, 87
 Pococke, Richard, 116
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 122
 Politeia, 101
 Polycletus, 76, 77
 Polygnotus, 77
 Poseidon, 85, 148
 Praxiteles, 65, 76, 77
 Psarà, 126
 Psellus, 86
 Pyrrhic dances, 84
 Pythagoras, 90

R

Ravel, 112
 Renoir, 152
 Revett, Nicholas, 116
 Rhodes, 17, 19, 113, 183
 Riades, 111
 Roe, Sir Thomas, 114
 Roumelia, 185
 Rouse, W. H. D., 38, 40, 123
 Ruphus, 92

S

Salamis, 65, 118, 143
 Salonika, 80, 146
 Same, 18
 Samos, 18, 22, 38, 158
 Sandwich, Earl of, 115
 Sandys, George, 113
 Sappho, 136, 156
 Scopas, 77, 79

Scott, Sir Walter, 123
 Serapides, 92
 Serres, 53, 54
 Shelley, 124
 Shining Rocks, 62, 63, 85
 Sikelianos, 100
 Simonides, 19
 Singer, Dr. Charles, 89
 Smyrna, 114, 142
 Socrates, 87, 110, 159, 160, 173, 174
 Sophists, 158, 159
 Sophocles, 63, 83, 174
 Soranos, 92
 Sparta, 31, 64, 146, 150
 Speed, John, 29
 Spirdion, St., Feast of, 17, 62
 Spon, Dr. Jacques, 115
 Studin, 155
 Sunion, Cape, 85
 Sunium, 148, 149
 Syme, 113
 Syra, 18
 Syracuse, 21
 Syrtos, 111

T

Taranto, 21
 Thasos, 17
 Themison, 92
 Themistocles, 33
 Theotocopoulos, 96
 Thessalos, 92
 Thessaly, 130
 Thrace, 52, 54, 55, 179
 Thucydides, 170
 Thyatira, 115
 Timotheos I, His Beatitude, The Patriarch, 165
 Tombs, Street of, 65
 Tralles, Alexander of, 92
 Trebizond, 146
 Tripolitsa, 31
 Tsamikos, 111
 Tsouderos, E., 34

U

"Unrra", 180

V

Vansittart, Lord, 163
 Varvakeion, 22
 Varvoglis, 111
 Venice, 96, 119
 Venizelos, 19, 183, 185
 Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham, 114
 Volo, 131

W

Wagner, 111
 Ward, R. H., 74
 Wheler, George, 115
 William Grocyn, 57
 Williams, H. W., 117
 Winchelsea, Earl of, 115
 Winds, Tower of, 70

Woolf, Virginia, 137
Wordsworth, William, 120

X

Xanthoula, 120
Xerves, 23

Z

Zaimes, 32
Zakynthos, 17, 19
Zalongos, 111
Zante, 113, 115, 119, 120, 127
Zoe Movement, 44

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